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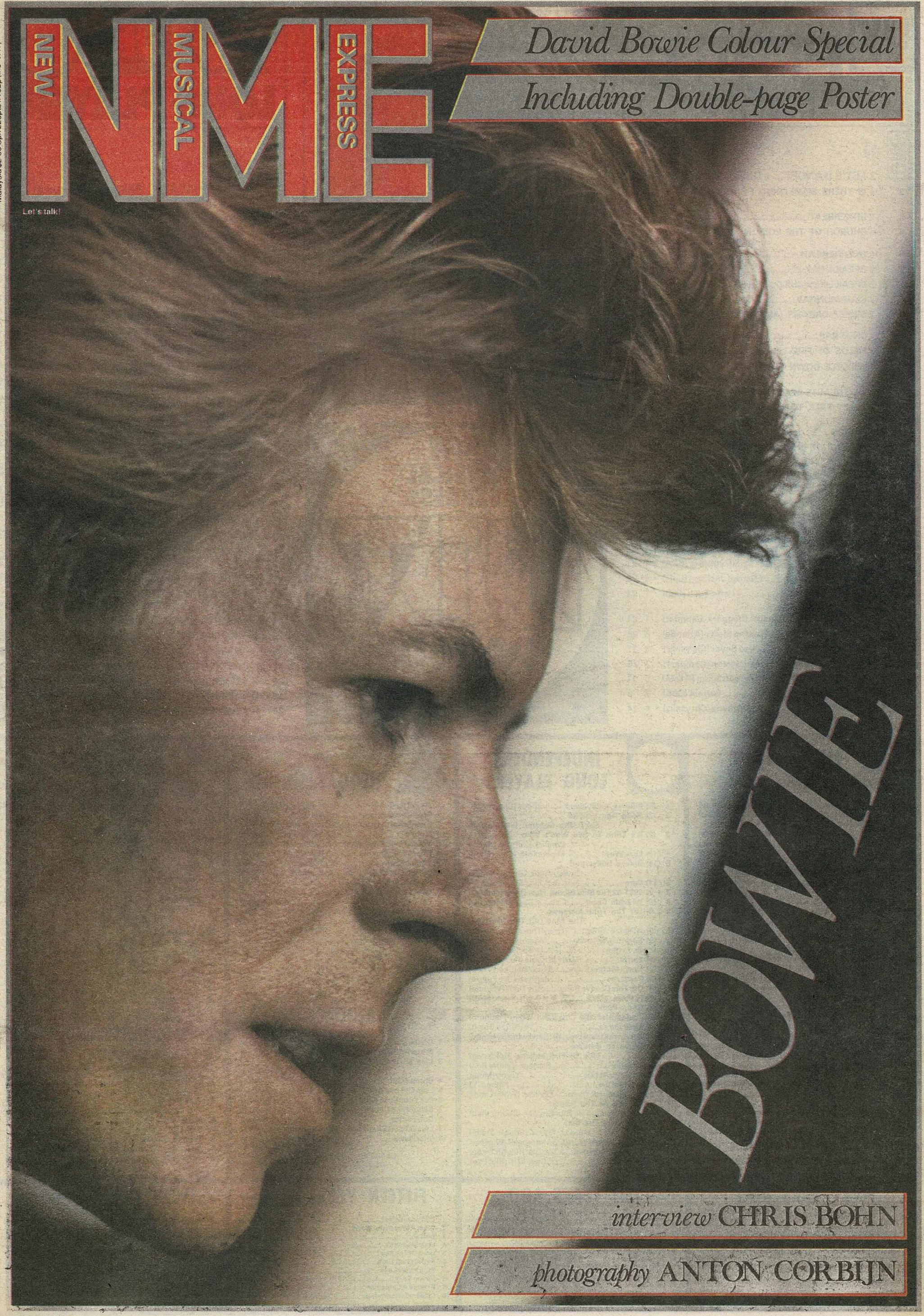
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Let's talk!

David Bowie Colour Special

Including Double-page Poster



BOWIE

interview CHRIS BOHN

photography ANTON CORBIJN

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week		Weeks In	Highest
	2	LET'S DANCE..... David Bowie (EMI)	4	1
2	1	IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW Duran Duran (EMI)	4	1
3	5	BOXERBEAT..... JoBoxers (RCA)	3	3
4	(—)	CHURCH OF THE POISON MIND Culture Club (Virgin)	1	4
5	10	OOH TO BE AH..... Kajagoogoo (EMI)	2	5
6	20	BREAKAWAY..... Tracy Ullman (Stiff)	2	6
7	5	SPEAK LIKE A CHILD .... Style Council (Polydor)	5	3
8	17	BLUE MONDAY ..... New Order (Factory)	4	8
9	7	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS) Eurythmics (RCA)	7	2
10	24	SNOT RAP..... Kenny Everett (RCA)	2	10
11	13	FIELDS OF FIRE.....Big Country (Mercury)	3	11
12	15	WHISTLE DOWN THE WIND Nick Heywood (Arista)	3	12
13	8	TWO HEARTS BEAT AS ONE .....U2 (Island)	2	13
14	3	DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT LOVE Altered Images (Epic)	4	3
15	27	WORDS.....F. R. David (Carrere)	2	15
16	30	THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT Tracie (Respond)	3	16
17	14	BILLIE JEAN..... Michael Jackson (Epic)	11	1
18	8	TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	7	1
19	4	RIP IT UP..... Orange Juice (Polydor)	5	4
20	25	THE CELTIC SOUL BROTHERS Kevin Rowland & Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	2	20
21	(—)	LOVE IS A STRANGER.....Eurythmics (RCA)	1	21
22	(—)	BEAT IT..... Michael Jackson (Epic)	1	22
23	(—)	JOHNNY B. GOODE..... Peter Tosh (EMI)	1	23
24	(—)	SHE'S IN PARTIES Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	1	24
25	29	I AM ME (I'M ME) .....Twisted Sister (Atlantic)	3	25
26	11	ORCHARD ROAD ..... Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	3	11
27	(—)	CRY ME A RIVER ..... Mari Wilson (Compact)	2	20
28	16	DROP THE PILOT .....Joan Armatrading (A & M)	5	11
29	9	ROCK THE BOAT..... Forrest (CBS)	7	3
30	22	VISIONS IN BLUE ..... Ultravox (Chrysalis)	4	14

Tracy breaks away to Number Six

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week		Weeks In	Highest
	1	THE FINAL CUT Pink Floyd (Harvest)	3	1
2	2	THE HURTING..... Tears For Fears (Mercury)	5	2
3	5	WAR .....U2 (Island)	6	3
4	3	THRILLER ..... Michael Jackson (Epic)	17	1
5	4	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS) Eurythmics (RCA)	7	1
5	9	RIO.....Duran Duran (EMI)	42	5
7	11	TOTO V..... Toto (CBS)	7	3
8	20	HELLO I MUST BE GOING ...Phil Collins (Virgin)	22	2
9	10	THE KEY .....Joan Armatrading (A & M)	5	7
10	7	CHARTRUNNERS.....Various (Ronco)	4	7
11	7	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR Marillion (EMI)	3	4
12	16	TRUE .....Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	5	5
13	13	HAND CUT .....Bucks Fizz (RCA)	4	13
14	17	DAZZLE SHIPS Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Telegraph)	5	6
15	6	DEEP SEA SKIVING ..... Bananarama (London)	5	6
16	18	QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK Thompson Twins (Arista)	7	2
17	(—)	BUSINESS AS USUAL..... Men At Work (Epic)	13	1
18	14	POWER & THE GLORY..... Saxon (Carrere)	3	10
19	19	THUNDER & LIGHTNING ... Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	6	2
20	29	SURPRISE, SURPRISE.....Mezzoforte (Steinar)	3	22
21	12	INARTICULATE SPEECH OF THE HEART Van Morrison (Mercury)	3	9
22	22	THE HIGH ROAD ..... Roxy Music (EG)	4	19
23	23	RICHARD CLAYDERMAN Richard Clayderman (Delphine)	17	4
24	24	HEARTBREAKER .....Dionne Warwick (Arista)	22	2
25	(—)	MAGICAL RING ..... Clannad (RCA)	1	25
26	(—)	RARE .....David Bowie (RCA)	2	23
27	(—)	NIGHT & DAY.....Joe Jackson (A & M)	9	3
28	(—)	LIONEL RICHIE.....Lionel Richie (Motown)	14	9
29	(—)	KISSING TO BE CLEVER... Culture Club (Virgin)	17	2
30	(—)	THE KIDS FROM FAME LIVE ..... Various (BBC)	1	3

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	Blue Monday	New Order (Factory)
2	(4)	Peppermint Pig	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
3	(2)	Anaconda	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
4	(8)	White Rabbit	Damned (Big Beat)
5	(14)	Angry Songs	Omega Tribe (Crass)
6	(6)	Mexican Radio	Wall Of Voodoo (Illegal)
6	(3)	Somewhere/Hide	Danse Society (Society)
8	(5)	Bad Seed	Birthday Party (4AD)
9	(—)	Sebastian	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
10	(10)	Garden Party	Mezzoforte (Steinar)
11	(13)	In Nomini Patri	Alternative (Crass)
12	(7)	Lined Up	Shriekback (Y)
13	(9)	Love Under Will	Blood & Roses (Kamera)
14	(20)	People EP	Action Pact (Fall Out)
15	(23)	Money's Too Tight	Valentine Brothers (Energi)
16	(11)	Fat Man	Southern Death Cult (Situation 2)
17	(—)	Breakdown	Colour Box (4AD)
18	(15)	Cry Me A River	Julie London (Edsel)
19	(18)	Cattle And Cane	The Go Betweens (Rough Trade)
20	(21)	Some Things Don't Matter	Ben Watt (Cherry Red)
21	(19)	As High As You Can Go	...Chameleons (Statik)
22	(12)	Oblivious	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
23	(30)	Crazy About Love	Wire (Rough Trade)
24	(29)	Where I Stand	The Maisonettes (Ready Steady Go)
25	(17)	Get The Balance Right	Depeche Mode (Mute)
26	(—)	A Girl Called Johnny	Water Boys (Chicken Jazz)
27	(24)	Mental Disorder EP	Disorder (Disorder)
28	(16)	Transmission	Joy Division (Factory)
29	(—)	Hangover	Serious Drinking (Upright)
30	(—)	Limo Life	Urban Dogs (Fallout)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	Pillows And Prayers	Various (Cherry Red)
2	(2)	Song And Legend	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
3	(8)	It's Time To See Who's Who	Conflict (Corpus Christi)
4	(10)	Lazy Ways	Marine Girls (Cherry Red)
5	(14)	Before Hollywood	Go-Betweens (Rough Trade)
6	(11)	Care	Shriekback (Y)
7	(7)	1981-82 The Mini Album	New Order (Factory)
8	(6)	Wreckin' Crew	Meteors (ID)
9	(4)	Let The Tribe Increase	The Mob (All The Madmen)
10	(5)	A Distant Shore	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
11	(9)	Surprise, Surprise	Mezzoforte (Steinar)
12	(3)	Seduction	Danse Society (Society)
13	(18)	Earth	Misty In Roots (People Unite)
14	(12)	North Marine Drive	Ben Watt (Cherry Red)
15	(13)	Partisans	Partisans (No Future)
16	(23)	Dig This Groove Baby	Toy Dolls (Volume)
17	(22)	Fetisch	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
18	(24)	Gang Wars	Prince Charles And The City Band (Solid Platinum)
19	(—)	Machine	1919 (Red Rhino)
20	(—)	Hawkwind And Friends	Hawkwind (Flicknife)
21	(15)	Strive To Survive	Flux Of Pink Indians (Spiderleg)
22	(—)	Enflame	Passage (Cherry Red)
23	(17)	Upstairs At Eric's	Yazoo (Mute)
24	(16)	Lend An Ear	Pigbag (Y)
25	(20)	The Maverick Years	Wah (White Label)
26	(—)	Ranting At The Nation	Atilla The Stockbroker (Cherry Red)
27	(26)	Nipped In The Bud	Various Artists (Rough Trade)
28	(—)	What's Words Worth	....Motorhead (Big Beat)
29	(28)	Embrace The Herd	The Gist (Rough Trade)
30	(19)	Chaos UK	Chaos UK (Riot City)

REGGAE SINGLES

1	Pass The Chalice	Ranking Devon (All Nations)
2	True Confessions	Little John (Powerhouse)
3	Everywhere I Go	Don Carlos (Youth Promotion)
4	Money	Cornell Campbell (Gorgon)
5	Youth Need Promotion	Fathead (Thunderbolt)
6	Roots With Quality	Third World (Observers)
7	Trenchtown	Bob Marley (56 Hope Road)
8	Love Gotta Hold On Me	....Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
9	When You Marry	Ringo (Absissa)
10	Come We Fe Mash It	Tony Tuff (Gorgon)
11	I'm Trying	Chalice (Pipe)
12	Step It All Over	Freddy McGregor (Joe Gibbs)
13	Simple Woman	Black Skin (Solomonic)
14	Tired Fe Lick Weed	Patrick Andy (Hitbound)
15	Stop The War	Peter Roots (Taxi)

ALBUMS

1	Check It	Mutabaruka (Alligator)
2	Megaton Dub	Lee Perry (Seven Leaves)
3	Live & Direct (Over 18's Only)	Live DJs At Aces Vol 2. (International)
4	Spread Out	Don Carlos (CSA)
5	Lots Of Love And I	Bob Andy (Skynote)
6	For Your Eyes Only	Yellowman (Sonic Sounds)
7	Everything Crash	Ethiopians (Studio 1)
8	Dub Factor	Black Uhuru (Island)
9	Live DJ's At Skateland	...Gemini Sound (Dance Hall)
10	Interviews	Bob Marley (Tuff Gong)

Compiled by Daddy Kool
94 Dean Street, W1

US SINGLES

1	Billie Jean	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	Do You Really Want To Hurt Me	Culture Club (Virgin)
3	Hungry Like The Wolf	Duran Duran (Capitol)
4	Come On Eileen	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Mercury)
5	Mr. Roboto	Styx (A & M)
6	We've Got Tonight	Kenny Rogers & Sheena Easton (Liberty)
7	One On One	Daryl Hall and John Oates (RCA)
8	Separate Ways	Journey (Columbia)
9	Jeopardy	Greg Kihn Band (Beserkley)
10	Beat It	Michael Jackson (Epic)

US LPs

1	Thriller	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	Frontiers	Journey (Columbia)
3	H_20	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
4	Business As Usual	Men At Work (Columbia)
5	Kilroy Was Here	Styx (A&M)
6	Rio	Duran Duran (Capitol)
7	Lionel Richie	Lionel Richie (Motown)
8	Toto IV	(Toto Columbia)
9	Pyromania	Def Leppard (Mercury)
10	The Distance	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)

Courtesy Billboard

NORWAY

1	Save Your Love For Me	Renee & Renato (Sonet)
2	Down Under	Men At Work (CBS)
3	Our House	Madness (Polygram)
4	Words	F.R.David (EMI)
5	E. T. (I Love You)	Bucker & Garcia (CBS)
6	Mr Roboto	Styx (A&M)
7	Sign Of The Times	Belle Stars (Polygram)
8	Twisting By The Pool	Dire Straits (Polygram)
9	Rosanna	Toto (CBS)
10	Total Eclipse Of The Heart	Bonnie Tyler (CBS)

Courtesy Dagbladet/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	I Wonder Why	Showaddywaddy (Arista)
2	If You Can't Give Me Love	Suzi Quatro (RAK)
3	Denis	Blondie (Chrysalis)
4	Matchstalk Men & Matchstalk Cats & Dogs	Brian & Michael (Pye)
5	Baker Street	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)
6	Follow You, Follow Me	Genesis (Charisma)
7	Never Let Her Slip Away	Andrew Gold (Asylum)
8	With A Little Luck	Wings (Parlophone)
9	Too Much Too Little Too Late	Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)
10	Wuthering Heights	Kate Bush (EMI)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	Get Down	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
2	Tie A Yellow Ribbon	Dawn (Bell)
3	I'm A Clown/Some Kind Of A Summer	David Cassidy (Bell)
4	Twelfth Of Never	Donny Osmond (MGM)
5	Power To All Our Friends	Cliff Richard (EMI)
6	Tweedle Dee	Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
7	Hello Hello I'm Back Again	Gary Glitter (Bell)
8	Never Never Never	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
9	Love Train	O'Jays (CBS)
10	Pyjamarama	Roxy Music (Island)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	Congratulations	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2	What A Wonderful World	Louis Armstrong (HMV)
3	Delilah	Tom Jones (Decca)
4	Lady Madonna	Beatles (Parlophone)
5	Dock Of The Bay	Otis Redding (Stax)
6	If I Only Had Time	John Rowles (MCA)
7	Step Inside Love	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
8	Simon Says	1910 Fruitgum Company (Pye Int)
9	If I Were A Carpenter	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
10	Cinderella Rockerfella	Esther & Abi Ofarim (Philips)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	How Do You Do It	Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
2	From A Jack To A King	Ned Miller (London)
3	Foot Tapper	Shadows (Columbia)
4	Rhythm Of The Rain	Cascades (Warner Bros)
5	Say Wonderful Things	Ronnie Carroll (Philips)
5	Summer Holiday	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	Brown Eyed Handsome Man	Buddy Holly (Coral)
8	Say I Won't Be There	Springfields (Philips)
9	Like I've Never Been Gone	Billy Fury (Decca)
10	The Folk Singer	Tommy Roe (HMV)

NME

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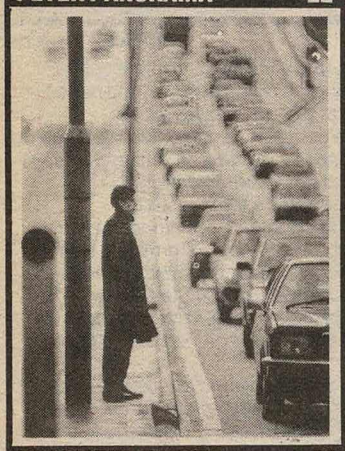

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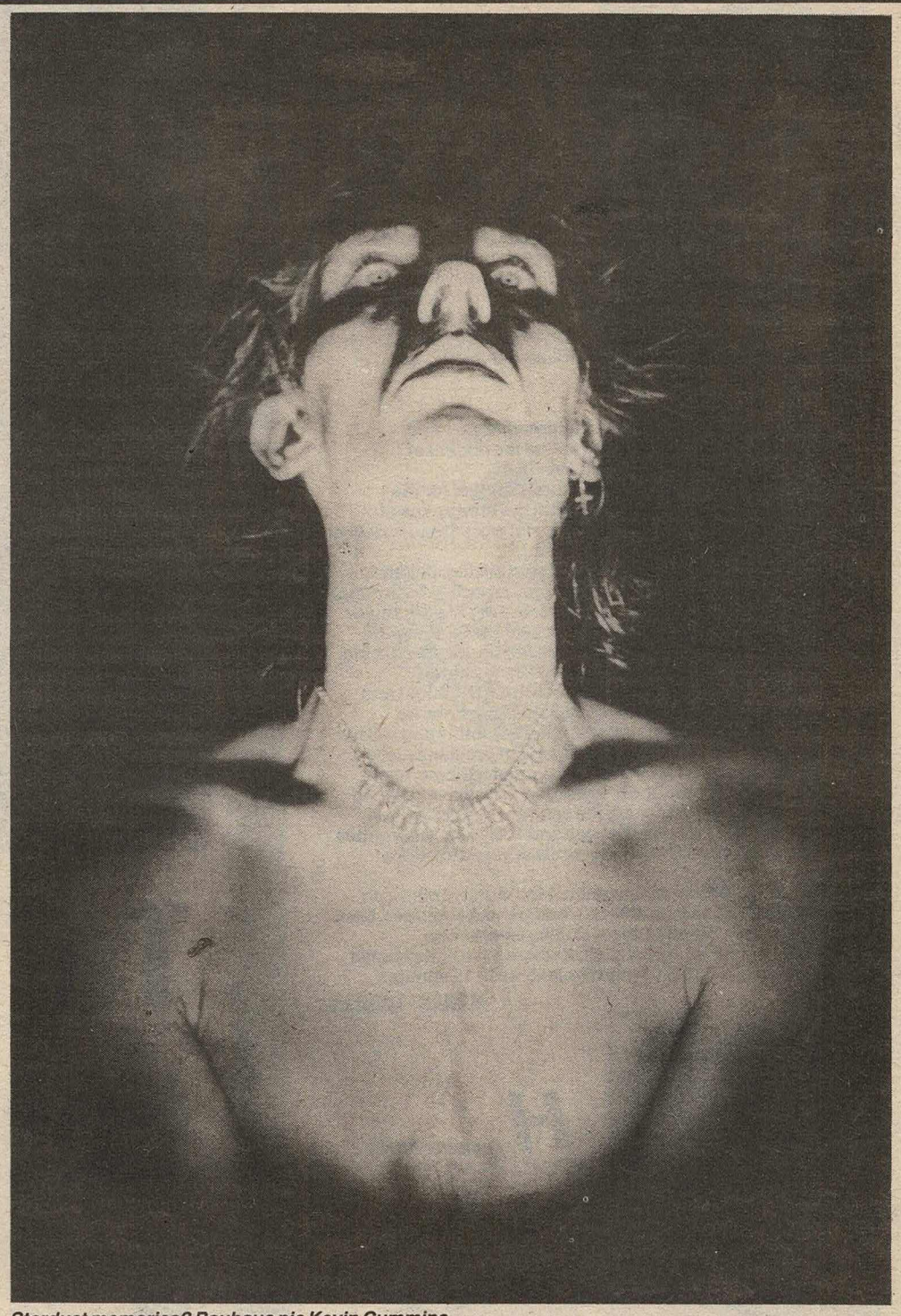
★ NME EXCLUSIVE! ★

BAUHAUS IN PARTIES

BAUHAUS are all set to go back on the road, now that singer Peter Murphy has recovered fully from an unpleasant bout of viral pneumonia, which laid him low for several weeks and caused the cancellation of a European tour.

Next month they combine business with pleasure by playing concerts in such exotic centres as Athens, Tel Aviv, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Tokyo and Osaka. The band — whose new Beggars Banquet single 'She's In Parties' has just been released — then return home for a major UK tour in the early summer, for which tickets at all venues are at the one price of £3.50

They play Brighton Top Rank (June 13), Bristol Locarno (14), Swansea Top Rank (15), Southampton Gaumont (16), Derby Assembly Rooms (18), Northampton Derngate Centre (19), Sheffield Top Rank (20), Liverpool Royal Court (22), Manchester Apollo (23), Newcastle City Hall (24), Bradford Caesars (29), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (July 1), Ipswich Gaumont (2), Birmingham Odeon (3) and London Hammersmith Palais (4 and 5), with the prospect of a few more dates being added later.



Stardust memories? Bauhaus pic Kevin Cummins

R.S.V.P.

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the package from Paul Weller's Respond Records label — The Questions, Tracie and Vaughn Toulouse — which is going out under the banner of "The Respond Posse Tour".

As a prelude to the outing, The Questions this week release their new self-produced single 'The Price You Pay' in both 7" and 12" formats (distributed via A&M) — it was written by the group's John Robinson and Paul Barry, who also penned Tracie's debut hit 'The House That Jack Built'.

The tour schedule takes in Kingston Polytechnic (April 21), Leicester University (23), Derby College (25), London Camden Dingwalls (26), Loughborough University (27), Liverpool Warehouse (28), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (29), Coventry Warwick University (30), Manchester Ashton Metro Cinema (May 1), Dartford Flicks, (2), Canterbury College of Art (3), Hatfield Polytechnic (4), Bournemouth The Academy (5), Colchester Essex University (6), an afternoon open-air CND event at London Herne Hill Brockwell Park followed by London School of Economics (7), Newcastle Dingwalls (9), Edinburgh Nite Club (11), Dundee Dance Factory (12), Glasgow Night Moves (13) and Aberdeen The Venue (14).

CND hit list grows

MORE ACTS have now been confirmed for this year's Glastonbury CND Festival (June 17-19), in addition to Curtis Mayfield, whose appearance was revealed exclusively by *NME* last month.

Latest bookings are Burning Spear, Dr John, Dennis Brown, UB40, The Beat, Aswad, Melanie, Incantation, Moving Hearts, The Chieftains, and Alexis Korner — and there's plenty more still to come.

Additionally, the cabaret tent will be operating daily from 1pm to 3am, featuring acts like The Flying Pickets, Incubus, The Greatest Show On Legs, juggler Tim Bat, Captain J. J. Waller and Atilla The Stockbroker. And there'll be the usual blend of films, speakers and children's entertainments, with ample space for camping and parking.

For the seventh year, the event is at Worthy Farm in Pilton, near Shepton Mallet in Somerset. Advance three-day tickets at £12 are available by post with SAE from Glastonbury CND Festival (to whom Cheques and POs should be made payable), 11 Goodwin Street, London N4 3HQ. Accompanied children under 14 are admitted free.

Rod not spared

ROD STEWART's open-air concert at Glasgow Ibrox Stadium on Saturday, June 18 — plans for which were revealed exclusively by *NME* four weeks ago — has now been confirmed officially.

It's the first time an event of this kind has been presented at the home of Glasgow Rangers FC and, as predicted, capacity will be limited to 30,000. Two major guest acts are being negotiated for the show.

Additionally, in view of heavy ticket demand, Stewart is to play third nights at both Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (on June 21) and London Earls Court (27).

Glasgow tickets are available now by post at £9.30 (including booking fee) from Rod Stewart Ibrox, P.O. Box 4, Attrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ — make cheques and POs payable to "Kennedy Street Enterprises" and enclose SAE. They'll also be on sale to personal applicants at £9.50 (including booking fee) from this Friday, April 15, from the Ibrox Stadium, Apollo Theatre, Virgin and HMV, all in Glasgow.

A full list of other ticket outlets in the North will be printed next week, together with a repeat of the Birmingham and London booking arrangements, originally published five weeks ago.

BOWIE — THREE OPEN-AIR GIGS

LET'S DANCE IN MILTON KEYNES

DAVID BOWIE played his trump card last weekend by revealing that he'll be performing no less than three open-air shows in the early summer.

Confirming *NME's* forecast, it's now been announced officially that he'll be appearing at the Milton Keynes Concert Bowl on Saturday, July 2 — but additionally, he'll also be playing the 50,000-capacity venue on the Friday and Sunday (July 1 and 3). Tickets are £10.30, the shows start at 4pm, and there'll be two major guest acts.

The decision to play three outdoor dates in a row was taken, even though it meant re-adjusting Bowie's European schedule, in order to cope with the huge overspill from the five indoor concerts at Wembley and Birmingham — and the location was chosen because it is roughly midway between those two points. And it means that an earlier plan for Bowie to appear in more northerly climes has gone by the board.

The sting in the tail — for new punters, at any rate — is that ticket applications are not being accepted for the Milton Keynes shows. Harvey Goldsmith, acting for the

● *continues on page 5*

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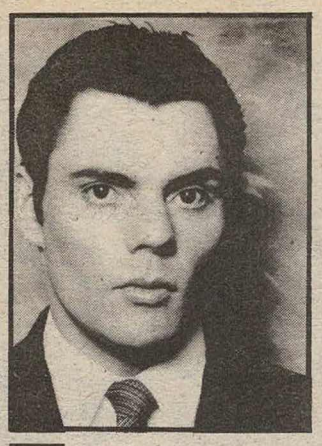


Choke! It's getting really bad, man, y'know? Like, our old punk heroes seem to be selling out left right and centre. Joe Strummer in the Sun was bad enough. But surely not **GENE OCTOBER** as well!?! Looks like Chelsea, once the world's longest-running unsuccessful punk act, are finally living up to their name. Mr October's outfit is by Giorgio Armani, hair by Brylcreem, and cheekbones by Black & Decker.

The prospect of yet another 'alternative' arts and music programme is hardly going to find the fingers of the nation's video vultures poised over their record buttons tonight and every Thursday night for the coming ten weeks, but those sated with the tired antics of Kenny Everett and company could do a lot worse than flick over to *Alter Image* (Channel Four, 8.30 - 9pm).

Billed as an arts prog that is neither patronising, pedantic or pompous, this evening's edition features Japanese buto dance troupe Sankai Juku, sculptor David Mach, poet Steven Taylor Woodrow, opera singer Sonja Nerdum and scat singing trio The Three Courgettes, all of which might appear rather boring were it not for the bizzarre presentation of the show.

Shunning the customary discursive format that most arts programmes confine themselves to, *Alter Image* has no talking-head host to keep things running smoothly and will not be featuring promo videos and re-hashes of previous pieces. Instead they are opting for a series of unrelated items, each made specifically for the show — the dance troupe are filmed live in Battersea Power Station, the sculptor creates a nude model from ten tons of yellow pages and The Three Courgettes perform a song called 'Dirty Pans' while dressed in edible outfits.

Forthcoming programmes continue the musical bias with appearances from, among others, Pookiesnackenburger, Mick Karn, Psychic TV, Flying Lizards, Calling Hearts, The Promenaders and Paddy Bush, all of whom have constructed individual items varying in length from three to 12 minutes.

ADRIAN THRILLS

Pic Pierre Rutschi

***Her name is ANNE PIGALLE,** she's from Paris, and her music's Frencher than the side of an HP sauce bottle. With her accomplice Nick Plytas she's formed an act called Via Vagabond, who'll be appearing at the London Rock Garden's Fake Club night on April 20th. Disillusioned with the copy-rockism of her native land, she's hoping for some record company interest in London — and specifically some action for a potential debut single called '1000 Colours Waltz'. Vaguely in the grand tradition of Edith Piaf, the song is sultry stuff with a rolling romantic feel, redolent of smokey Left Bank dives and grainy reruns of* Maigret.

Mystery, intrigue, and a touch of the vampire-style disappearance technique has surrounded the non-appearance of the Kiss Club in Birmingham. Hopes were raised that the new venue, supposedly to be housed in the Fantasy Club, would bring to the city such legendary performers as Marc And The Mambas, Lizzy Black and her Cats and Frankie Goes To Hollywood.

But the Club never opened. Explaining, a woman working in the Fantasy said: "A man came in and enquired about using our downstairs lounge for a club, but we heard nothing more from him, so we let a disco have the space instead." It's kiss-tease and it's too bad: the huge, kitsch, crimson and gold heart-shaped stage of the Fantasy Club would have made a good setting for some spectacular performers, instead of the usual bored looking women doing ten minute striptease routines.

Spokesperson for the Kiss Club blamed the last minute cancellation of bands, the peculiar puritanism of the Magistrates who refused the club a late night licence for Easter Saturday, and the break-up of Southern Death Cult who had been booked to perform, as reasons for the venue's conspicuous disppearing act. He promised that the Club would be re-launched in a few weeks.

Is this a kiss-chase, or the classic who-dunnit, with the Kiss Club found dead on a cross roads at midnight, with a stake through its heart and garlic on its breath? Only time will tell. **AMANDA ROOT**

Gary Kemp gets bad vibes. *Pic Peter Anderson*

To cut a short story very short

COMMUNICATION let me down and I'm left here...laughing.

All the qualities that we have come to expect from pop's new aristocrats — vanity, arrogance and fear of the press — brilliantly came into light over the Easter weekend when Gary Kemp, suddenly and unexpectedly, upped and walked out of the interview I had spent two months arranging.

His reasons? That I didn't understand the 'culture' he represented. Sordid details following.

The 'culture' Kemp refers to has its main focus around Bournemouth where every year most of London's gay young things descend on the seaside resort to get drunk, cause mayhem and catch Spandau Ballet live in the process. It's a lads' outing, nothing more and nothing less, and any suggestion to the likes of Kemp that it's simply a continuance of an activity that British youth (teds, mods, punks, jazz-funkers) have been indulging in for years, is greeted with derision and is apparently a good enough reason to blow out a major interview.

"To me it's an important cultural statement," Bob Elms, Spandau lickarse, informs me about this weekend away. Resisting the urge to take a swing at him for his patronising, pretentious spiel, I spend the next 30 minutes trying to argue with him about the importance he places on Bournemouth, but it's a bit like talking to a granite wall ten feet thick, useless.

In truth he was probably setting me up. Prior to the conversation, I had actually joked with Gary about the next day's interview, even bought him a drink as he told me about his interview technique of being able to speak about nothing for half an hour.

"There's not one question that I can't answer," he boasted and my determination level strengthened considerably in the light of such an assertion.

Relishing the thought of a confrontation with Kemp which, after all the fawning shoe-licking articles they've received, would throw proper light on the whole Spandau Ballet affair, I go to bed happily anticipating the forthcoming interview.

It's not to be. By the time I meet Kemp the next day, my reluctance to treat Bournemouth as a special experience, my refusal to mythologise the art of getting pissed for four days as a cultural landmark, has filtered back to Gary and manager Steve Dagger.

Standing at the hotel bar, with sheepish grins, they inform me that they "don't need this interview," aren't prepared to justify themselves or their music and don't particularly want to talk to me anyway. "It's not right," says Kemp, "I just get a bad vibe off you."

Before I can check that I'm still in Bournemouth, England, not Woodstock, America circa 1969, Kemp storms off. End of interview. Dagger stands around making placating noises for five minutes, does something he never does, buys a round of drinks, and then slopes off "to make a phone call".

Sad, but what Kemp and the likes of Elms fail to realise, is that for all their desperate measures to place matters in some kind of spurious 'hip' context, they fail to see that the very people Gary Kemp claims to 'represent', the Wag Club members from Soho etc, have no interest in Spandau anymore. They've dropped them, left them for dead.

To most people there, Spandau are nothing more than a pop band, fodder for the little boys and girls (witness the screaming at their gigs!) and though they might have been the band of the moment *last year,* this time around Animal Nightlife garner far more respect and attention.

As for all the theorising about Bournemouth and 'What It Means', it's so vacuous, so vacant that Elms and Kemp, apart from displaying incredible paranoia about their credibility, act more like old social workers, out of touch and pretending to understand the problems around them. Like pathetic...

In fact the next night, an excited Elms will rush up to a friend of mine and tell him how wonderful the Dirtbox Club, presiding in Bournemouth for the weekend, is. "It's great," he'll enthuse, "there are young kids there who are drinking, dancing, having sex and *listening* to black music."

What's so great about that? my friend will enquire, it's been going on for years. "Ah, you just don't understand," replies Auntie Elms, "it's the *way* they're listening to black music."

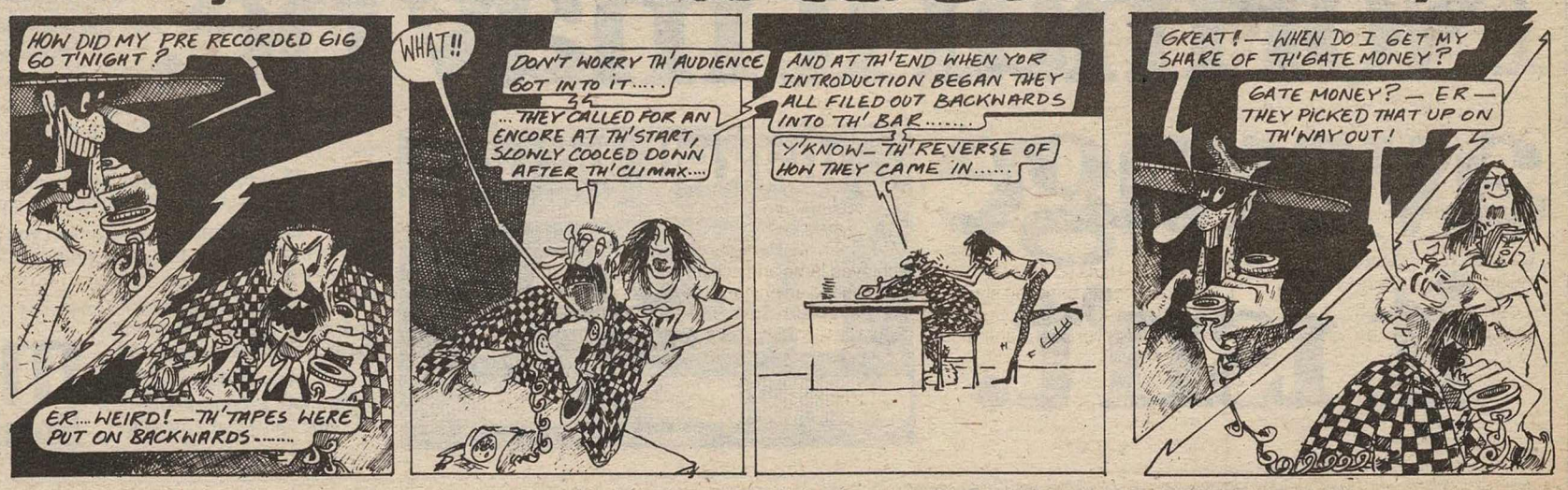
I don't think I'll hear anything so pathetic, so laughable for a long, long time.

As for Kemp, his parting shot to me is "stick around if you like but forget the interview or the photos". (Anton had just spent all day driving down to Bournemouth to do exactly that and Kemp hasn't even the decency to apologise to him.) "Get drunk instead."

Get drunk instead, eh? How boring and how square can you get and what's it like to lead such an empty life? I certainly won't be around to hear the answer to that one. And that much is true.

PAOLO HEWITT

the lone groover — benyon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ER.... WEIRD! — TH' TAPES WERE PUT ON BACKWARDS.....
WHAT!!
DON'T WORRY TH' AUDIENCE GOT INTO IT.....
... THEY CALLED FOR AN ENCORE AT TH' START, SLOWLY COOLED DOWN AFTER TH' CLIMAX....
AND AT TH' END WHEN YOR INTRODUCTION BEGAN THEY ALL FILED OUT BACKWARDS INTO TH' BAR.....
Y'KNOW — TH' REVERSE OF HOW THEY CAME IN.....
GREAT! — WHEN DO I GET MY SHARE OF TH' GATE MONEY?
GATE MONEY? — ER — THEY PICKED THAT UP ON TH' WAY OUT!

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

TRACIE

45s

Spandau Ballet — Instinction
Junior — Mama Used To Say
Q-Tips — You Are The Life Inside Of Me (Live)
Change — Searching
Betty Wright — Shoorah Shoorah
Q-Tips — Broken Man
Culture Club — Time (Clock Of The Heart)

LPs

Q-Tips — Live At Last
Dexys — Searching For The Young Soul Rebels
Shalamar — Friends
Squeeze — Sweets From A Stranger
Squeeze — 45s And Under

DISLIKES

Beer swilling cavemen
Sheep
'Love You Madly' — Candella
Ken Barlow

BOOKS

All James Herbert books
Missed It By That Much — William Johnston
All Virginia Andrews books

SOME KIND OF WONDERFUL

Doris Flower
Mad Vuluar
Bet Lynch
Paul Young
John McEnroe

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Mr Titchener's Cuisine
Soul music

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The Young Ones

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Mad Max
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest

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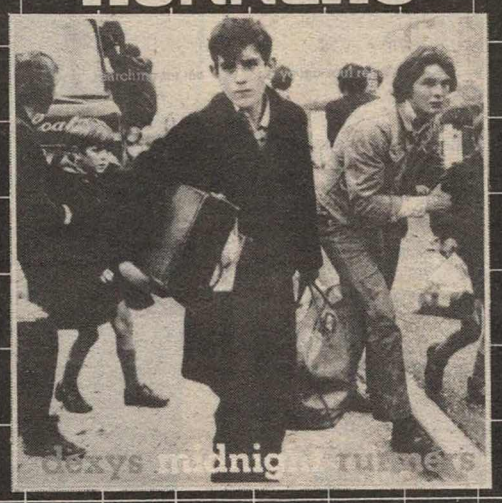
DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS



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RUSH RU
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NEWS EXTRA

BOWIE

● *from page three*

promoters and tour advisors, has devised a scheme whereby the unlucky applicants for the indoor concerts will be given priority for these extra dates. And this is how it works:

Those who applied for £10.30 Wembley tickets, and were unsuccessful, will automatically be sent Milton Keynes tickets. These will be accompanied by a coupon giving them the option of a complete refund if they are unable to attend — and this coupon, plus the tickets, must be returned within seven working days.

Unsuccessful applicants for Birmingham (£9.80 and £8.80) and for £9.30 Wembley tickets will automatically have their cheques or Postal Orders returned. These will be accompanied by a priority coupon, enabling them to re-apply within seven days for Milton Keynes tickets. No tickets will be despatched until cheques have been cleared — and obviously, people who want to go to Milton Keynes and have already applied for Bowie tickets should not cancel their cheques.

It's intended that all this procedure will have been completed by the end of April. At that point, if there are any surplus tickets remaining, they will be put on sale through outlets to be announced at the time.

Howard Devoto, pioneer of the Mohican. Pic Anton Corbijn

Ol' dome head is back

HOWARD DEVOTO is alive and well and working in Paris — that's the message to emerge from the former Magazine linchpin, as he prepares to descend upon London next month, to unveil the first of many projects in which he's been engrossed for the past year.

This particular venture involves his partnership with French-Polish rock wizard Bernard Szajner. Devoto has written the lyrics and sings on some tracks on Szajner's upcoming Island album, and the pair will be performing live at the Casino de Paris on April 25. It's then planned to bring the show to London in early May, though a venue hasn't yet been confirmed.

Between times, Devoto has also been working on his own new album and single, and these are due for release by Virgin within the next few weeks — details to follow.

Animals uncaged

THE ANIMALS, one of Britain's top rock groups of the '60s, have re-formed, 19 years since they first hit the headlines.

They are the only major group from that era subsequently to reunite with their original line-up — Eric Burdon (vocals), Chas Chandler (bass), Alan Price (keyboards), John Steel (drums) and Hilton Valentine (guitar).

Immediate plans are for a world tour commencing in America during July, and including two prestige London dates in mid-autumn, with a new album and single to coincide — and they are currently in the process of finalising a lucrative recording deal. Also, a documentary film is to be made of their reunion and comeback tour.

The idea for the re-formation stemmed from the chart success last year of their reissued single 'House Of The Rising Sun', originally a Number One hit in 1964. This was just one of a string of hits they scored at that time, among them 'Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood', 'Bring It On Home To Me', 'We've Gotta Get Out Of This Place' and 'It's My Life'. And in the late '60s, prior to their disbandment, they went on to register further successes under the banner of Eric Burdon & The Animals.

After the Newcastle group broke up, Burdon and Price both achieved fame and acclaim as solo performers, while Chandler established an enviable reputation as manager, producer and record company boss. Steel worked with Chandler at the latter's Barn Records for many years, and has since become a successful Newcastle businessman. And Valentine worked for long periods in the States playing with various West Coast bands, before returning to Newcastle where he still plays in a local group.

Now they're back together again on the crest of the current wave of nostalgia. It remains to be seen if they can re-capture the old magic from those long gone days.

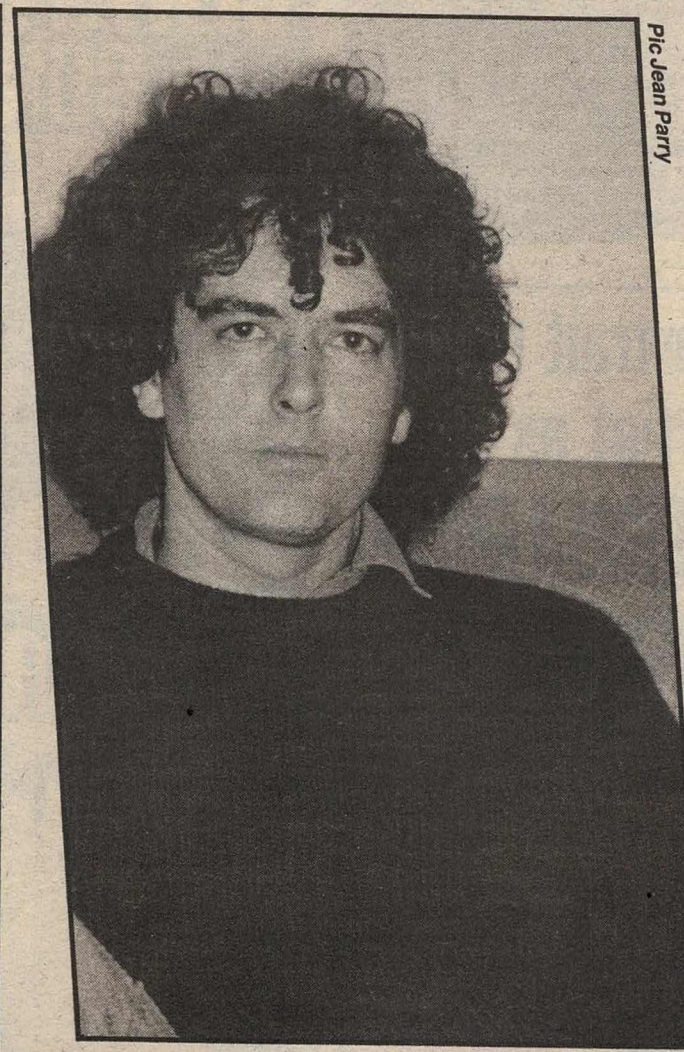
An alternative poetry event without Attila The Stockbroker? Strange but true! The Cambridge Poetry Festival Fringe (Friday 15th to Monday 18th of April) does not feature A the S at all.

However, there's still plenty to attract the discerning. On Saturday 16th there's Sexton Ming (who used to be a member of the Medway Poets) in the afternoon and The Medway Poets (who used to be mates of Sexton Ming) in the evening. I have it on good authority that Sexton Ming has written a poem about Virginia Woolf to the tune of 'Wild Thing'. On Sunday 17th there's the SYC Network from Birmingham, and The Circus Of Poets from Yorkshire, and on Monday 18th there's Poetry to Song Reversal, who feature mime and a huge drumkit. In between there'll be all sorts of poets, ranters and shouters and it all takes place in the Kennedy Room at the Cambridge Union.

And I bet Attila the Stockbroker will be there, perhaps as his alter-ego Philip Larkin. *Well, you've never seen them together in the same room, have you?*

Despite reports to the contrary elsewhere, Dylan scholars and Zim-garbalogists will have to wait for the "massive five album retrospective of his career" he was recently mentioned as committing to vinyl. Is *anything of the sort being secretly compiled in America — or anywhere else? No, according to the press office of el Dyl's record company CBS, not unless it's at the copy desk of* Rolling Stone.

"We get these rumours practically every time there's an issue of certain magazines who have a large constituency of Dylan fans among their readership," commented one weary spokesperson.



Pic Jean Parry

WELSH REGGAE ON THE RUN

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN the media images of sheep shagging beer fanatics, and groups that set fire to houses so they can have Welsh "No Entry" signs at the bottom of their street, there beats a bemused and soulful Celtic heart looking for a future through rock and roll music.

You've probably never heard of Geriant Jarman, who happens, to be about the most popular Welsh speaking rock artist . . . in the world. Even if you have heard of him, you're unlikely to have any of the four albums he has released, since they are all sung in Welsh and are rarely to be found on the other side of the Bristol Channel.

To an outsider the many facets of Welsh Nationalism make up a very strange breed of dragon. There's Plaid Cymru, a conventional political party serving as a useful antidote to the entrenched Labour Party, the only other serious political force in Wales. Then there are those who take the arguments one step further — those who seek to revive a culture which for centuries they were never able to maintain. You can now send your child to a Welsh language school, and the country now has its own TV station — S4C, currently knocking spots off its partner Channel Four in the audience ratings.

And finally there are those, based mostly in the north, who are prepared to go to any lengths to see that the English are booted out of the country. Out of this group sprang Welsh language rock music, a bizarre collection of heavy metal hippies who combine the very worst aspects of English rock — posturing, ten minute guitar solos etc — with incomprehensible Welsh lyrics. Understandable, then, that they have yet to find themselves appreciated by English ears.

Geraint Jarman has been through all that — but the survival of his band since 1977 is some indication that he has attempted to move with the times where others have refused to compromise anything.

Geraint still sings in Welsh — "I know it sounds a cliché, but there wouldn't be any point us continuing if I didn't", he says — but he has brought the music into the 1980s with an infectious brand of reggae that can be danced to in any language. And by the late spring there should be a new album available in dub, with only the occasional sung phrase, which could bring the band a totally new audience which 18 months ago they would never have considered playing for.

"Obviously the language side is important, but the language of music is universal. Many people in the Welsh rock scene believe you shouldn't attempt to take anything to the English, but they end up sounding like rip-offs of English bands singing in a different language," he says.

"We continue to sing in Welsh because we do feel strongly that it is at the centre of our culture, and asking us to sing in English would be like expecting the same of someone like King Sunny Adé."

Although a symbol of the fightback, Geraint admits that Welsh rock music is still a very confused hybrid.

"You can identify in a very broad sense Scottish and Irish rock music. There's something very Irish about bands like U2 and The Undertones, something you can't put your finger on. But there's nothing identifiably Welsh about a Welsh group who sing in English. Some of the music in the past has had a Celtic flavour, but I'm hoping some band or other will emerge in the near future, and that they will identify, however vaguely, a 'Welsh sound'."

Geraint is too modest to suggest that his own band might be such a group. But given the help of S4C, and a growing interest among the population with the more positive aspects of Welsh patriotism, if any band are to achieve a wider following it will be his own.

DAVID COHEN

Hanging out on 52nd Street

FACTORY'S NEW LINE IN FUNK

OVER AT Manchester's Factory Communications, the musty red carpet is being dragged out and the air is thick with a trumpet fanfare. But while they wait to salute the impending long-playing edict from New Order, a much smaller Factory concern is quietly celebrating its second single, 'Cool As Ice/Twice As Nice'.

Derek Johnson (bass), Beverley McDonald (vocals), Tony Henry (guitar), John Dennison (keyboards) and Tony Thompson (drums) are the lucid quintet of black funksters called 52nd Street. They began last year with a break from tradition. Instead of aligning themselves with distant relatives Level 42 and Central Line, and serving a long apprenticeship of all-dayers and jazz-funk clubs, 52nd Street began by signing to Factory — hardly a label renowned for pristine funk.

Elected as chief spokesman, Tony Henry explains the decision: "We tried the ordinary deals but as soon as you mention Manchester no one in London wants to know. Sure, we got a couple of sessions paid for by companies and a bloke from RCA even came up with a contract."

"Yeah, and it said that if he farted, we had to pay for the toilet paper to wipe his arse with," interrupts Derek. "In the end we settled for an experiment with Factory...we got through to them 'cos me brother Donald's in A Certain Ratio."

Adopted by the Manchester moguls, their debut single 'Look Into My Eyes' presented a quicksilver funk routine wading through a typically deadpan Factory production. As the first fruit of the perverse marriage of Factory and 52nd Street, 'Look Into My Eyes' was a forlorn looking bastard indeed. For devotees of the label, ACR provided as much funk as they could swallow. And — ironically enough — for the purists, 52nd Street's very association with the label ensured a reaction closer to the shoulder than the handshake.

On top of that, they've since followed a support slot with New Order in Kilburn with one alongside The Commodores at Hammersmith Odeon. However admirable their attempted shakedown of cultural conventions may be, I suggest the problems may yet overcome them.

"It's a slow process," replies Tony after some thought. "But we're getting there. Trying to bring together different audiences, basically black and white audiences, was a handicap at first. It took people like *Black Echoes* literally months to find out that we were OK. That we weren't ACR. And then we supported New Order and I'm not joking...they all started laughing and shouting 'a funk band on Factory? Bollocks.' Mind you, they weren't laughing at the end when they knew what they were dealing with."

It's taken them close onto a year to make a real impact but the enthusiastic response greeting 'Cold As Ice' seems proof at last that the prejudices are being dispersed. British interest aside, the first pressings of the single to be shipped over to the States were snapped up in 48 hours, and the ubiquitous Arthur Baker is already processing a cut-up version for release on his Streetwise label — hopefully to coincide with their forthcoming trip to New York's Danceteria.

Sweeping aside its predecessor's dour trappings, 'Cool As Ice' is a stylish rather than stylised slab of infectious electro-funk: as bubbly and slick as Chic, robust and electric as The Gap Band. And if that sounds like a half-baked manifesto from every two-bit, true-Brit funk pretender of the last two years, then I should add that 52nd Street cut closer to the bone than any of them.

Tony puts the new single into perspective: "One magazine said we were trying to be Britain's only black electro-funk band and that's rubbish as well. 'Cool As Ice' only came about because we asked Barney from New Order to come down and do a synthesiser session for us once and we started messing around with his emulators and things. If people come to see a black electro band, they're going to be disappointed. We might do three or four songs like that...depends how we feel."

"'Cool As Ice' doesn't have a colour to it," Derek concludes. "That's the best thing about it...that it could have been done by a black or white band."

AMRIK RAI

Street shot: (left to right) Derek Johnson, Tony Henry, John Dennison, Tony Thompson, Beverley McDonald. Pic Kevin Cummins

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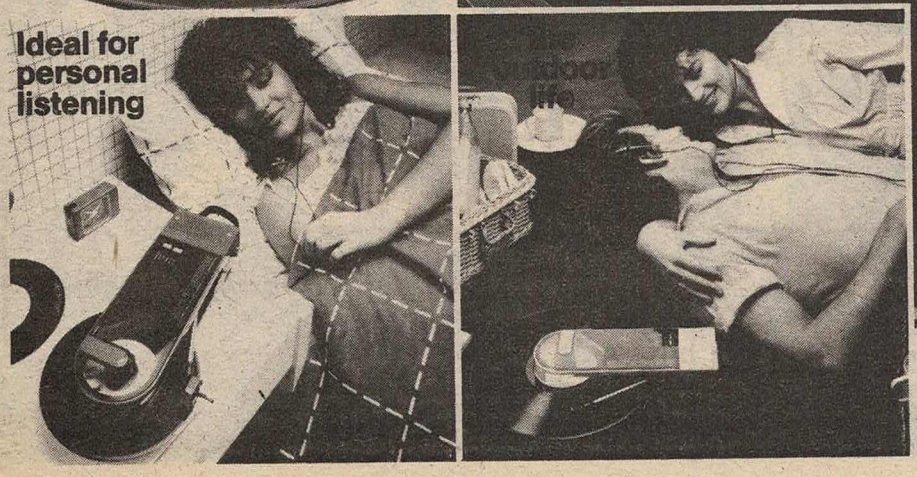

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EDITIONS OF YOUTH

HERE'S SOMETHING that can't miss. Five young and cute boys (ages 14 and 15) who can sing and dahce, including one outstanding lead singer whose voice and face are destined for stardom, one brilliant production team, and a song that's a stellar example of the teen upbeat pop/soul love song. Catchy? Get anywhere near it and you're gonna get down with it.

The song is 'Candy Girl' and it was written and produced by Maurice Starr and Michael Jonzun (who leads the Jonzun Crew). Starr played the instruments, and Arthur Baker ('Planet Rock', Rocker's Revenge, etc) mixed the tracks. New Edition are the five sweet voices.

The timing was perfect. With Michael Jackson topping the charts, the world was ready for a song and a group that would both resurrect the legacy of the original Jackson 5 and become America's answer to Musical Youth.

'Candy Girl' is a loving pop rhapsody that is really not more (nor less) than a modernised rewrite of the Jackson 5's 'ABC', propelled by a solid synth sound and lead singer Ralph Tresvant's achingly sweet vocal. I've heard some sour know-it-alls criticise it for sounding so much like 'ABC', but my feeling is that The Jackson 5 haven't been the Jackson 5 for a long time now, and that formula is sitting around idle and if someone is going to make use of it in a way this colourful, then why not?

And when they tumble the English charts, as they surely must, they'll be compared to Musical Youth, being young and black. And they'll be denigrated by some sour know-it-alls because they don't play their own instruments and write their own songs (yet). But I bet most people will love them and they'll be more popular than hotcakes and that's before they've even made a proper video. When that happens and people see these kids singing and dancing it's going to be a massive love affair.

Ralph Tresvant, Mike Bivins, Rickey Bell, Bobby Brown and Ronnie Devoe grew up within blocks of each other in Boston's Roxbury ghetto, and decided to become New Edition about two years ago.

Mike: "See they started giving talent shows in our area and we just decided to get a group together. That's where we met Travis Gresham and Brooke Payne (respectively their manager and choreographer). Then Maurice was giving this talent show called the Hollywood Talent Night, and one of the prizes was that Maurice would make a record with the winners."

At first the act was simple.

Mike: "We'd do steps."

Ralph: "Step and sing. We'd use other people's records."

Mike: "The Jacksons, The Whispers."

Did you always want to go into show biz?

Ralph: "We always wanted to. It looks so fun, it's just something that we always wanted to do. We just decided to get together and do it."

I ask if it bothers them that 'Candy Girl' gets accused of being a Jackson 5 rip-off. This gets a chorus of "no's".

Rickey: "It's just the New Edition that's coming out."

Ralph: "We know it's us, so it doesn't bother us at all. They're just saying that because of the voice, how it sounds."

Ronnie: "It's just the way that we sing, and that's just normal."

With the slightest luck, New Edition could have a real career ahead of them. I've heard two tracks from their forthcoming album. 'Popcorn Love' is in the same teeny pop vein as 'Candy Girl'. But 'Is This The End' is a real departure, a sweet and soul-drenched ballad that reveals Ralph Tresvant to be a singer with real versatality and depth. And as to the other skills they'll need to sustain a career, they are young, they've got plenty of time.

So what would you say to the charge that right now you're just a manufactured teen market move?

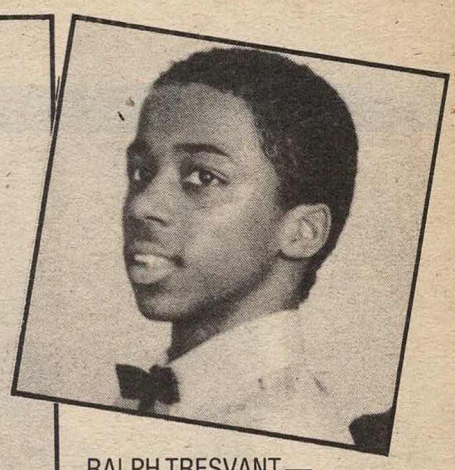
Ralph: "I wouldn't know what to say to something like that."

Mike: "We never thought about that. We thought, we're young and we can sing so let's go for it. And people like Maurice and Michael are helping us get to the top, which is what we all want.

"It's not just 'cause we're young. It's not just that little age that's going to make everything good for you. It has to take you, not your age. Age is just a number. You have to perfect what you are."

Good answer, I tell them, and I find myself thinking I really like these kids. And that night, when I see them sing to their tapes and dance the most intricate and coolly worked out steps in front of an overflow crowd of screaming fans at the Funhouse, I'm delighted for them. They have, as it's called, a good attitude.

America's answer to Musical Youth are New Editions (left to right) back — Mike, Rickey; middle — Bobby, Ralph; front — Ronnie. *Pic Joseph Stephens*



RALPH TRESVANT — A DEAD CERT FOR STARDOM PREDICTS RICHARD GRABEL

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CYNTHIA ROSE GABBAS ON THE BLOWER TO THE PUNK WITH SUBTERRANEAN RAMONE (SIC!) BLUES

PIC JILL FURMANOVSKY

Hey, Joey, where's my *Pal*?

I'D HARDLY slit the shrink wrap on the new Ramones LP when a rumour surfaced that drummer Marcy, pictured behind glass on the sleeve, was departing to be replaced by one Richard Beau of The Velveteens. Figuring *you had to know,* I scrambled to get Joey Ramone on the blower — and found him his usual gentlemanly, if groggy, self. (At 11 am he was just stepping back in the door after playing Washington DC hours before.)

And yes, it's true that Marc has laid down the leather jacket.

"Marc plays on the LP but Richard's gonna be the new permanent member — he's done about ten dates with us already. There were personal complications with Marc in that he couldn't go out on the road with us this time."

The band's third drummer, Richard prudently hasn't changed his maiden name to Ramone so far. But by what would we know him?

"Nuthin' major," says Joey. "He's done local work, he filled in with The Shirts for awhile. It's sorta excitin' to be able to use someone without needin' em to have some big rep."

Well, seeing as how the LP's gone straight into the American charts within a week with a 'super bullet'... a *Ramones LP!*

Joey laughs again. "I know, I know. Warner Brothers is completely behind us for the first time now. We've even done these two videos. One in LA with the guy who did Wall Of Voodoo's stuff. That's a really black one, really black humour with a mental institution and assorted freaks — a whole story line."

What story line?

"The real fine line between reality and insanity I guess! The other video we shot in this derelict church back here in New York. In that I'm like this preacher givin' a sermon, with a message. It was kinda cool doin' that."

What's the haps in New York then?

"Nuthin' much, no good sick murders or anything like that guy in Britain who hid people in the drains! Hardcore is a big thing here now; Dee Dee's really into that. There's a lotta new spots you can go to hear it, it's a real alternative. I know Dee Dee likes a bunch of those bands, he talks about Wasted Youth and Urban Waste. I keep hearin' about this band called The Mob, but my favourite from that scene is Shrapnel. I think their new song is amazin'; the best they've written."

When I was in New York I heard there was some trouble because Dee Dee and Johnny were holding out for harder stuff than you wanted.

Joey chuckles. "Yeah, well I guess I felt a little short-changed before. I was just writin' a lotta diverse stuff and maybe I felt I was gonna get restricted, I dunno. Now that we've done it and we've been playing around for about a month, though, we're unanimous. Cause it has that real edge again, it has a real powerful sound — somethin' we lost a little on the last two albums. I love those albums y'know, but this one sorta restates a Ramones vision. And it's because the *production* is really there at last.

"I think the vocals are the best I've ever done too."

What about your solo stuff, then?

"Oh, I've laid down tracks and all that but I've never put down a final vocal. I'm just hopin' to have an EP or something out by Christmas. And I've written a song I'd like to give Robert Gordon, cause it's not a Ramones number, it's more in a '50s vein."

Any more Holl'n'Joey in the works?

"Well, I never saw a penny for *that.* I'm just glad I did it and that it was so well received... it was great to do. Holly's real good now, though — she's got new Italians. Fred Smith and Jimmy Ripp on guitar and Jay Dee Daugherty from Patti Smith's old group on drums."

Christ; that was the band Tom Verlaine brought over here!

"Yeh, yeh... Jimmy Ripp gets amazin' sounds outta that guitar. She's got these black girl backing singers too; Dolette McKay is one of 'em."

Joey's natural enthusaism is surfacing just as our switchboard is ready to shut down. Quick — *are* The Ramones coming to Britain?

"Oh, sure. As soon as we can. I mean we got most of the US ahead of ya first but like, give everybody our best, OK?"

OK Joey; over and out.

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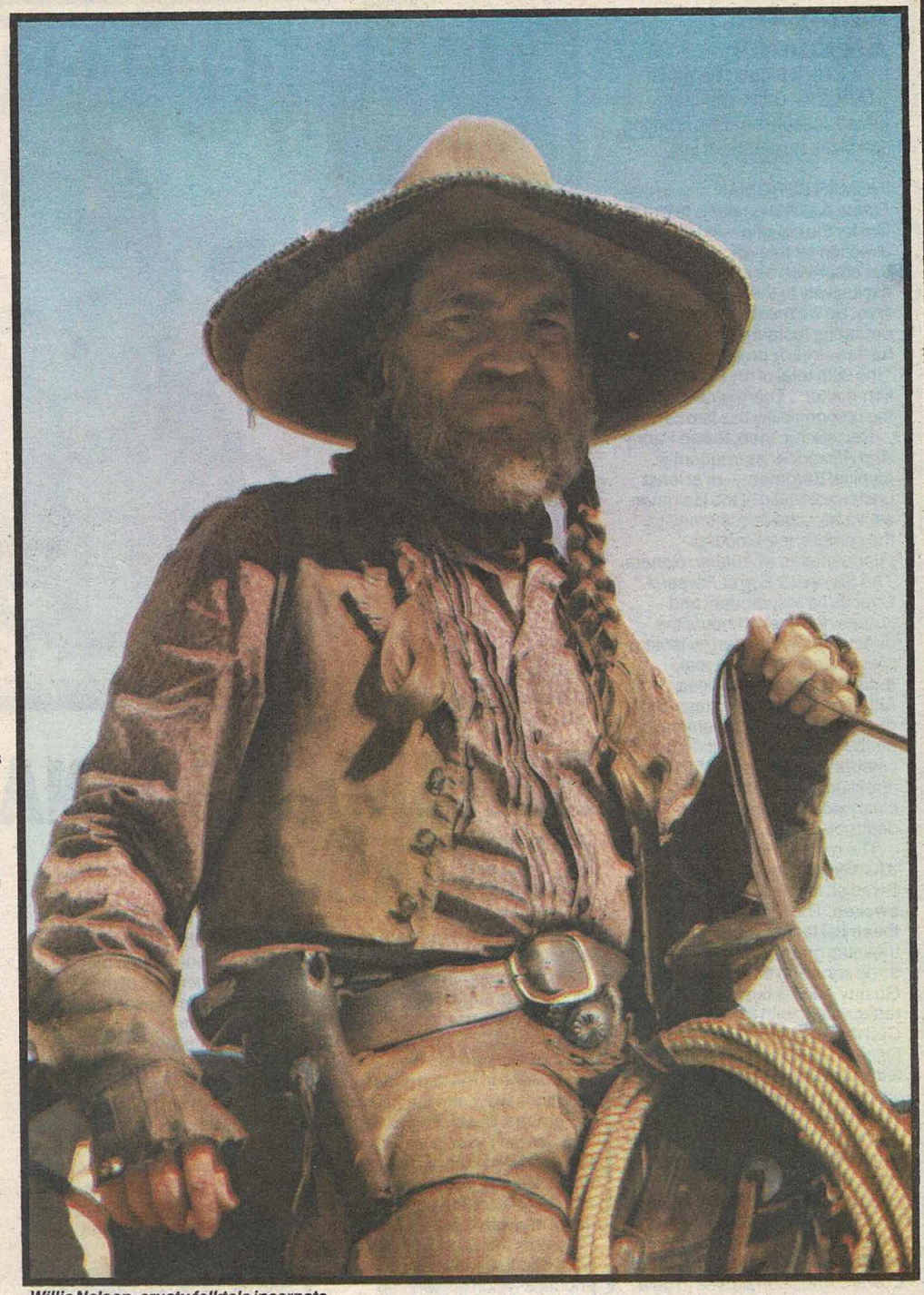

Willie Nelson, crusty folktale incarnate

Barbarosa

DIRECTOR: Fred Schepisi
STARRING: Willie Nelson, Gary Busey, Gilbert Roland, Isela Vega (Blue Dolphin)

IN ITS quiet and simple-hearted way, *Barbarosa* is a little jewel. It isn't difficult to divine why its release was shelved for so long. It's a Western, but it neglects the modern genre makeweights of exploding bodies and featureless animosity; its protagonists are heroes and villains, but they are estranged and unlikely romantics too.

Romance powers the crusty folktale of the film, as spongily loving as a Willie Nelson song: so, of course, it is Nelson who comes to take the title part, the weathered redbeard outlaw conducting an age-old feud with the Mexican family he married into 30 years before. Somewhere along the way the older man teams up with Gary Busey's Karl, a shambling, dough-fleshed farmboy on the lam from his own kinfolk for killing a brother-in-law in a brawl.

Nothing is new in this ancient print. Barbarosa is a shadowy legend, yet he sneaks secret visits to his wife like any lonely man and embraces the codes of any cheap bandit. He tutors Karl in gunplay and thieving and the oversize youth shapes into a serious figure himself by the end. The pattern of learning and revenge is one that's fuelled a thousand round-ups on the range. What tints a different hue into this picture is the director's inspirational use of the camera.

Fred Schepisi — known previously for *The Devil's Playground and The Chant Of Jimmie Blacksmith* — has a talent for the unexpected that this basically frugal premise grants a surprising level of access to. He possesses a knack for framing little visual felicities in the course of a sequence without disrupting the inner momentum: observe the opening here, Busey on a suffering horse scratching along a path stubbled with scrub and rock.

The camera picks out his hat spinning atop a lofted stick, notes a quivering drop of blood on a thorn that's scratched his doleful butterball face, registers the individual tatters of his ragged overalls...montage brings the most ordinary actions superbly to life. Schepisi pursues his film with a care for detail that is intelligently forceful without random cleverness. He pieces an extra narrative of image around the slender story he works to, and it's a fascinating tale.

Of course, he's good at outdoor movies too. The Australian landscapes of his early work inform this American South-West with a new complexion, a land baked dry and red but spotted with brilliant green forests. If this is the old West, it's a suburb we've never travelled before.

Nothing is quite 'Western' about *Barbarosa,* with its proud and vengeful Mexicans and the tenderfoot Karl, raised by German parents. Both Nelson and Busey offer engaging readings of their subjects, Nelson in particular confirming the sound impression of *Honeysuckle Rose.* He starts this time by deflecting a bullet off his cheek as if it were a stray blue-tailed fly. With such intricate observation of these likeable miscreants, Schepisi has brought a unique warmth to the dusty Western set which merits the widest attention.

Richard Cook

THOUGH OUR Channel 4 helped fund New York director Charlie Ahearn's *Wildstyle!* — a dramatisation of the South Bronx rap-and-graffitti scene which premiered a fortnight ago to an ecstatic reception in midtown Manhattan — you won't be seeing it until later this spring.

Co-sponsored by West German TV and the New York State Council of the Arts, it promises to bring hip-hop and fuck-you fashion right into your own stuffy li'l sitting rooms without imposing ideas over its portrait of those instrumental in breaking a street culture downtown.

The 82-minute film features Lee Quinones as a lovelorn teen (graffitti tag Zoro) in love with a — real — 17-year-old female graffitti queen, Pink. It stars musicians like Flash, Chief Rocker Busy Bee, the Cold Crush Four Brothers, the Fantastic Freaks, Double Trouble, Rammelzee and the Rock Steady Crew, as well as murals and street art by Lee, Daze, Dondi, Crash and others now familiar to gallery-goers.

Fab Five Freddy Braithwaite has directed the music for *Wildstyle!* — co-composing the original score with Chris Stein, whose Animal Records will release the movie soundtrack. In the film, Fred also plays 'Phaze', a DJ who assists in uniting Zoro and Pink from amongst all the fly girls, B-boys, and street breakers.

Phaze provides a vision of this world for a blonde bombshell of a honky uptown reporter, played by Patti Astor. Astor, best known in Britain for her part as the Edie Sedgwick character in Eric Mitchell's *Underground USA*, is in real life the founder of NYC's East Village FUN Gallery which exhibits the work of many graffitti/'street' artists.

Wildstyle! is as macho as much of the earliest rap (after all, as Fred points out, "this rap thing is ten years old already; rap really began with graffitti — the idea was just to create *something* through which all people could communicate"). But Pink Fabara has received critical raves for her performance, and it's highly likely you'll hear from many of this cast before you see them in action...Chief Rocker Busy Bee (Sugarhill), the Cold Crush Brothers (Tommy Boy) and Rodney Cee are all busy recording. Not to mention the film's breakers, who have been filmed for Paramount's forthcoming *Flash Dance*, or the fact that *Wildstyle!* has already been slated as centrepiece for an Italian 'Rap/Graffitti Festival' to occur this spring. Ahearn's reaction? He's planning another premiere to celebrate ("*This* time we're gonna get 1500 neighbourhood boys into a midtown theatre").

Cynthia Rose

Fanny And Alexander

DIRECTOR: Ingmar Bergman
STARRING: Gunn Wallgren, Erland Josephson, Ewa Frohling, Jan Malmsjo (Artificial Eye)

Alexander, following in Ingmar's footsteps

BERGMAN'S FINAL CURTAIN

INGMAR BERGMAN insists that *Fanny And Alexander* is his last film for the cinema — a little direction for television, perhaps, but otherwise he intends to return exclusively to the theatre, his first love. So we must view it as a departing testament, one which he has already proclaimed to be "the sum total of my life as a film-maker". There is no shirking the responsibility this film carries.

Perplexing, then, to find *Fanny And Alexander* as frequently atypical Bergman — or at least uncharacteristic of the Bergman we've become accustomed to, the sombre, ice-blooded puppetmaster of *Autumn Sonata, The Serpent's Egg* or *Persona*. Over three resplendent and surprisingly mellow hours the director unravels a family tableau which admits far more real, radiant light than darkness. Although there is madness and obsession and bereavement to be encountered too it is ultimately a celebration of personal faith and affection: love is acquired, cleansed of its terrible destructiveness.

The medium for this salvation is a family saga, set in a small Swedish town as the century has awoken. The Ekdahls are a theatrical family: there is the thespian grand dame Helena, her three sons and their own families. Gustav Adolf is the jovial restaurateur with a roving eye, Carl the anguished professor, Oscar the theatre manager and fifth-rate Shakespearean. His children are Fanny and Alexander.

The film begins with Christmas, a nativity play and a subsequent feast, and traverses a turbulent year until a similar note of joy is struck once more. Oscar dies and the widowed Emilie remarries with the smiling, silver-fox Bishop Edward who soon proves to be a medieval ogre. A rescue has to be effected by Helena's old lover Isek but it's only through a child's innocent strength of mind and a touch or two of magic that all is saved.

Children, so often the touchstone in the last phase of a director's work, are the fulcrum of Bergman's illustrious farewell. The film isn't specifically about Fanny and Alexander; rather it draws life and a courageous resolution from the power and belief of youth that they represent. He grants the young people, aged eight and ten, the implacable priorities which growing up dispels — the pleasure of contentment and the bland incomprehension of the unhappiness necessitated by social manners.

In the most powerful section of the film, where the Bishop imposes isolation and punishment on them both, the cold serenity of the familiar Bergman sharpens the cruelty — except this is no chessgame between agonised lovers. The evil is exacted against innocence, and the finer quality triumphs in the end.

As a glorying in the essence of cinema, *Fanny And Alexander* is virtually without fault and certainly an unrivalled example of Bergman's photographic sense. His master lensman Sven Nykvist conjures a spectrum of colour that has the texture and opulence of Renaissance oil, whether it be focusing on a dining room of regency warmth and sparkling crystal or a procession through evening snow lit only by the moon and a flickering wave of torches. It is studied to the point of academia, held back by an almost playful, sunny regard for character.

It's as if in this concluding masterwork a relief of burdens has lightened and enlightened a deeply affecting ensemble of performances. Known faces in the Bergman repertory figure in the shadows of the story like family ghosts. Erland Josephson takes a marvellous time over perfecting his roguish Isek, Jan Malmsjo simmers balefully as the Bishop and each of the family partriarchs is etched with a classical attention to detail, bucolic tempers and dandyish tics scattered like birthmarks. Only Liv Ullman is notable by her absence.

This is only to scratch unjustly at the surface of an epic, immaculately wrought film. The quality one most recalls at the end is of magic — in a status that raises its arm, in a darkened theatre of marionettes that seem to come alive in Alexander's imagination — and the seal of a mysterious, affirmatory hope that lingers in the aftermist of the film's most telling images. This is one farewell that shall never disappoint.

Richard Cook

ON THE BOX

THURSDAY APRIL 14

Get Smart. Spy vs. Spy. **(C4)**
The Optimist. First of a new series of silent sitcoms, this one about an armchair he-man who dreams himself into some exotic adventures. Worth a try. **(C4)**
Alter Image. Sounds gauche in the extreme, but this is C4's shot at a genuine arts magazine of the bizarre — things like Oriental dance in Battersea power station, exploding poets etc. True! **(C4)**
Soap. Yay! The long-awaited return of American comedy's finest half-hour, doubly welcome as a rerun now that *Barney Miller's* off again. **(C4)**
The Gamekeeper. A TV play filmed by Ken Loach from *Kes* collaborator Barry Hines' script, about an ex-steel worker turned gamekeeper. it scrutinises his foibles with an unsentimental faith for human nature of a kind that even Loach seldom approaches — a must. **(C4)**
Lou Grant. Rossi and Donovan in different sorts of trouble this week — so what else is new? **(Thames)**

FRIDAY APRIL 15

Switch. A bit silly so far I think, but give it time. Live stuff from Alf of Yazoo and Orange Juice. **(C4)**
Too Many Crooks (Mario Zampi 1958). Racketeer spoof enlivened by some excellent mugging from Terry-Thomas. Sid James and George Cole play the dozy bad guys. **(ITV)**
A Gathering Of Eagles (Delbert Mann 1962). Cold War clothes-prop with Rock Hudson as big nob at Strategic Air Command. Earthbound. **(BBC1)**
Entertainment USA. For Jonathan King diehards only, a sort of extended version of those little US clips he does for *TOTP*. From New York. **(BBC2)**

Andrew Logan hosts **Alter Image** *tonight (Thursday).*

Jazz On Four. Another weak entry in this slot — John Mclaughlin, Larry Coryell and Paco De Lucia at the RAH. Will any strings get broken? **(C4)**
Valdez Is Coming (Edward Sherin 1971). Burt Lancaster too good for this routine Western as a Mexicano sheriff out to nail a local landowner. **(BBC1)**
The Big Shot (Lewis Seiler 1942). Division 2 Bogart but this typical Warners gangster pic is something of a rarity. Bogie is a hood thwarted from going straight by a big gang of B-picture actors. No wonder he looks surly. **(C4)**

SATURDAY APRIL 16

Devil Girl From Mars (David MacDonald 1954). Complete nonsense about Martian Queen landing in the Scottish highlands. And it's British. **(BBC1)**
Executive Suite (Robert Wise 1954). Company power struggle for presidential post, slugged out by William Holden, Barbara Stanwyck, Frederic March, Walter Pidgeon etc. A grounded *Airport* out of its time, although Wise ties the package very slickly and Stanwyck is always worth watching. **(C4)**
The Divided Heart (Charles Crichton 1954). Parents of adopted child blanch when his real mum turns up. Heavy on the Kleenex. **(BBC2)**

CONTINUES PAGE 49

Soap *returns tonight (Thursday).*

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ABC EDGWARE ROAD	ABC ROMFORD
Classic HAMPSTEAD	ABC CROYDON
Coronet HOLLOWAY	ABC ELEPHANT & CASTLE
ABC EALING	ABC STREATHAM
Empire (ABC) WATFORD (From Apr 21st)	ABC SOUTHEND
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ABC GOLDERS GREEN	ABC ALDERSHOT
ABC TURNPIKE LANE	ABC LUTON

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PERFORMANCE 3.00,7.10
+ THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH 12.40,4.50,9.00
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Wednesday 20th
John Belushi triple
ANIMAL HOUSE 1.00,7.00
THE BLUES BROTHERS 2.50,8.50
+ GOIN" SOUTH 5.10
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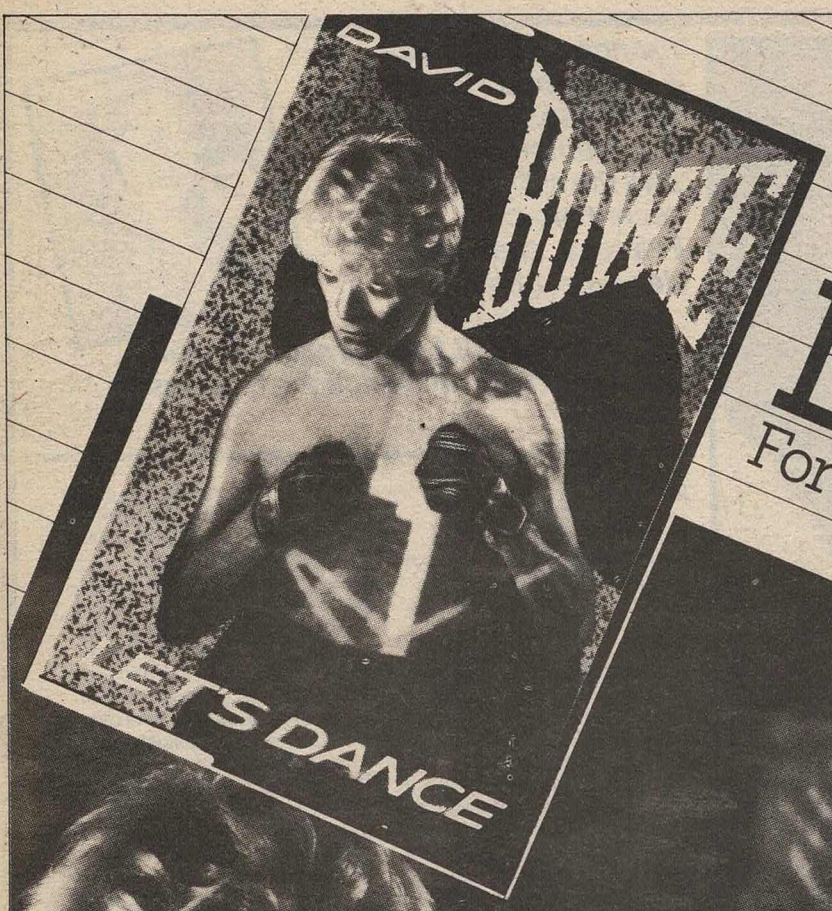

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WILL THERE REALLY BE A MORNING?

by Frances Farmer *(Fontana, £1.95)*

1943: Frances Farmer struggles with police in Santa Monica, California, after being sentenced to 180 days in jail for violating probation. Top right — Frances still defiant after prison and asylum (pic from Hollywood Babylon*).*

METHOD·IN·HER MADNESS

Frances Farmer was a Hollywood star, an alcoholic, the inmate of a mental asylum — and the subject of the recent bio-pic* Frances, *starring Jessica Lange

JULIE BURCHILL looks at the brutal autobiography on which the film was based

FILM STARS' autobiographies are the damnedest things; totally unpredictable. Bette Davis, thought to be intelligent and sassy, wrote a really terrible bland one; Joan Collins, thought to be a senile starlet, wrote a great one, full of warts and guts. The one thing you can be sure of is that these people live their lives on a very small scale — a few divorces, a few bankruptcies — yet at the end will invariably gloat that they are "a survivor":

"I was raped by orderlies, gnawed on by rats and poisoned by tainted food. And I survived. I was chained in padded cells, strapped into straitjackets and drowned in ice baths. And I survived."

Frances Farmer: the facts. She was born in Washington, and her mother was a monster. She was blond, cheekboned and throaty; Marlene Co-Ed. She discovered the Method, and was discovered by Hollywood, and between the ages of 21 and 28 made 19 motion pictures which made her miserable. Then she was charged with the tiny traffic offence of driving with her lights on in a dimout zone. When she failed to report to the parole officer and was arrested, everything exploded.

Up in front of the judge a lifetime of disgust — with her mother, with herself, with Hollywood, with men — poured out of her, and made her seem to all intents and purposes a nutcase. She was shut up in a State asylum for eight years where she was tortured for her own good ceaselessly. Then she got out. Then she was a drunk. Then she found God. Then she died.

Times change, and villains become Valentines, and Frances, the all-purpose sinner of the American '40s, has become something of a heroine — Frances, Saint, Kenneth Anger called her — a shining example of what the beast does to beauty.

As her book mercilessly reveals, Frances Farmer was not very nice to be around; the much-quoted director who said "The nicest thing I can think of to say about Frances Farmer is that she is totally unbearable" had it about right. Her early immersion in the Method made her insensitive and self-centred to a revolting extent — illustrated best in her reaction when one of her college friends tried to commit suicide, and was found by Farmer. Frances called the ambulance, and insisted on riding to the hospital with the asphyxiated girl; not through concern, but through a fascination with how people act around the dying. At the first possible opportunity she raced away from the hospital and "played out" "the scene" for her mad Method mentor. Such a glacier is hard to take to the heart.

Then there was her self-destruction; self-destructive people are especially hard to take in this time of history, when one is so aware of people all over the world who desperately want to survive and can't. Yet she was emotionally allergic to alcohol — "It unleashed all the stifled bitterness and contempt that lay fermenting in me" — and drank like a fish; she dallied with cruel Clifford Odets and complained to the judge of a broken heart, and married boring Leif Erickson and complained to anyone who would listen of a boring marriage, while knowing from the start what both men were like; and worst of all, she went to Hollywood and stayed in Hollywood when she hated everything it stood for — the glamour, the palliative, the prettiness.

As a stage actress in the Method East her tendencies towards depression would have won her a reputation as a particularly raw and sensitive artiste; in Hollywood they qualified her as a fruitcake. She was given the crock of crap at the end of the American Dream rainbow — the celebrity status, the name in lights — and she found it NOTHING.

Instead of gracefully giving up and killing herself as sad film stars since time immemorial have done, her *spirit* — which had not been entirely wasted in the Method meanderings — asserted itself and she kicked up a stink. She was unpleasant and ill-tempered, but then, she had been led to believe that her country admired individuality and independence. It did not, so it buried her alive.

Frances carped on constantly about the objectionable *prettiness* of Hollywood; she wanted ugliness, and my God did she get it. I cannot write of her years in Steilacom; simply they are every sickening nightmare anyone ever woke up screaming from set down in demonically detached detail. But America itself, for those anywhere near the bottom of the ladder, can be one big Bedlam, full of psychos and killers and jailers bent on job satisfaction, and Frances suffered hellishly when she finally got out.

Her mother, who had such a huge capacity for cruelty that she missed her true vocation as a Steilacom warder, kept her in a constant state of terror and slavery by continuously threatening to have her reincarcerated. When she finally got her own back on her mother by having her put in an old age home — most of which are Bedlams by any other name — and started drifting around America alone, a fellow piece of flotsam became obsessed by her, by the fact that she had been a screen dream, and decided that he was just the Svengali to launch her comeback. When she realised that he was just as drunk and hopeless as she, Farmer walked ; he followed her secretly from state to state, spreading stories and wrecking aliases and ruining one new attempt at a life after another. Frances really was a magnet for the iron filings of bad luck, and it seems impossible that her life can get anything but worse.

Then the person to whom the book is dedicated arrives on the sordid scene, and immediately things begin to change. Jeanira Ratcliffe was an interior decorator, rich, religious and respectable, when she met Frances Farmer, 15 years her senior, and she simply saw a need bigger than she had ever seen before, and from thereon asked no questions. She gained nothing and lost almost everything during her long fight to bring Frances Farmer back to life, but she *did* bring her back, and seems to have regarded that achievement as a reward beyond material price.

In the summer of 1968 a child, a relation of Jeanira's, whispered in Frances Farmer's ear, "I love you so much, because you're good." Farmer felt that this was the moment when she found her god and lost her demons, and the claim is no more whimsical than the way others find God. With a final twist of cruel fate, Frances Farmer, who had had eight years of hell and more than four decades of misery, was only given two years of happiness, of last minute Indianapolis Indian summer domestic Born Again bliss before cancer claimed her like a long lost parent in 1970.

Contrary to popular opinion, it was neither Hollywood nor alcohol which drove Frances Farmer deranged — they were simply the catalysts that made her madness recognisable. The culprits were her mother and the Method; the most malignant school of artistic thought ever to exist. One day Method and all its casualties and cripples will be revealed in their true horror as a perversion that encouraged healthy young people to plumb the depths of their demons for nothing more noble than a glorified game of Let's Pretend, and that far from encouraging awareness nurtured tunnel vision and the wallowing in of neuroses as if they were jacuzzis: spiritual masturbation.

Frances Farmer's terrible book is valuable for the first exposé of Method by one who was taken for a pioneering ride that ended in hell, and for the laying bare of America itself. Get hold of this book, and the next time anybody opens their mindless yap to say "Oh, that nasty Soviet Union, locking up innocent people in fruitfarms — wouldn't happen in the West!" make them read Chapter Seven. Just see if they can do it without throwing up their dinner — and their words.

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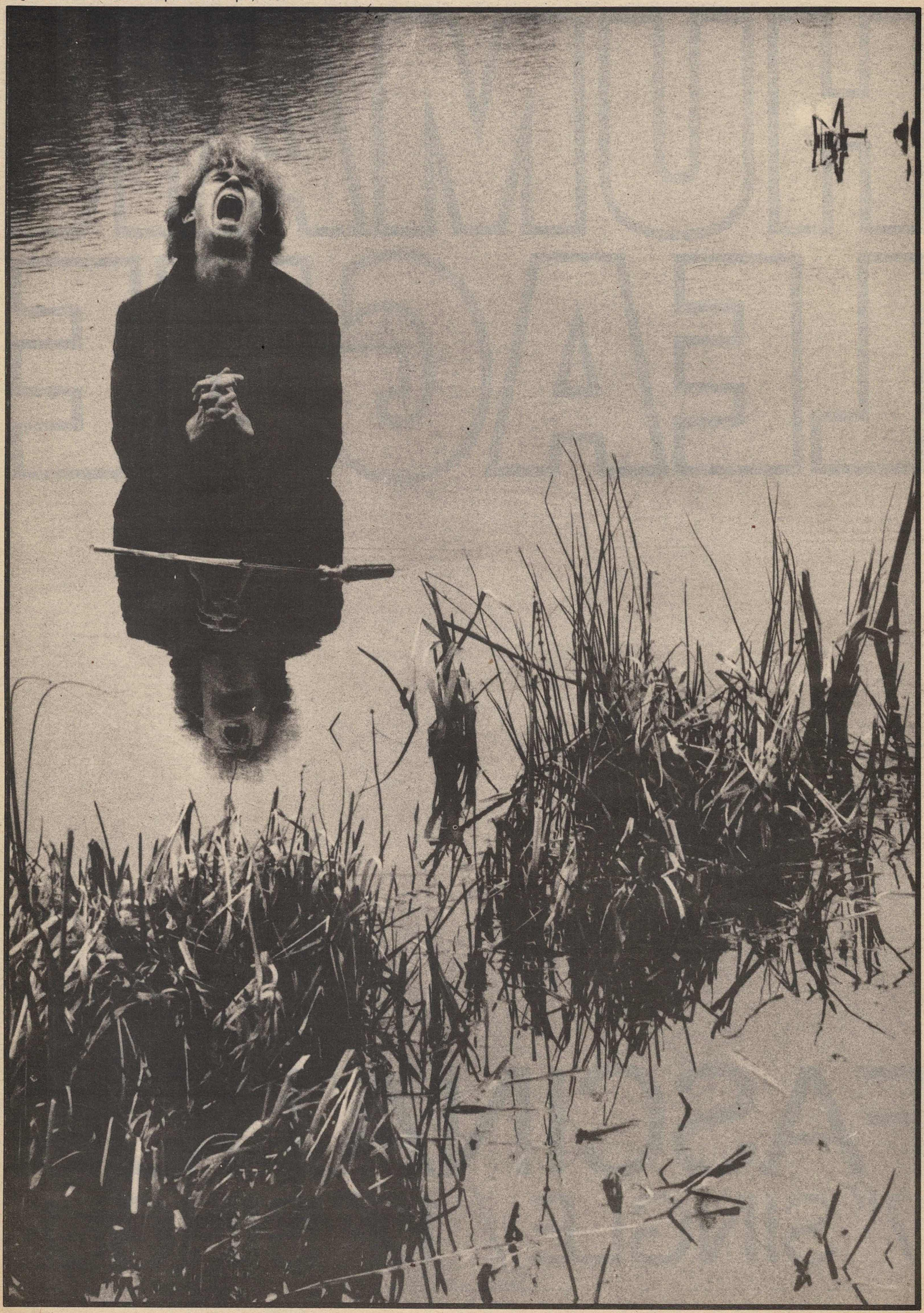


COPING

"I AM WHITE, and blond and male, and that's a very safe position. That's why I've got no time for things like Tears For Fears. You watch *One Day In The Life Of Ivan Denisovich* and you realise your problems are very petty, and very few."

He seems so much more philosophical when he's not wearing jodhpurs. The Teardrops — to adapt one of the more perrenial pop press headlines — finally Exploded for the last time towards the end of last year, after an erratic but occasionally brilliant career. They left behind two albums, 'Kilimanjaro' and 'Wilder', and a brace of singles of varying quality.

And the rest was silence — apart from one exceptional blast of polemic which Cope wrote for our Christmas issue.

Phonogram have just released the last Teardrop record, an EP of leftovers topped by 'You Disappear From View'. We can safely say it was done *without* the active encouragement of Cope, and leave it at that.

Julian has split from his long-time associates Bill Drummond and Dave Balfe of Zoo — he's currently sharing management with Tears For Fears, ironically enough. Balfe is looking after Scottish group Strawberry Switchblade. But Gary Dwyer, drummer and stalwart sidekick, remains with the singer, part of the line-up Cope is using as he embarks on a new solo career. A solo John Peel session has already gone out, and a debut single, 'Strasbourg', is due soon, to be followed by an LP and some live work.

Despite his well-publicised loathing for much modern pop (you might recall some unseemly stories about him defacing a Blancmange record in disgust) Julian Cope is still one of the biggest *fans* you'll ever find on the far end of a microphone.

During our talk, he throws admiring name-checks in the general direction of John Cale, Television, MC5, Tim Buckley, Glenn Branca, Honeybus' 'I Can't Let Maggie Go', Captain Beefheart, The Doors, Laughing Clowns, The Beat, New Order (though not 'Blue Monday'), Manicured Noise and D.A.F. I've left those bits out because what he has to say about Ian McCulloch is probably funnier.

The earliest Cope I ever knew was a diffident, rather awkward frontman with a Ken Barlow haircut. The next Cope was a fullyblown teen-scream pin-up, occasionally pilloried for his wide-eyed persona and Scott Walker fetish.

And the newest Julian Cope? Well, let's find out...

TEARDROP'S HISTORY was littered with fallings-out. Are you so hard to get along with?

It must be hard to feel you've got a lot out of working with me. I know Balfey found that a lot. Often it was my fault because my expectations were utterly different to what the others were gonna put over. All I knew when we split up was that we really neded to split up.

Did that feeling grow on you, or were you still keen right up to the day before the last?

It grew on me. We did 'Wilder' and I'd written it all, and put so much into it. But by the next album, Balfey felt that because he *could* write songs, that he should be allowed to. And I couldn't really argue with that, because of course it's reasonable, and he has got that ability. But as a songwriter, I'm not very good anymore at writing songs for other people's music. They've become far more narrative and wordy.

I tried to make the end of the Teardrops as clean and simple as possible. It's pretty good, we haven't lingered around too long. And 'Wilder' *is* the last album, which is good.

I was surprised by the note of embittered idealism you struck in your *NME* Xmas article — about the decay of punk and the rise of the production-line pop mentality.

What's upset me is that people don't feel that purity any more, and they don't even see the need, either. There's no questioning any more. It's all watered down. It upset me because we were very much from that '77 thing. And clichéd as it is, I really believe in that, and that the music didn't have to go the way that it did.

Everything's just 'nice' now. I've really slagged people off, and people come up to me and say, You've slagged so-and-so off, but he's a *really nice guy.* Ha! The average person is a 'really nice guy'. *I* am a really nice guy — but at the same time I'm not a boring dickhead!

The Blancmange stuff — why should I slag them off? Well, I really believe I should slag Blancmange off, because they have no redeeming features. They offend me no end. I'm sure *I've* offended people, but I don't believe I've ever offended them like that.

One thing that I think put people off was when you seemed so gushy in your enthusiasms.

But I find the only way for me to make a point that I want to make is to make it like an expressionist version of that point...

Did you ever feel you'd invented a character for yourself, a "Julian Cope" in inverted commas?

Mmm, yes. That was another impromptu thing. I thought I'd be so 'natural', I wouldn't think about anything and I'd say what was in my head. And that backfired on me. I'd do an interview and I'd miss out what I didn't like for the next interview. Tommy Smothers, of the Smothers Brothers, had a great quote: You're on TV every week, you watch yourself on the playback, you iron out all the things you don't like, and in no time you're an edited version of yourself.

There are times when I've been very unsure of what I'm doing, and I've thought, right, if I'm going to take it in any one direction, it's going to be so *much* in that direction, at least it's gonna be powerful in that direction.

I mean, Bono — *he's* over the top in his direction. I mean, I think it's the crappest thing in the world, but I wouldn't knock the fact that it's over the top in his own direction.

It's the only thing I've got against what the Bunnymen are doing in a way. They still set great store by the fact that they're aware of U2 being crap. And once upon a time it was enough to know that U2 are crap. But not any more. Now you've got to know *why* they're crap...

I was disappointed with the Bunnymen's new album, because I know that they really can write songs — unlike Orchestral Manoeuvres, who are just crap. However much Mac and I don't get on, I really believe he *knows* what's good and what isn't. And to know, and still not do it, is really bad... Things like *"the Duchess of Malfi-a"*, I just couldn't believe. I was gonna have a T-shirt made with 'Malfia, Malfia, what for art thou Malfia?'

First time he said that, I thought, oh. And then he repeats it, so I thought, oh, so it's *not* some ironic Liverpool way of saying it; he just doesn't know. And was going to go to Oxford before he joined the Bunnymen, and if he'd cared, all he needed to say was, Mac, it's called *The Duchess Of Malfi.* It's bad. Literature is quite special; more special than pop music.

What literature is most special to you?

I love metaphysical poetry. Andrew Marvell, John Donne. And I love T.S. Eliot. I think I love stuff that isn't solely based in reality. There's like a twilight zone between reality and pure strangeness.

I went through a period of being pissed off when people said my lyrics didn't mean anything any more. My lyrics *always* mean something. I wouldn't be so *callous* as to write a lyric that didn't mean anything. Just because it's pop music, doesn't mean you shouldn't take a little more time over it...

I never wanted to put lyrics in with our records, and Pete Wylie said a good thing — one of the few things Pete Wylie ever said that was good — namely, before 'Kilimanjaro' came out I was asking him, D'you think it's pretentious putting a lyric sheet in? And he said, 'Well, *your* lyrics make less sense when they're down on paper, so maybe you should put them in. So I did, and I quite like them now.

I always loved doing B-sides, as well. I like the fact that our biggest single, 'Reward', had 'Strange House In The Snow' on the B-side, cos you couldn't be prepared for that. It's a really repulsive song. Gary said how the scallies used to put it on in pubs in places like Norris Green (an un-chic Liverpool suburb) and the old men'd be freaking out cos it's so disgusting!

There is no danger. There is no danger.
Fame or infamy, I still cough up phelgm when the cold strikes.
Beseiged or set aside, I still masturbate alone.

Squatting, ridden with the worm,
The worm doesn't bite.

He crawls crawls in says Hi.

The irony of depression?
I still have a meal to dull my ache.

I still have a record to douse me.

I still have the fucking lot.

White, tall, male, heterosexual.
I am all these things: a very very lucky little twat.

A good basic start for some neat chicken-in-the-basket anarchy.

Suffering me on the chaise longue.

Julian Cope, April 1983

DO YOU listen much to what other people are doing nowadays? I mean from the mainstream of pop music.

I make an effort. But I don't find it fascinating... I mean, it even seems cool to sell out nowadays, doesn't it?

Yes, if you can present it as a clever commercial strategy, saying, Well I was sitting round in Rough Trade two years ago and I thought sod it, let's go infiltrate *Top Of The Pops,* present it as a grand scheme.

The most annoying thing, I found, were those apostrophes around 'Sweetest' in 'The 'Sweetest' Girl' (by Scritti Politti). That's *such* a clever-clever thing, that's one of the biggest cop-outs I've ever seen. I couldn't *believe* that.

I think he was sort of playing off one audience agaist the other, having his cake and eating it.

Yeah, that was *too* smug, wasn't it? I think things should be laid quite bare. That's why I still like 'When I Dream'. I'm not singing *"When I dream, I dream about you"* with a wry smile on my face. I'm really *singing* it!

Were you at all calculating about your image, visually?

No. I'll tell you the story of that. Bill (Drummond) and Dave (Balfe) said to me, We'll have to do something about the way you look, because Mac is going to be massive. They always said this. I just had my hair at bit short, and was a bit spaz — probably still am, but I was overt spaz at the time. I used to try moving on stage, but it was really crap.

Then I was in this tiny town in South Wales where I was born, and I was trying on these pants in the Army & Navy shop, and in the stock room where you changed they had all these old leather pants for 15 quid so I got some. Then I got a flying jacket in Liverpool, and immediately I had this outfit that nobody had ever had! Bizarre!

And I remember walking down Princes Road, past this girl with her friend and she went, *Kecks on 'im!* — and I thought, well, this is quite weird actually. And I started growing my hair and dying it.

And it was so far out of the picture at that time, the idea of me making it as a face, that I hadn't even thought about it. I never used to get come-ons from anybody, never got girls looking at me onstage. And suddenly it all happened. And I got well into it — the total surprise of it. And Alan Gill had been in the group, so my mind was a little distorted at the time. It was a very joyous period. And I was really pleased cos I could piss Mac off as well, cos Mac was all ready to be this massive star. And it's taken him till now!

So you've been through the pop idol bit now, and enjoyed it. Did you learn anything from it?

I've learned that it was OK, and it was interesting, but I didn't *need* it. Very soon after, 'Colours Fly Away' as a single didn't really do anything. And I thought, Oh, that's it, it's all finished. And though this just sounds like bravado, there was a real sense of relief. I thought, I can start getting on with things again now. It was quite nice.

I always knew that the 14-year-old girls would move on at some point — very rapidly, as it happened — and it took the pressure off. Cos I'm quite a slob, really. There is that dickhead factor still there.

Paddling through that "twilight zone between reality and pure strangeness", Julian Cope faces life without Teardrops and keeps his "dickhead factor" intact.

INTERVIEW: PAUL DU NOYER PICTURES: ANTON CORBIJN

Robert Palmer

P R I D E

HIS NEW ALBUM

AVAILABLE ON CHROME CASSETTE AND RECORD

ISLAND

SINGLES

BY GAVIN MARTIN

AS NEAR AS IT GETS TO A SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE SYSTEM: You Are In My System *(Polydor)*. From last year's imports comes this week's winner. Yes folks, it can be done — an electro-funk record that doesn't just crank the FX to overload but gathers its resources around a song and a pleading vocal to make a shrewd, stalking, sabre-toothed single.

There's a real joy and warmth about the percussion — with much volatile ricocheting in the soundscape (synthesiser pummels and pumps through a firing range where hi-hat slithers and spits), it's the rich beef-red real drums that provide cover — and the melody comes out fit and fortified, coaxed along by the singer's obsession and sense of ecstasy.

Although Robert Palmer's version is hovering on the outer reaches of the chart and looks set to have the hit, you ought to hear this: a record that grips the listener from its first sly accurate flurry to its final dying exhortation.

FAT LARRY'S BAND: Stubborn Kind Of Fella *(Virgin)*. The drummer who ate the world and friends return with a langorous, looping '60s tribute. It sounds like an independent updated Drifters — finger-clicking, roving beat, clear falsetto and solid bass harmonies snuggle up together for an affectionate revitalisation. The singer is not at all intimidated by Marvin's original performance and clears enough space to allow his lean poise to hold its own. A clever, chirpy pop piece. Oh, yeah — the song's pretty good, too.

LUTHER VANDROSS: You're The Sweetest One *(Epic)*. The Sultan Of Souless Slop makes good shock! His albums could quite fairly be called 'Dross' as far as I'm concerned but this sparkling upbeat betrothal stands on its own with a conviction that towers above the bland mediocrity of the bulk (no pun etc) of his eponymous British LP release.

'You're The Sweetest One' is notable for its strongminded, knuckle-tight rhythm track, sweet, crisp guitar fills and a fine integration of strings and female backing vocals. Vandross' talent undoubtedly lies in arranging; even though the lyrics are pure gush (there's a lot of it about, y'know), it doesn't matter as the vocal has a lovely resonance that adds to the overall pulsating texture. A masterly, medium-paced dance work out. I'm all for it.

JUNIOR: Communication Breakdown *(Phonogram)*.
DAVID GRANT: Stop And Go *(Chrysalis)*. Hell, I want to get behind Britfunkers as much as the next man, but for all the talk that's been going on these past three years there's been precious little evidence of a heartfelt and imaginative response to the music sired and groomed so splendidly by cross Atlantic counterparts.

So far Junior has recorded one fairly expendable album and about 50 different versions of 'Mama Used To Say'. We've all borne with him quite admirably, I think, and having made the allowances we await the moment — sadly, 'Communication Breakdown' isn't it. It opens with such a blatant rip-off of prime influence Stevie Wonder ('Masterblaster') that one wonders whether it's meant to be a very public in-joke until the rest of the song unfolds as a six minute non happening. The elaborate cut-ups and the careful mix don't add anything to the essence of the song, mainly because there's very little essence there in the first place. A big disappointment.

The former Linx vocalist fares better though Steve Levine's production (so well geared to the illustrious pop of Culture Club) is too fussy, drowning an admirable double and treble tracked vocal in a sub Gap Band buzz and thump. Despite that Grant has a masterful grasp of the song and a very fine melodic inflexion. But although he displays a good deal more cohesion than Mr Giscombe, 'Stop And Go' is in itself no showstopper. These two gents may still be considered the leading lights in British soul music but for my money David Joseph's 'You Can't Hide Your Love' is a much better record than either of these.

HUMAN LEAGUE: (Keep Feeling) Fascination *(Virgin)*. And now — another itsy bitsy teeny weeny pop achievement. The Human League have become everything we expect and, more pertinently perhaps, *all we demand* from our pop bands — a glossy, attractive package that makes temporarily engaging records with a built-in obsolescence. The more I listen to this the more its, er, eclectic patchwork of various golden moments tears apart leaving spaces inbetween that are blank, unloved and unloveable. 'Fascination' has some of the corniest drivel masquerading as pop words this week, the opening chord sequence from The Crystals' 'And Then He Kissed Me' and a muted horn passage bearing fair resemblance to the one on Michael Jackson and his fabulous brothers' 'Shake Your Body'.

So, they've got impeccable taste but beneath there's neither the zest, obsessiveness or magic that goes with being *a major pop force*. The boys will sing along with Phil's half sung/half spoken monotone and everyone will hum the girls' reply, but the formulae is wearing very thin. With this and 'Mirror Man' the League are closing in on themselves and playing very safe.

I remember much fanciful talk around the time of 'Dare' — how they wouldn't be pinned down, how the next LP might even be an all-acoustic set, how anything was possible. The horizon's narrowed a bit since the rush and mass success back then. There's been a marriage, new plans laid and a future to be thought about. By the time Phil and Co got back into the studio, they had to make a buck like everybody else.

THOMPSON TWINS: We Are Detective *(Arista)*. And when faced with the gammy, overwrought, underdone, unadulterated pap stewed together by the Thompson Twins, I'd be the last person to object to The Human League's conservatism. The TTs are everything the Human League aren't — asexual, bitter, grating, frozen solid. Where Oakey sets out to pattern a framework that is reliable and homespun, the TTs attempt to be the studious, expressive far-outs from the commune across the street.

Like so many in years gone by who were given to shouting "look at me and my art — over here! being different! dig that — if you can — you dummies!", they end up, on this record, in France. But even there they are pursued, watched day and night from shady doorways. That's right; more hollow suspense and blank mystery. Amidst the tangolike refrain there is all the usual ridiculous posturing — the phased, blaring voices (that guy that sings like he's just been told there's not enough in the kitty to pay for a new haircut gets me right *here)* and histrionic musical conceits hold court. Verily, the sound of true nausea.

LIONEL RICHIE: My Love *(Motown)*. Hey, what do you call a rich, coloured balladeer with scabies — Lionel Itchy. This is the same old sincere, smug, slightly countrified ballad that Lionel and his relaxed, unremarkable voice have been flogging since he was with The Commodores, and it's as stainless and flat as any of his creations have been thus far.

This is also the second example of stereotyped marketing and packaging of black artistes this week. Lionel appears on the sleeve in a wrap around cover looking for all the world like a black LA response to Barry Manilow, ripe for the casual middle-aged middle class housewife pin-up stakes. David Grant's record is similarly packaged — with no less than five pictures of the lad who's obviously trying to cop the image of a Michael Jackson or a Jeffrey Daniel. Hardly astute or original thinking in either case.

MAXIMUM JOY: Why Can't We Live Together *(Garage)*. The Timmy Thomas original — one of the first chart records to utilise a rhythm box — held more appeal as a novelty than a landmark in soul music. However, it is one of those quirky singles ripe for refurbishing in this age where all things are electronic, programmeable and prone to instantaneous mystification.

Maximum Joy play the song but it is producer Dennis Bovell (who also cops a vocal credit) who takes control of the whole affair. It's a rich mixture; satiated by gentle guitar tremors and muted trumpet passages. Bovell transcends any spurious 'dubwise' category and fashions a sound that suggests there are many dimensions to his talent still unexplored.

He shouldn't be bothering with strictly smalltime stuff like 'Why Can't We Live Together' but be out there matching his charisma to a BIG talent (I imagine Marvin slipping into a long sloping groove, the voice of Boy George woven or spun to new heights, f'rinstance). We could do with a megalomaniac producer or two right now. Get out and have a little, DB.

THE QUESTIONS: Price You Pay *(Respond)*. Well, it's hardly the stuff that hit factories or seals of quality are built on. The Questions suffer from (a) an acute lack of direction (there are many strands woven here but few are tied together) and (b) a very wet, weedy white soul sound (the treble is shallow and shaky; the bass damp and splodgy). Plus points are an enthusiastic if somewhat overstated approach and a singer who can sweat and struggle without kicking up a hullabaloo or drowning in a sea of crocodile tears.

They need to relax a little, stand back and take stock of what lies between their aspirations and capabilities. Away from the glare of the spotlight and the pressure of growing up in public, there is much room for improvement.

IRON MAIDEN: Flight Of The Icarus *(EMI)*. Pretentious? Not us, guv, this is the sound of youthful yearning, a good honest venting of frustrations, positive action.

Excuse me if I'm being a little objective but doesn't the interest of a group of East Enders in Greek mythology seem a little unnatural; doesn't it reek of conformity to the confines and expectations laid down in the Heavy Metal tenement forecourt over the years?

Iron Maiden are a composite heavy metal group in that they have covered the entire waterfront of the genre's reactionary fantasy — they've covered Deep Purple speed kings, Page's satanic rites and now, with 'Icarus', they recede into the nether world fantasy for which they were always destined. Needless to say it's a stumbling pitiable lament, like a team of drunken roadies being told they've been barred from The Marquee for life.

THE BELLE STARS: Sweet Memory *(Stiff)*. The girls get themselves a punky guitar riff, a double speed ska rhythm jerk and they still sound like Madness with a lobotomy. Jenny lead Star really does have a very horrid female macho voice (if you know what I mean) and it comes over loud and clear on this sort of thing. The rest of the band seem to be singing *"yap,yap"* while she sings the chorus. Pretty apt really.

GRAND MIXER D ST AND THE INFINITY RAPPERS: Cuts It Up *(Celluloid)*.
FUTURA 2000 WITH THE CLASH: The Escapades Of *(Celluloid)*.
PHASE TWO: The Roxy *(Celluloid)*.
FAB-5-FREDDY: To The Beat *(Celluloid)*.
THE SMURFS: Smurf For What It's Worth *(Celluloid)*. Rap died an ignominious death of sorts when Sugarhill released the Philippe Wynne 'America We Love You' insult. Save the genuine enticement of Fab-5-Freddy there is little in this batch of singles, licensed through Charly, to suggest that 'The Message' wasn't a pinnacle after which all else is expendable, repetitive, lame pastiche.

Grand Mixer D is sort of a James Last for scratchers — all the riffs, all the tricks, everything but the kitchen sink battling it out to make an impression but cancelling each other out in the process. It sounds quite alarmingly subdued — no grit, no spite, none of the cunning sideswipes or lethal repercussions that should be there.

Futura's record is a plain bore *"The idea is to let you know, That graffiti is here and it's on the go.... You got many young minds with something to say,/All this space and the subway's grey."* Fair enough but is it that important? The right to draw pictures in the tube!! Futura's taking himself and his peer group far too seriously — the whole thing was done much better by his chum, J Walter Negro, madman of the acopalypse, two seasons back. The dolorous dragging backbeat from The Clash brings no levity or imagination to the affair either.

Rather than unleashing their own rapier wit and potent cackles these records leech on the spontaneity and instant heroics of New York's rap cult of the past few years. Phase 2 celebrate one of the major rap clubs in the city on their disc, it's as crummy an idea as it would have been for London or Chelsea to write a song about the London venue of the same name seven years ago.

Fab-5-Freddy is the one to hear. Coming in two halves (Yankee male side and French femme side) it works a treat, taking a salacious and lustful approach to the standard manoeuvres duly retrod elsewhere in this set. One side has a strange concoction of wise ripfire comic cut words and a musical backdrop laced with all kinds of surprises and fireworks jolting back and forth, always making the most interesting and suggestive connections on the way. And the other is a deep brood — the rhythm shuffling between eight string bass, the synthesiser and the drum machine — that rubber snaps and sly snatches all the way. More of this please.

On the other hand The Smurfs — Smurf is apparently the catchphrase to take over from E. T. on the New York dance circuit — is cheap, nasty and obvious gimmickry. A searing guitar hacks in and out of a functional backbeat. Its value outside of a monotonous club chant is negligible.

ICEHOUSE: Street Cafe *(Chrysalis)*. The singer sounds like Bryan Ferry being taken on and off a medieval stretch rack — all dreamy and reflective until he starts being worried by a thousand guitars and then it's yelp, yelp and blunderbus a-go-go. Icehouse are one of those transparent rock conceptual bands with their feet in both camps — precious soft focus scenarios and ugly rifferama. Bleeding hearts and breast beating. I guess they "fill a need".

ROD: Just Keep On Walking *(Creole)*. The tight, clipped rhythm making the opening entry is of the type honed to perfection by The All Platinum label in the mid '70s — but it's soon defiled in a tinny, irritating workout. Walk on by.

THE MILKSHAKES: Soldiers Of Love/ Shimmy Shimmy *(Upright)*. The Milkshakes have been doing steady business these last few years on the London and Hamburg club circuits with their unabashed trash revival, rooted in the early '60s beat boom. This is their seventh, or eighth single, I believe, and a faithful recreation of a time when music traded on the bare essentials of chord progressions and much muscle and elbow grease. However, the 'point' or the appeal for their retrograde diversion escapes me completely.

JERRY LEE LEWIS: My Fingers Do The Talkin' *(MCA)*. In which the man who has spent the last 20 years in love with a bottle and/or bottle of pills professes the true light of his life to be the old Joannah. 'My Fingers Do The Talkin', is no return to anything near what he was once capable of — a wretched sodden slab of rock-a-boogie pays service to a barely believable piece of self mythology.

Jerry Lee sounds positively sick, like a bloodhound waking up from a 20 year hangover. Terrible to think that he's probably going to spend the rest of his life earning his wages by living up to his own myth. Save your pennies for any of the old Sun collections or a copy of Nick Tosches' excellent *Hellfire* if you have any interest in this quarter.

T-CONNECTION: Love Odysessy *(Capitol)*. Having recently been relieved of a sizeable chunk of my singles collection by the criminal classes it was with considerable delight

● *Continues Page 51*

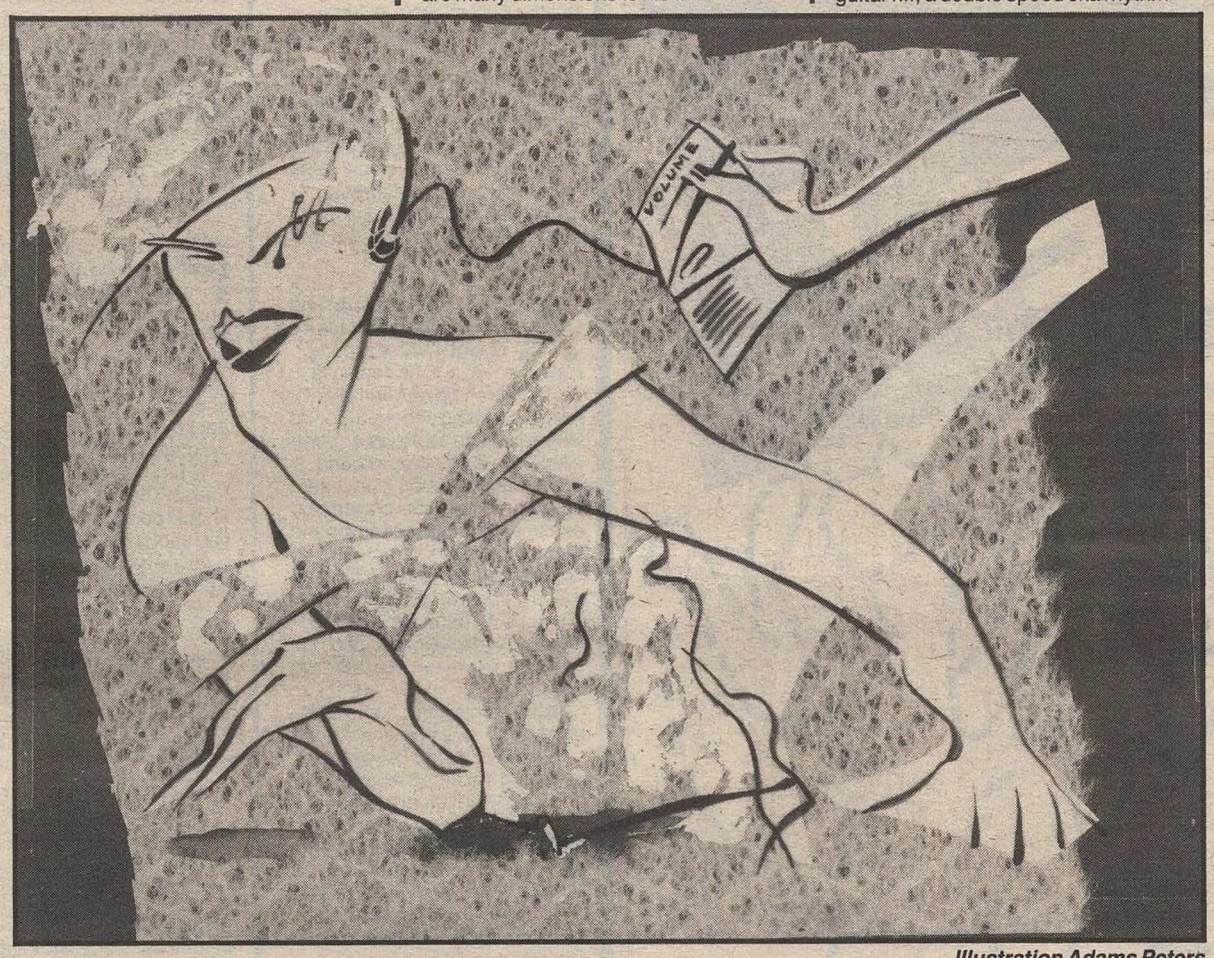


Illustration Adams Peters

TOO LATE TO STOP NOW

High in the night time sky an eerie light arrives . . . It's weird, it's got no name, but it's getting bigger, coming nearer.

The ancients knew it as the *Thrills* section, but who can tell what ghastly mutations the passing aeons have wrought?

Stand by but don't stand too close, 'cos it will explode all over next week's *NME.* Place your order now!

PETE SHELLEY STRIKES UP A DIALOGUE OF HIS OWN ON THE LINE TO MARTIN RUSHENT'S COUNTRY STUDIOS ● RICHARD COOK PLAYS TELEPHONE OPERATOR AND LISTENS IN ● PICS NICK KNIGHT ●

THERE IS still a basis in convention, in conventional arrangements," says Pete Shelley, thinking of the technology that holds sound ready for him. "Machines are just a way of achieving things.

"You don't see and hear the machinery working in the idea that you have: you hear it getting a finer point on the sound itself. When you first hear a record it's all the surface features you hear. It's like looking down into a valley and seeing a village — the closer you look, the more you see all the detail and richness.

"There's always this danger, when I talk about all 'the finer points of production', of turning it into some sort of head trip, a search for the lost chord or something. But to make it look good from every angle you can think of, using machines to give a strong frontal image and still add a detail and intricacy you can hear later — that's what's always interested me. To sit in the dark and listen on headphones and hear it."

A CRAFTSMAN'S lore; and now Shelley can back it up. Sound hurtles around Pete's world, and he seems to catch only chippings and splinters from a booming sphere of sonics. When he talks he pokes at words, a little afraid that they'll sound pretentious; his long, perplexed face worries over his choice of explanations. The space around Martin Rushent's sumptuous country setting, Genetic Studios, gathers its own sounds like a little toy world: birdsong and rustling leaves. An occasional Concorde thunders overhead like a passing god.

In the studio itself, some of the most expensive toys imaginable — Synclaviers and Fairlights — are being mastered by Shelley and the jovial Rushent, who demonstrates their capabilities to me like an unleashed boffin. (Are you in control of these machines, Martin? "Absolutely!") Work is in progress on Pete's second solo LP, from which 'Telephone Operator' and the upcoming 'I Just Want To Touch' are the tantalising trailers.

"It makes it sound all drug-orientated when you try and put it into words. That's why songs are useful. They can articulate it without a direct inference. If a song is too direct you lose that. It seems 3D but it's just 2D arranged very neatly."

If 'Homosapien', the debut of the post-Buzzcocks Shelley, squandered flashes of brilliance in a mallow of soft execution, the new music promises to deliver on the level its predecessor skimped on. It sounds mean, ravenous, bitterly hard. Although 'Telephone Operator' has its strength spread a little too widely over a slender song line (Pete admits he wrote the tune years ago and resuscitated it as an afterthought), its companion piece 'Many A Time' is a wind-up of jolting fervour.

Sprung by Barry Andrews' virulent faceslap bass, a sizzling flood of electricity bivouacks one of Shelley's familiar musings on frustration — and this time the complementary surge of the sound throws a telling light on lines like, *"Many a time I've tried concealing/Looking the other way."*

Although 'Operator' failed to dent the top 50 — and there seems little reason to expect that the excellent 'I Just Want To Touch' will fare better — if Shelley can muster a whole LP of the calibre of 'Many A Time' he should crack the soft mould of electropop with a report loud enough to shake up the sappier side of that pussyfoot beat.

If he can... if the diagram uniformity that blights this abused pop strain doesn't take an oversize grip. The first flush of inspiration has to stick around.

"It's always very spontaneous at the start — the first rush of having an idea of what to do. *Then* you begin on the detail. The forcefulness of the idea is what conveys spontaneity."

Doesn't the convenience of the machine functions dictate your musical choices?

"It can do. You can let the machine make the decisions, but only if you choose to allow that. The same thing operates at the level of being in a band format — all the time you're manipulating ideas and putting them into sections. If I could write music in notation it would be even more true.

"It is like a dialogue between me and myself. I put in the, sort of, deep dark feelings and what I gain out of the music helps give me a release to keep me... ahem... sane. To get the inside bit out. It puts it in a format that you can easily handle."

PETE SITS in the calm solitude of Martin's living room. The afternoon is purring into dormancy around us. Musing on his affection for a richness of sound language, I wonder if his fondness for fortune cookie philosophising has any backbone of irony. Are the words in songs important to him?

"They should circle around the music. The words and music should do a dance. The thoughts you should have more control over are the ones you can put into words, getting something off your chest. They could be a story or a string of ideas going through your head, things that flash into your mind. When I write words they have to start with a direction or a handle that's come out of the music. From then on you can use that punchline to explore feeling."

You shy away from specifics?

"*Sten guns in Knightsbridge* has outlived its usefulness. It's a novelty now.

"I'd rather write about things which are eternal, whole frames of mind, rather than specific instances — specific things about Pete Shelley. Then I can think about other people, and that's what people use songs for, to look on their own mixed-up feelings. People do have a part in writing a song. The meaning is due to you. You *charge* the songs. Dissecting the rules and poetry and music just shows it as extremely simple, it doesn't explain the power.

"Recently I've been listening to old songs I hadn't heard for years and years — early Roxy Music, Bowie, Beatles, Beach Boys — songs from when I was interested in music because of the power and *accuracy* of those songs in summing up feelings. When I listen to them now I start noting what instruments they're using. Instead of the incredibly rich sound in my head I hear the drums here, the guitars there...

"Before I'd put on the favourite album of the moment and play it each night a couple of times for weeks and hear the whole gelling together. It's a bit sad. They just seem like old songs now. Some of them don't make any sense."

You must be getting old, Pete. He smiles, faintly — cute. Does he dwell on the past a lot?

"It helps you get a perspective."

You could be looking forwards.

"Mm! In some ways I'm looking inwards too," he goads.

Is he bothered by the lovelorn Peter Pan glow that's usually woven around him?

"I don't consciously react to it. I'm not making my new music 'tougher' because of that. The music has about as much say in its life as I do. The moment 'Telephone Operator' was released it became everybody's song — once it came out I took on a passive role. It has to survive on its own.

"I don't make music to be profound because I'm not trying to prove anything to anybody. Not hip or cool or mysterious or... just to make a song that's able to support the life other people put into it. I'm not in the pop ratrace, to make it as a big star. It's something good to do. But it's difficult to know how to react. People always see it differently to the way you do — I don't know what to say when someone says to me, oh, great record, other than thank you."

Very humble. Except bewilderment is something that seems to be a natural state of mind to Shelley. He sounds timid and embarrassed, this old punk rocker, at the notion of stardom.

"Everybody tries that, tries to be the best. I don't think I could ever *thrive* on people saying it's best, though. I can always hear other people doing great things too.

"The charts would be a lot better if people actually became interested in music," he reflects. "Things like Glenn Miller revivals give you a *Nationwide* approach to music, little topical snippets that you can flick through. Like flicking through a magazine. But there should always be a certain something in good music that stops you just walking past. Like a Jackson Pollock would in an art gallery."

WHAT KIND of experiences push him into making music — is it simply an artisan's labour?

"In some ways. It can be like a form of meditation, like painting. I tend to get lots of ideas as I'm drifting off to sleep — then the ones I remember are the ones good enough to be able to remember!

"I've no idea why it is that one set of notes, as far as feeling and soul are concerned, should be different from another — the way words and music link together to make a little peaceful world. I suppose it's something a Western society doesn't have much of a feel for. It's odd the way you can pick out a few notes on a guitar and make people feel really happy.

"I think that's what fascinates me, why it does those things — the way it can *perform* things for people. To be able to produce an intense reaction like a shiver down the spine...

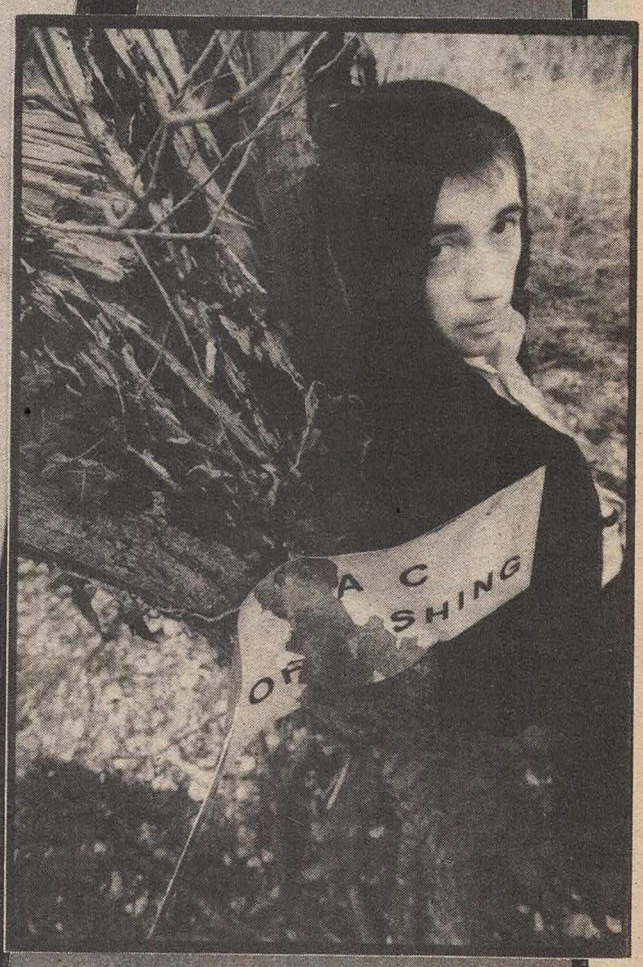
"The inside person is the one to be listened to," he pontificates, gently enough the deprecate the pretentiousness. "The external one is the one that has all the prejudices. People are educated to be prejudiced towards or away from things, a situation that the record industry assists. Like when me and Howard saw The Sex Pistols and thought, if they can be a band why can't we? And nowadays punk is, well, a fashion. The whole history of that has become really funny. Exciting music that did things, that wasn't just a musical style — it wasn't just playing fast — music that you could charge up and *feel coming back...*"

Does he find it very different being a single man as opposed to being in one of those groups?

"I don't have to do group photos. That's always really silly. Buzzcocks never operated like 'a group' anyway.

"In some ways its more lonely, although I'm not sorry about that. There aren't as many people to blame — it's just up to you what you do. And you don't have to go through all the political things of consulting everybody else. Anyway, it's not that different. I'm still recording with people, still working with Martin."

LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE TALKING



And Pete will go back on the road again. Is he still satisfied with the live format?

"I felt better about being on the road last year than I did with Buzzcocks. I enjoyed it more. I know all these people scattered around the world who I can get to see being on the road. And you learn more about the work you've done — taking the songs out of the studio and relating them to people directly. People come up and tell you what the songs mean to them and I hear what they're putting in. And they're not fanatics! You can pick up off them how the ambiguities echo."

So Peter potters on in his sound workshop. Noise still rushes over and around our heads; we file it away, or ignore it, or hum along. We cannot help but affect it. It's like... we *are* the sound.

"A process. An empty frame. A mirror. The 12-bar blues is like a framework that has a lot of implied power. The world has three dimensions until you close one eye — and then it's flat. In music, you need someone else to provide the other eye."

WHY DID THE GADGET CROSS THE ROAD?

Well, actually he didn't . . . but got stuck halfway, unable to decide whether he was Fad Gadget or Frank Tovey. Don Watson files a traffic report. Arresting snap: Peter Anderson.

"DAMN," FRANK Tovey thinks to himself, shooting a malicious glare across the room at the Nurse Ratchett receptionist whose desk dominates the sterile seediness of the doctor's waiting room.

"Egalitarianism within marriage is all very well," he reflects, "but getting stuck at the doctor's with a nappy rash striken-baby when you're supposed to be at an *NME* interview is no fun."

He swallows hard, but he's stuck with that acid taste of indignity, that ever welling emotional revulsion.

The baby on Frank's knee chimes in with an expression of discomfort that starts with a low, rumbling, throaty gurgle and bursts into a brain-cell bursting wail that lacerates the silence, attracting the exasperated attention of Frank's receptionist scapegoat. She catches his malicious stare and counters with a powerful glower.

Frank looks away, attempting to hide his embarrassment behind his floppy fringe.

"Damn," he thinks to himself, wishing he was miles away.

MEANWHILE, MILES away, in a record company's West London offices, a journalist is waiting in vain for Frank's arrival, thinking about Frank and his alter-ego, Fad Gadget.

Fad Gadget, born from the same art school scene that spawned (amongst other luminaries) Soft Cell, has his beginning in Frank Tovey's bookish dreams. He was the clown swathed in the darkest hues of humour, who gloried in his lack of emotion. A jokish reflection of the rock and roll animal, but a creature capable, nevertheless, of operating on enough levels of irony to give the game some interest.

His recorded activity began with a clear-sighted and well defined set of synthesised explorations into glorious tack. Early singles like 'Fireside Favourites' and 'Back To Nature' oozed a thick black homour in which a dour hilarity glinted with a perverse sparkle.

Frank was there, along with the early Human League, in the early explorations into the pop possibilities that the synthesiser offered to the untrained. When electro-pop grossed out though, Frank was thankfully left pursuing his own line, the last outsider of the British synth-punk breed.

'Under The Flag', his last LP, is both a departure from the obsessive humour of his early records and a culmination of the more serious themes of his work. Initially swathed in an apparently impenetrable gloom a closer listen reveals a more sublte irony, centred in the juxtaposition of an uplifting Orff influenced music, with the dispirited images of a Britain oppressed by blind patriotism.

Reminiscent — more in conception than in sound — of Lou Reed's 'Berlin' it alternates constantly between cagy and candid emotion in its expression of desperate but claustrophobic love.

Although he has moved into more sensitive areas in his recorded work, though, the live Fad Gadget is a master of the puppet show performance. At the London climax of his recent tour, he pulled the packed house into his theatre of the absurd, abusing them with lines like *"Swallow it, like the fools you are"* (which they did), but he still succeeded in enticing them into his personal territory.

The last glimpse of Fad was a picture of elation. There he was, hoisted on the shoulders of the subservient stage invaders, punching the air in triumph, so drunk on the pseudo-sexual power of the moment that he wasn't aware himself of the ironies involved.

Fad Gadget is the criminally minded actor whose motives vacillate between high-minded asceticism and base sensationalism. He is a potential force and a potential danger.

BACK IN the waiting room, Frank is feeling small. It's always like this, when people are around him he feels insular and withdrawn, he shrinks away from contact. Wherever he goes, he passes unnoticed and unremarked upon.

When he's performing as Fad Gadget it's a different matter. Put him on a stage and suddenly he's a swelling parasite, feeding on the energy of all those people out there; growing, physically by the minute.

To control the audience, he has to be bigger than them, *bigger* than all of them, and the more people there are *out there,* the BIGGER he has to be. He can work himself into such a state that he'll injure himself but won't notice until he comes offstage.

The state of performing to Frank is like a form of primitive trance, it is a process of degradation more than elevation. He becomes closer to the animal, capable of doing anything, of taking his clothes off or eating shit onstage. He is debasing himself so much he could kill someone.

Sometime it frightens him, but his only hope for his audience is that they are atuned to the parody. He would like to think of Fad as a manic Buster Keaton, setting up ideas and knocking them down again, playing with expectations and musical clichés, bringing the audience to a particular point and darting off in the opposite direction, leaving them stranded.

Both scapegoat and hero — to Frank, the whole thing is really very funny.

FAD GADGET began as the name of a project for Frank, something he could compartmentalise and keep separate from himself, a theatrical character that he would like to think he had little in common with.

As time went on, though, he reluctantly came to the realisation that Fad was a form of inverted wish fulfilment, a retreat from his nightmare vision of domestication. Fad was the expression of the criminal in his soul, the public face of something most keep hidden.

On his last LP, though, he succeeded in expressing more of Frank and less of Fad, in introducing a vein of sensitivity into the blood of the beast. Above all, he feels, the album was human. It was called depressing, but to him it expressed the only true hope — the ability of the individual to rise above a system.

"This is a time when men's hearts have grown rank and foul, when comfort is held up as the only worthwhile thing in life," he reflects, remembering a line from a book he once read. Every Thursday, though, Frank watches people on *Top of The Pops,* jumping around and singing about how wonderful everything is.

To him, *that's* depressing.

FRANK RECOGNISES a certain criminal element in himself, whether it was in him in the first place he doesn't know. But he's encouraged it, that is what begins to disturb him.

He does have certain ideas of 'good' and 'bad', but sometimes he feels an overwhelming desire to push himself in the *wrong* direction, just to see how far he can go. That's something everyone feels, though, Frank reasons, because life is basically quite numbing. Maybe that's why he hurts himself onstage, because he's trying to find reality, the stuff that life is made of and grab it by the ears.

It's the same motivation as the one that makes people climb mountains, a desire to push himself in order to come to the realisation of what reality is all about. He feels a constant urge to push himself to the edge.

His train of thought is interrupted by the baby (by no means an immaculate conception) releasing another blue-faced scream. Frank looks up. Everyone is looking at him.

"Damn," he thinks, shrinking back to himself and wishing he was miles away

THE ELIMINATOR

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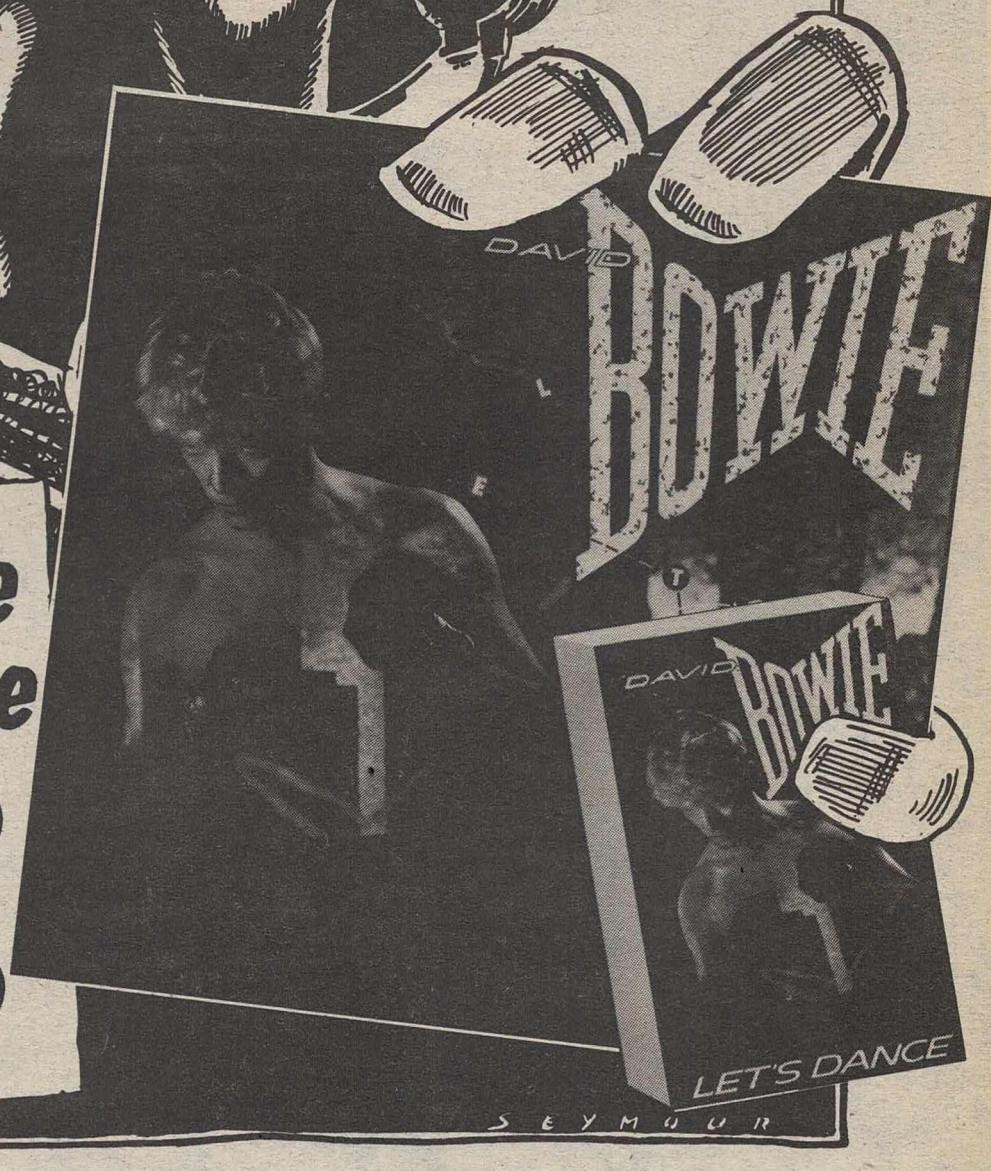

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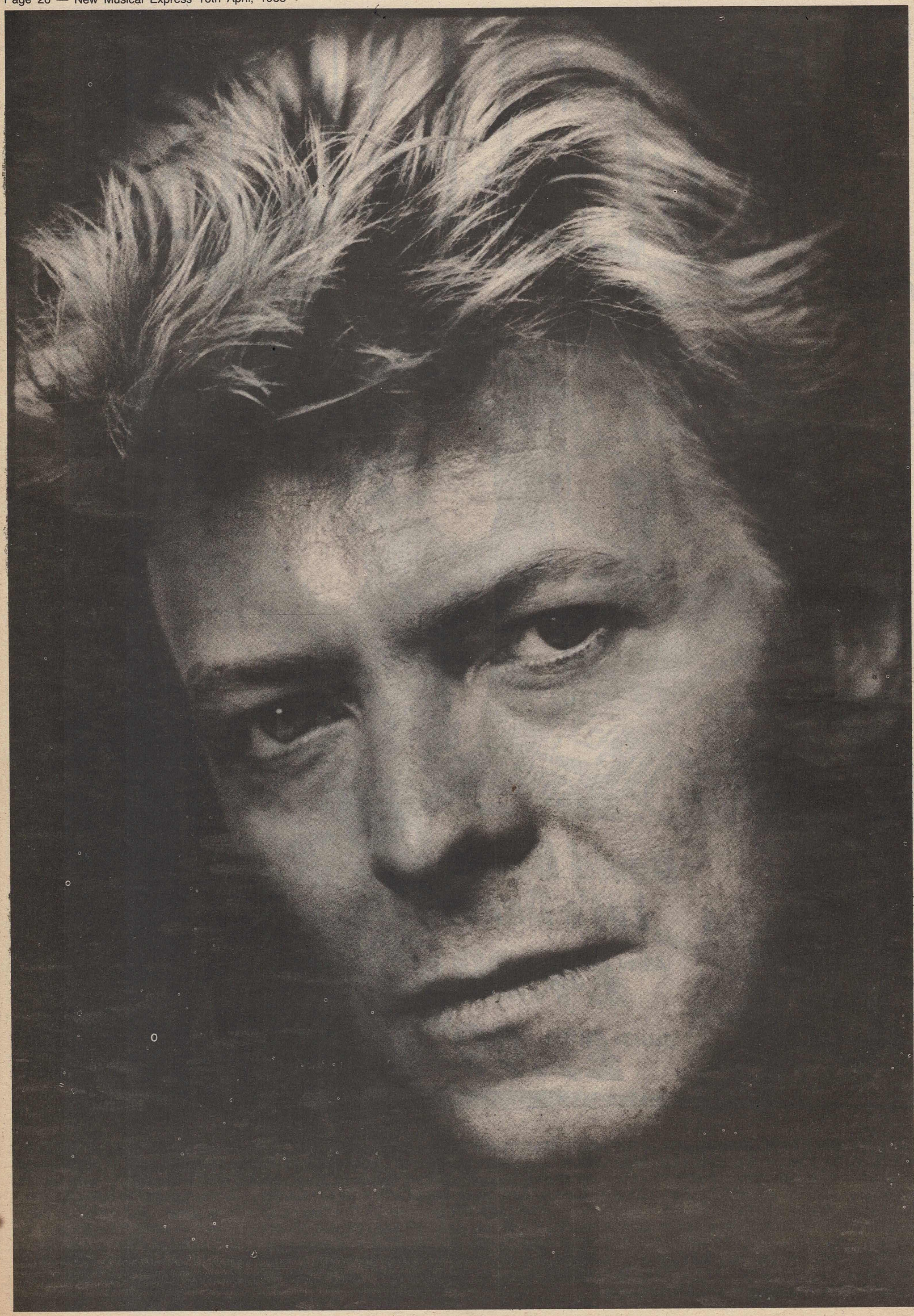

merry christmas MR BOWIE

by Chris Bohn

I: The Missing Years

DAVID BOWIE'S new film *The Hunger* opens not with the focus fixed firmly on the star but with a cameo sequence of Bauhaus live in Heaven.

The song, archly enough, is 'Bela Lugosi's Dead'. The striking face is Peter Murphy's. The gestures are all David Bowie's.

A decade's tics, contortions and conceits, culminating prematurely with Thomas Newton's gun toting passage from *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, are summarised in a matter of minutes. It's quite a performance but, alas, we don't get to hear how David Bowie feels about seeing his past flash before his eyes. His attention is elsewhere.

Playing John, a 200-year-old English gentle companion to ageless vampire Catherine Deneuve, he's casing the Heavenly audience, not the group, for a suitable victim, a blood sacrifice to his eternal bloom.

Though this is fiction, the opening might have been wittily composed with its star in mind: David Bowie coming face to face with a fragment of his legacy and looking right past it at someone else.

Or, alternatively, the vampirical Bowie prowling the clubs in search of new talent, new ideas to play off against his own.

Bowie has always been the first to admit the bloodflow has never been one way. As is only proper in such an interdependent relationship, he has a right to take back what he has put in, even if this means withdrawing what amounts to his original deposit. But where can he look these days without seeing Ziggy's children mutated into resplendent or garish beings?

For every Bowie phase there is a movement in its wake. As he once quipped, he has launched whole schools of pretension singlehandedly.

Even in his absence, then, David Bowie is somehow present.

•

IT'S BEEN a long, strange trip from 'Scary Monsters' to 'Let's Dance', lasting two movies and three years, plugged only by three bizarre single collaborations.

There was Bowie and Brecht on the excellent five song 'Baal' EP, featuring Bowie having a ball whooping through a young Brecht at his *lebenslustful* best: *"Baal can spot the vultures in the stormy sky/As they wait up there to see if Baal will die/Sometimes Baal pretends he's dead the vultures swoop/Baal in silence dines on vulture soup!"*; Bowie and Moroder on 'Cat People', the overblown melodrama of which makes perfect sense when heard over the closing credits of the film, being both a capsule description and sensual suggestion of *Cat People's* barely contained sexuality; and, finally, the oddest of them all, Bowie and Queen on 'Under Pressure'!

"Yes, I found that quite odd," smiles Bowie. "I'm not quite sure how I got involved in that really. They turned up in Montreux, which is not far from where I live in Switzerland. Needless to say when groups come to town to record, they find out where I live . . . so this is how I tend to see a lot of bands, ha ha, under the influence of Switzerland.

"So I went down to the studio and we just started one of those inevitable jams, which lead to a skeleton of a song. I thought it was quite a nice tune, so we finished it off. It sort of half came off, but I think it could have been a lot better. It was a rush thing, one of those things that took place over 24 hours. I think it stands up better as a demo."

Once the shock of Bowie working with Queen passes, it stands up surprisingly well, and Bowie's words — "they were not a finished lyric," he insists, "it was done so quickly that some of it makes me cringe a bit, but the idea I like" — are consistent with both the sentiments of 'Scary Monsters' and the positive Bowie to come — his new LP, 'Let's Dance'.

DESPITE THE persistent line about Bowie's inconsistency, he has always been remarkably constant in those matters he cares most about.

His concern for the young dates right back to Ziggy Stardust when he was first alerted to the awesome responsibility that goes with mass popularity. His "inconsistent" taking and shedding of masks, his cultural leaps are all ways of keeping that responsibility fresh and his audience on their toes. I mean, can't a man change his mind without being hauled over hot coals for doing so?

If rock critics have generally been loath to acknowledge his integrity, preferring instead to see only the chameleon figure intent on protecting his privacy from public scrutiny, the Japanese director Nagisa Oshima chose Bowie to play a godlike Prisoner of War Jacques Celliers in his upcoming film *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence* precisely because he saw in him such a quality.

"People ask me why I cast actors from the world of rock," remarks Oshma, albeit in the film's publicity notes. "It is because they are sensitive to what people want now; they are performers; their antennas are screwed on right and they don't mind getting right in there and having a go at the truth.

"When I saw David Bowie Act in *Elephant Man* in New York, I knew immediately that this was the perfect actor to play Celliers. He had an immense passion, something that superceded reason. If the character Celliers had only his Western rationalism to counter Hara and Yonoi (his two Japanese protagonists) he would have been destroyed very rapidly.

"But it is Celliers' spirituality, his personal nobility, his inner peace and indestructible charisma that the Japanese captors cannot come to terms with. David Bowie has all these qualities."

After the BBC production of *Baal*, this ought to be the first acting role to really test Bowie. Unlike the alien of *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, the 200-year-old man of *The Hunger* and the hideously deformed *Elephant Man*, Celliers has no "emotional limp" for Bowie to hide behind. Maybe something of the character has rubbed off, for Bowie's new positivism, as testified to by the clear blue narrative of 'Let's Dance' and his recent spate of public appearances, suggests he has dispensed with the need for masks. . .

". . . and it is necessary only for man to ask for his seed to be chosen and to pray for the sower within to sow it through the deed and act of himself, and then the harvest will be golden and great." (From *The Seed And The Sower*, by Laurens Van Der Post, on which *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* is based.)

THE DAVID BOWIE sitting opposite is charming and chatty, far more relaxed than his TV self, smiling and laughing frequently to relieve the tension. Suffering terribly from nerves, however, I miss his first tension relieving joke: "You're part Swiss? Which part? Ha ha."

Now aged 36, he has never looked healthier. His sun bleached hair is a natural straw colour, his face tanned an ochre brown by his recent working sojourns in Australia and the South Seas. He is spritely dressed in an olive green khaki blouse that emphasises his boyishness.

Within the confines of a 50 minute interview with a complete stranger he is extraordinarily forthcoming about his work, revising opinions of his past in light of his present attitudes. Quite naturally he only lets slip so much of himself as is relevant to what he is doing. Dare we expect more from our public figures?

II: The Interview

•

I'M TALKING more in generalisations because I think they probably serve a better purpose than honing down to one direct point. It's easier to make a stronger statement with a generalisation, to make such a strong impression with a popular song lyric.

The strongest impression left by your press conference was your concern about the worthwhile nature of popular music.

For me, *personally (with emphasis)*. My business is my business and it just strikes me . . . er, I don't really have the urge to continue as a songwriter and a performer in terms of experimentation — *at this moment*. I feel that at the moment I'm of an age — and age has an awful lot to do with it — I'm just starting to enjoy growing up. I'm enjoying being my age 36, and what comes with it in terms of the body. It actually physically changes. Mentally and emotionally there are big changes, 'specially if you have been thrust in the front of popular and mass observation.

If you've been observed, as I have for the last 12 years, well, you have to contend with that one way or another. You either care about it, or you don't anymore. You think, well, as I have this platform, there's something I can do with it.

And frankly I don't think I would want to continue performing anymore if I didn't think I could do something hopeful and helpful with my music, both for myself and my audience.

How do you define music that is hopeful and helpful? What evidence we have from you at the moment is a celebratory dance record, as opposed to something that points anywhere.

Yes. I think it will have a lot to do with *(adopting a mock preachy tone)* people shouldn't fight each other. People shouldn't kill each other and people should try to live together.

Isn't that a little simplistiic?

Yes it is *simple*.

Your positivism seems to parallel that of Jacques Celliers, the character you play in Nagisa Oshima's *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence*; leading by action and deed.

Instead of intimating change try and do something about it.

You identified pretty closely with the character, then?

Yeah, I think I immediately identified with him because of his own personal turmoils, his and mine stemming from different sources. With Celliers he's ridden with guilt most of his life because of his relationship with his younger brother, which caused him to embrace that particular wartime situation, and gave him that kind of particular strength. That is pointed up a lot more in Oshima's screenplay than it probably is in the book.

And for me, personally, I guess it's the idea of through all my experimentations I have learnt a lot; and there must be something I can do with it on a very simplistic level now. I don't have the urge to play around with musical ideas. At the moment. Anymore.

The present loss of urge to experiment . . . is that an indictment of the 'Low'/'Heroes'/'Lodger' period? Can't humanity and technology sit together?

It's just another way of using my songs. I think

CONTINUES PAGE 30

Photography Anton Corbijn

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BOWIE

FROM PAGE 27

I'm just a little tired of experimentation now. But electronics are rewarding in terms of playing around with atmosphere and trying to reach different parts of the mind, funny corners of the mind . . .

But there is a proliferation of synthetic instruments being used in that kind of, er, *Me* generation icy cold vein.

It's such a wide sweeping statement that at the moment I feel it's very hard to use those instruments without a kind of preconditioning already there. That if you use the synthesiser it means this particular thing: that I'm part of this angular society.

So that's why I've used a very organic, basic instrumentation on this new album. Such instrumentation doesn't say anything other than it comes from a hybrid of white and black culture. That is the only underlying subtext it has really . . .

As I say, experimentation can be rewarding for finding awkward stances musically. But it just isn't satisfying after a while. And it's not satisfying because it's not very useful, except — as Brian Eno would say — for setting up a new kind of vocabulary. Now I've got the vocabulary I'm supposed to do something with it! Ha ha.

On the other hand the subliminal aspect of electronics allows one to speak more through the music than does rock and roll, where the vocabulary is so well known it has lost its efficacy.

That's the premise, surely, yeah. It does speak in those terms, but I think also to reach a large audience they're not willing to listen to the music, or play the records, if they're couched in terms they're not really familiar with.

I mean, they're not going to sit and listen to that kind of music and accept it. It's like American television; the record buying public of America is still very much in the television format mentally and it is impossible for them to listen to something that doesn't make its point in the first 30 or 40 seconds. And I'm starting to subscribe to that at the moment.

Previously you've said you're not worried about your experiments losing your old audience, that you were content to pick up new audiences as you go along.

Hmm.

Are you effecting a reconciliation with your old audience?

I don't think so. I think the music I'm writing at the moment is probably going to reach a newer audience for me. But if I am going to reach a new audience, then I'm going to try and reach it with something to say, which is on a very obvious and simplistic level. I don't want to be the grandfather of new wave by any means . . . That's quite an easy one for me slip into.

I think I'll come on as the simple country boy, ha ha, and go completely against that.

LAURIE ANDERSON said she wanted to balance the tendency towards horror imagery with imagery nice, humanistic and warm. But the problem is making such imagery equally as compelling as horror. Are you presently being confronted with a similar problem?

That particular balance has had not a small part in a lot of the material I've written, but I think I understand what she's saying. I don't know enough of her work, but it's certainly the case in 'O Superman'. That's a very delicate balance, a marvellous piece of work. Did you see her in concert? I thought she was dynamic, really was impressed . . .

For me I'm writing something that I've never really touched before, which is a one-to-one situation. I mean an emotional situation between two people . . .

Such a situation seems to take up at least five of the tracks on the album. The love situation, the emotional situation between two people seems to have escaped me — or I've avoided it is probably nearer the truth — since I started writing. Usually, it's been the man in isolation and all that.

Whether I'm becoming either one, comfortable or two, complacent with myself — I dunno which it is — but it is something I can feel I can now get involved with as a writer.

I suppose the obvious question to that is: is it a response to your personal situation?

Very much so. Are you married? So you don't have children? I would never have thought it possible but for me the one most enjoyable and hope giving quality of my life over the past four or five years is my son.

When the son gets to the age of nine, ten, 11 and 12 and starts asking those really inquisitive, curious and unanswerable questions, well, my response has been to consider how important life is, and how important it is for him.

And as it became more important for him through me I found it became more important for me as well; and our future collectively started taking precedence over everything else. *It's amazing what a son or a daughter does for a chap.* Ha ha ha.

That's had a very positive and strong bearing on whatever I intend to do in the future. I feel I have to make a commitment to something more altruistic to that which I've been concerned with before.

If that sounds like a turnaround, then it's a turnaround, and it has to be and I would have to face that charge. But I don't think it will quell my natural inclination to want to experiment with music, though I think it will modify it greatly.

Insofar as you wouldn't want anything you do to upset your son?

It would make me reflect on anything that would produce the kind of nihilistic quality which was so much part of my early music.

Hopefully I was falling out of that anyway. That period had a lot to do with my problems as a human being. To produce that kind of music, though it's interesting to look at someone really fucked up writing music, it's not very helpful.

Because it provides too much of a role model?

Exactly, yes, and I would like to play down all that stuff a bit and make the subject matter, give that more relevance. It's such a complicated, confused time and my only reaction to that would be to make the subject matter very simple.

The very simple problem is that we're on a terrifying voyage and the effects that have been brought about by those causes are really quite transparent and obvious: the need to belong to small tribal units when there seems to be too many other people about; the mistrust of somebody who is not from one's own origins.

Those kinds of things are so obvious that I guess maybe it's quite a good idea to write about them in a very obvious way. And I want to utilise videos to the same extent.

It's easy enough to glamourise a pop song. I've done that often enough in the past! You know, give it a surreal quality and a kind of detached . . . That's fine if you've got time to watch promos at that level, but these videos reach too many people and, anyway, there's too many of those kinds of videos. Video has become a part of the packaging.

So it occurs to me that it would be a very good idea to utilise those four minutes of space and try to make them say something simple and as hard hitting and as hard selling as a commercial, but in terms of human quality and human life as opposed to, this is the kind of outfit, this the way you wear it and this is the kind of cool you have to have to be able to carry it off. As you said before, the whole idea of the role model.

So it's a matter of playing invisible man, moving behind the camera, projecting normality?

Yes! Aside from the fact this is a marvellous chance for me to practise being a director — one can't get away from that! — it's also a chance to incorporate people other than myself as the fronts for the promos. I've had enough of that side; and it's much more fun to use actors, or even non actors, if I'm going to deal with that kind of subject matter . . .

Why Australia for the 'Let's Dance' promo?

Because it's such a new country, yet it's already got such a well established, progressive and technological aspect to its society. And because the indigenous peoples of that country have well and truly been put on the outside faster than in any other nation in the world.

It's really so polarised to the extent that it can be related to South Africa quite easily. Not so much in New South Wales, but in Queensland it might as well be South Africa. Aborigines have to buy their drinks in backs of bars — they're forced to use what is called the dog hatch in the back of the bar. Then they mustn't drink them on the same side of the street, they must go over to the other side and sit on the grass verge.

The whole thing is ruled like that. There's absolutely no way they take part in modern society. Their education programmes are almost non existent. Since the beginning they've been put in a ghetto situation. It's very hard for them to fight back at the moment.

Also they're very wary — and quite rightly so — of being seen as the last of the prehistoric tribes. They've done that a bit, dressed up in war paint, spear and whatever for cameramen and it's kind of backfired on them. It hasn't defined their culture as being incredibly interesting and important; in their eyes, it has just made them specimens.

People want to see the aborigines only in that context. *(Adopting touristy tone of astonishment)* Aah they're great the aborigines! They still eat wichity grubs! That kind of thing.

And the boy and girl in 'Let's Dance', Terry and Jolene, they've never seen a wichity grub in their life! They have no need to see one and they don't want to be portrayed like that.

What I very much wanted to do was to portray them as modern people not being allowed to take part in modern society.

But I found out that with the promo you have to do everything in four minutes. So, obviously, you quickly get into stereotypes.

Whatever, Terry and Jolene were great, absolutely marvellous. They've had no experience in film, but they knew exactly how to respond to the situation we talked about, so they weren't at all worried when I said, Jolene, I want you to scrub the streets of Sydney! Ha ha. She said, Fine, yes, yes that's how I feel!

Did you choose Australia because it might have been too inflammatory to film a similar situation in Britain?

No. If it was done in England it would have been too much about the English situation. The other aspect I liked about doing it in Australia was that I found it intriguing to look at. I liked the slightly surreal quality of Australia itself. I purposefully left out kangaroos, wallabies and boomerangs and all that. There's nothing strictly aboriginal. The city doesn't shriek Sydney. They are just obviously some indigenous people in some modern country. So it becomes an international situation.

People are not used to seeing Australia on a general basis. In a black and white situation they are more used to seeing the streets of London or New York. So already it's a situation they're aware of, and then they don't take quite so much notice of it. They go, Oh yeah, black and white situation, New York, fine. I know about that.

What's the next video?

But shooting the same situation in a different place, it doesn't look the same as anything you've seen before for that situation: modern black people in a modern white society. It's not quite anywhere you recognise, so it points up the situation more, so it could apply to any country — South America, South Africa, England, America — without identifying those obvious targets. It's going back to that old thing about juxtaposition.

You're willing to tackle such a difficult subject visually, so people haven't got words they can immediately turn into slogans, thereby damaging the "message"?

Exactly, yeah. That's another thing. A slogan can kill a cause far quicker than anything else, because it's so easy to package it. Once you put a box around anything it's over.

I'm trying to keep things simple without sloganising. It's easy to say 'Give Peace A Chance', but once said it's wrapped up in such an insular little ball, it only applies to certain people. To keep it free of that, I guess, it's down to pure statement.

It's very hard to attempt such a thing and I'm having a lot of trouble. There's only a couple of things on the album that have the right feeling, but that is definitely a direction that intrigues me more and more.

Is it easier to deal with complexities on film than it is in song?

That is the problem I'm having, dealing with it in song format. Sometimes you can end up sounding neo Dylan or something and that is already stylish and part of a particular cliquey kind of songwriting. I'm not very good at it yet. I'm still working on the one-to-one relationship, and from within that situation trying to create an overall humanist feeling.

It is hard. I think Jim — Iggy Pop's much better at it than me. If he could be manoeuvred into that kind of situation he could produce some stunning social observations.

I'd like to cover more of Jim's songs because I still have a penchant for exposing talents that I think are valid and important. Jim's songs are so good, his lyrics so fine, he really is a wonderful American poet. He's absolutely great!

So it's great to be able to take advantage of what I can do and include some of his songs.

'China Girl' (by Pop and Bowie) is another track on the album. Now that's a committed piece of writing, it's a very strong piece. Where, for instance, the subject matter of 'Let's Dance' is nebulous. There is an undercurrent of commitment, but it's not quite so straightforward . . .

It's a one-to-one thing, yes, but the danger, the terrifying conclusion is only intimated in the piece. It is not apparent what exactly the fear is that they're running from. There's an ominous quality about it, quite definitely. That was the point: to make a dance song, a really ominous dance song that has all the trappings of disco music, but it's almost like the last dance . . .

The last dance? Aren't we in danger of coming back to the apocalypse?

We are indeed. *(Laughs)* That's what we are in danger of doing, indeed, yes. Well, in terms of writing I've got a background to shake off, which is very hard to get out of, because I find it very easy to . . . *(mimes striking keyboards) weurgh!* Ha Ha. I find it very easy to hit the right chords and bring it all about . . . whoargh, that's great, that's really horrible! Ha ha. And it's difficult for me to sort of say let's turn the corner here and make it go somewhere else. It's a natural entrapment of my own that I have to be careful with in future.

HOW DO you feel about your legacy of songs in light of your present positive attitudes? Can you still sing them?

Oh quite easily, yes. No problem at all. I've started listening to a lot of my old stuff, gone back to find out what I was writing then and why. I guess they kind of stand up in their own place in time. Not many of them carry through; I don't think of them, like, that's a great old chestnut, sounding good year after year, but they're all interesting.

It's a personal bias, but with every song I've written I identify so much with the time and place that it was written in. It's hard for me to shake off the particular year or particular trauma I was going through at the time.

It's much easier for the audience to do that. There's the Duchamp thing about the point where the artist really has nothing more to do with his work. I can only see mine though in terms of, Yeah, November 1975, and go phew *(mimes shuddering)*. Ha ha.

But for me to be able to carry on interpreting them, rearranging them, it's enough that I find them all very strong pieces of writing.

Do you ever get the urge to follow Duchamp into silence?

Frequently, yeah. It occurred to me over the past couple of years that if I was going to continue writing it has to be something that I can do with conviction. I can't just play about at it, pretend that I'm enjoying it, sort of continuing a career, something like that. If I was going to continue, then why? Well, I wanted to continue, because I wanted to do something positive with it and that's the only way I'll be able to continue today.

The recurring statement through your '70s interviews was about trying to shake off that middle class ball and chain.

I'm lumbered with that problem. I mean I'll have it for the rest of my life. Ha ha.

Succumbing to it?

I think so, yeah. I think I've accepted that situation. There's no way I can make myself other than what I am. *(Bowie pauses and bursts out laughing)* Now that's a funny thing for me to say isn't it? *(Laughter)* What a ludicruous thing to say, David! But it is somewhere in there, yes. One faces up to all these things. *I'm* armed with all these things, my problems with my own background, my own personal problems, or whatever. I'm not so detached from myself anymore. I feel in touch . . . *(Mimes peace sign, laughing)* Hey, I feel in touch with myself!

I guess you can think of every cliché in the book and that's probably how I feel. Then, a cliché probably develops life because it comes from a point of truth.

How do you think your 17-year-old self would feel if he were confronted with your present 36-year-old self?

My 17-year-old self would think, er, especially regarding the drift to where I'm presumably going, that self would probably think, ah what a waste of how to be exciting or radical or whatever. I know my 17-year-old self would think, aw what a waste, ha ha ha, it's going to be *really boring*. Ha ha. And I'd say, you wait till you're 36! Ha ha. You won't think it's quite so exciting just working in dark areas. Ha ha.

Last year Lou Reed said he was quite prepared to write rock and roll songs for adults. On 'Scary Monsters' you seemed to be addressing the young still.

Did it really feel like that? That's interesting. You could probably answer that better yourself, but I would imagine it seemed like that because the instrumentation, the actual effects of the instruments and quality of production... well, they were incorporating all the sounds that are radically part of the youth culture music. The epitome of the new wave sound at the time, from bubbling synthesisers to erratic and unconventional guitar playing, it had all those elements that are by definition the young way of playing music.

Songs like 'Because You're Young' and 'Teenage Wildlife' reminded me of the Hagakure (Samurai ethics) author Jocho's dangerous advice for the young: Human life lasts but an instant. One snould spend it doing what one pleases.

Well, that would apply to Oshima as well as Mishima (who popularised the code with his modern commentaries in *On Hagakure*). The funny thing was that before Mishima died he and Oshima did an interview on television, separately, but as representatives of the radical right and left, respectively. Oshima was furious with the thing afterwards, because they agreed on just about everything! He said he was completely floored by that and it was one of the reasons why he started to modify his own political ideas, because he felt that kind of polarity just produced the same end result.

He was very concerned about that, because he didn't like being the same as Mishima at all! There again, I qualify that by saying the Japanese left and right are quite different from Western ideas of left and right, where it is estranged left and estranged right. In Japan both would probably have roots in the same source than they might over here. They both say, let's stay Japanese. And when you've got that you're almost cancelling out everything else!

Then it just becomes a matter of how you do it.

Yeah, they do have that problem the Japanese. *(Smiles)* Oshima, of course, was very much part of that unrest in the '60s. . .

Oshima is primarily concerned with exploring Japanese morality and the way it hides itself, the real position of it. The etiquette against the real life of the Japanese is very important to him, the closest repressed thing they have about them, where there's a turmoil of emotional conflict going on hidden by this veneer of the perfect style, the perfect life, which is such a front. Which, I suppose, as an Englishman, is the perfect thing for me to write about. Ha ha. Actually, his process of working is more interesting to me than the subject matter. . .

There might have been pressure on Oshima to moderate his views because he just couldn't work anymore. There were five years when he was almost completely ostracised from the film community after *In The Realm Of The Senses*. They really came down on him like a ton of bricks after that movie.

I dunno, this one's going to upset the apple cart again as far as Japan is concerned, so it might be another five years before he makes another one! *(Laughs)* But he will say these things about his own people! Ha ha.

But you avoid saying the like about your own people?

That's interesting. . .

Jumping from culture to culture might be interpreted as another set of masks.

Yeah, you know *(thoughtfully)* I suppose it's I don't think I have enough experience of England anymore to be able to write objectively about it, which seems a *pretty poor thing for an English chap to say!* But I really don't. Not that I know more about anywhere else, but at least *I'm there*, in the other places, because I've been just about everywhere else other than England. I mean, one gets left behind news or second hand reports from what newspapers are worth trying to glean anything from, anyway. I pick up most of my news from the *Christian Scientist Monitor*. That's the only one I can find that doesn't really have a bias on it. . .

I think 'China Girl' is the nearest thing, especially in the video I've made for it (again in Australia), well, I think the interpretation of that puts a bit of that right.

It's a very heavy song. I think I've dealt with imperialism in that video to a certain extent. . . (*pause*). . . he says. Ha ha.

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CONTINUES PAGE 49

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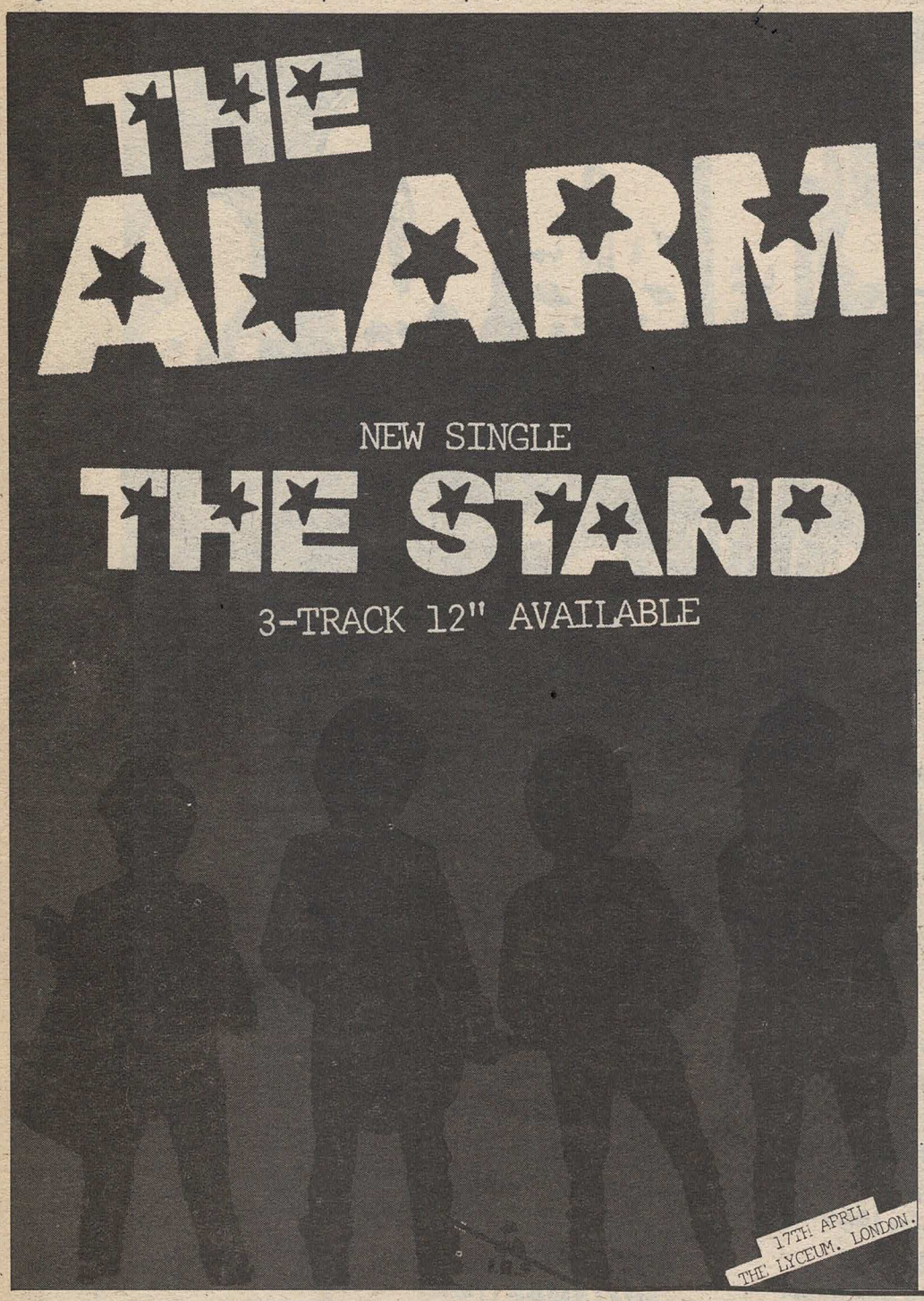


LPs

DAVID BOWIE

Let's Dance *(EMI America)*

"Put on your red shoes and dance the blues to the song they're playing on the radio . . ."

IT WOULD certainly be difficult to accuse David Bowie of making an inauspicious return to the musical arena. 'Let's Dance' is easily this year's biggest single; everytime it comes up it creates an instant impression of sheer *scale*. The sounds are huge, the emotions it contains gigantic. You should catch this beat, but be careful what you catch it with.

A single, quite literally, in several thousand; and the taster for a new album which is the first sustained new music from Bowie for two and a half years. Since 'Scary Monsters', he's busied himself with movie-making and one-offs, collaborations with Giorgio Moroder and Queen and getting in on the fitness craze (a healthy Bowie? With muscles? Has David Sylvian been informed?), but 'Let's Dance' brings him back with an unexpected point of re-entry.

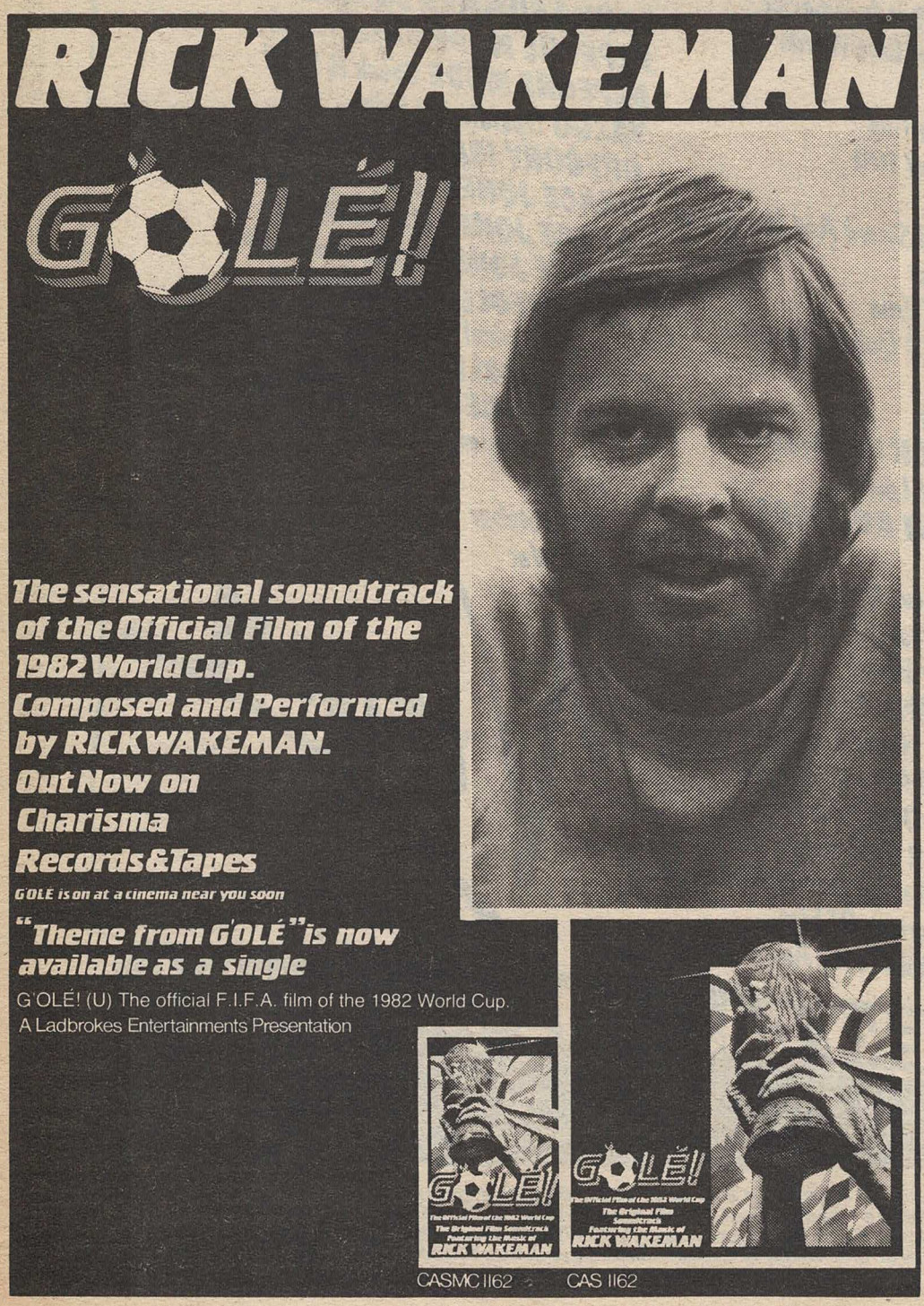
For the time being, it's stasis-time for Bowie's regular supporting cast. There's not a trace of Carlos Alomar (guitar), George Murray (bass) and Dennis Davis (drums), who've accompanied him through all manner of bizzare musical landscapes for a good many more. The crew assembled for this project by Bowie and co-producer Nile Rodgers include no-one who has ever worked with Bowie before, which may go some way towards explaining why 'Let's Dance' is such a major break in continuity from past Bowie recordings.

A friend of mine who heard this record before I did told me that he was rather disappointed by it. "It's got guitar solos all over it," he announced in the sort of tone that you might use for telling somebody that there is a large, maggoty dog turd on their new jacket. Despite the expectation that the combination of Bowie and Rodgers would result in the kind of immaculately tortured but immaculately deft angst-funk that seems in vogue in certain quarters, the actual result is something quite different: some of the strongest, simplest and least complicated music that Bowie has ever made. 'Let's Dance' is clean, straight and . . . huge.

Rodgers has brought along the chic beat, but not the Chic sound: his characteristic Strat-y rhythm licks are transmuted into the massive slabs of carefully-placed guitar synth so familiar from the single. Bowie's primary instrumental foil is lead guitarist Stevie Ray Vaughn, a young Texan who apparently believes that Albert King is God and that the Lord should be praised regularly, and the combination of Vaughn and Rodgers links together two different aspects of the black American musical tradition which has nurtured Bowie so strongly over the last eight years.

Vaughn's fervent, bluesy interpolations into the tunes give the music a traditional feel at odds with what has become expected of recent Bowie (he has mastered Albert King's way of laying a sweet sharp note down on the beat so that it sounds just like a blessing): all that 'cold' 'modern' 'European' rhetoric no longer fits. Can it be that — at the crucial age of 36 — David Bowie has made a warm, soulful, useful rock and roll album?

THE ALBUM opens up with 'Modern Love' and muttered monologue *("I don't wanna go out/I wanna stay in/And get things*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Campbell Owen and Roddy Frame with Scots pyramid. *Pic: David Corio*

AZTEC EMPIRE LAYS FOUNDATIONS

AZTEC CAMERA

High Land, Hard Rain *(Rough Trade)*

SO AT last the Sound of Young Scotland shuffles from hip obscurity into the consciousness of the nation — is it not painful, dear smug reader and fan, to observe the slug like qualities of the remainder of the human race? The consolation in this case is that, unlike the struck-it-too-late-to-matter story of The Buzzcocks, what seemed at one time to have sunk to a pitiful simper has now emerged older but undeniably stronger.

So as Orange Juice reach the commercial heights, the irony even stronger in their soul, Aztec Camera come to their time of reckoning with a statement that is tentative, certainly, but which has enough of a glint in its eye to indicate that their glorious potential is far from dead.

In the two years since the love-drunk wonder of the first Postcard single there has been a distinct struggle for identity at the heart of Aztec Camera. 'Just Like Gold' was a precocious piece of magic, an articulate crystallisation of feeling sung with soaring honesty by sixteen-year-old Roddy Frame. There was a candid purity to its sound, an uncorrupted potential swimming in an artful stream of honesty. It was as sparkling, as profound and as essentially *Scottish* as Bill Forsyth's cinema.

After that silver dart, there was a painful lack of direction in the drippy follow-up 'Mattress Of Wire', and Bay City Rollers echoes in the power-pap production on 'Pillar To Post'. The last single 'Oblivious', with which this collection begins, executed a neat reversal of the downward trend, though. There's more than a note of manipulation in its tunefulness but there's a bitter aftertaste in the syrupy sweetness, an ironic tingle to the claustrophobic certainty of the melody.

There's a hint here that Aztec Camera have found their feet and discovered a sound. If the remainder of the album was as sure footed it would be a quiet masterpiece.

Unfortunately there's still a hint of uncertainty.

One of the chief problems is

Bowie's all change — it's...

UP THE HILL FORWARDS

done"). A clean, hard drumbeat and a percussive, Hendrixy rhythm guitar chop across it, a superbly circular chorus and that rhythmic rarity: a rock and roll tune that swings. It is typical of Bowie that he celebrates the conquering of the demons so painstakingly wrestled on previous albums with a burst of that unselfconscious rock and roll exuberance that is liferally almost impossible to find, 'good old rock and roll' being just about the second most contrived thing on the planet these days.

From there we get into Bowie's reworking of 'China Girl', a song he and Iggy Pop wrote for the latter's '77 album 'The Idiot'. Iggy's version was full of rage and pain, concentrating on the torment which only his lover could ease. Bowie's, on the other hand, focuses on the *relief* from pain, and the joy that can be brought by someone capable of bringing that relief. Even the corny mock-Chinese guitar motif used at the intro and various key points throughout becomes moving in this context.

That leads into 'Let's Dance' in all its seven-and-a-half-minute dubbed-up discomixed glory as per the 12" version of the single. This record — from its 'Twist And Shout' intro onwards — is pure celebration, a tribute to love and life that is as uncontrived as anything he's ever done in his entire career. Steve Elson's joyous baritone sax and Vaughn's majestic guitar drive Bowie to what seem like new vocal heights: the natural authority that he brings to everything he sings on this album make all the Big Important Voices — this means *you,* Tony Hadley — sound absurdly overblown and hollow, simply risible in their mock-operatic fraudulence. Do you get the impression I love this tune?

The side ends with a love song of dazzling purity, which brings Rodgers' spar Bernard Edwards on for a bass cameo. 'Without You' has intoxicatingly beautiful lyrics *(there's no smoke without fire/you're exactly who I want to be with")* and a Vaughn solo that floats in like a benediction.

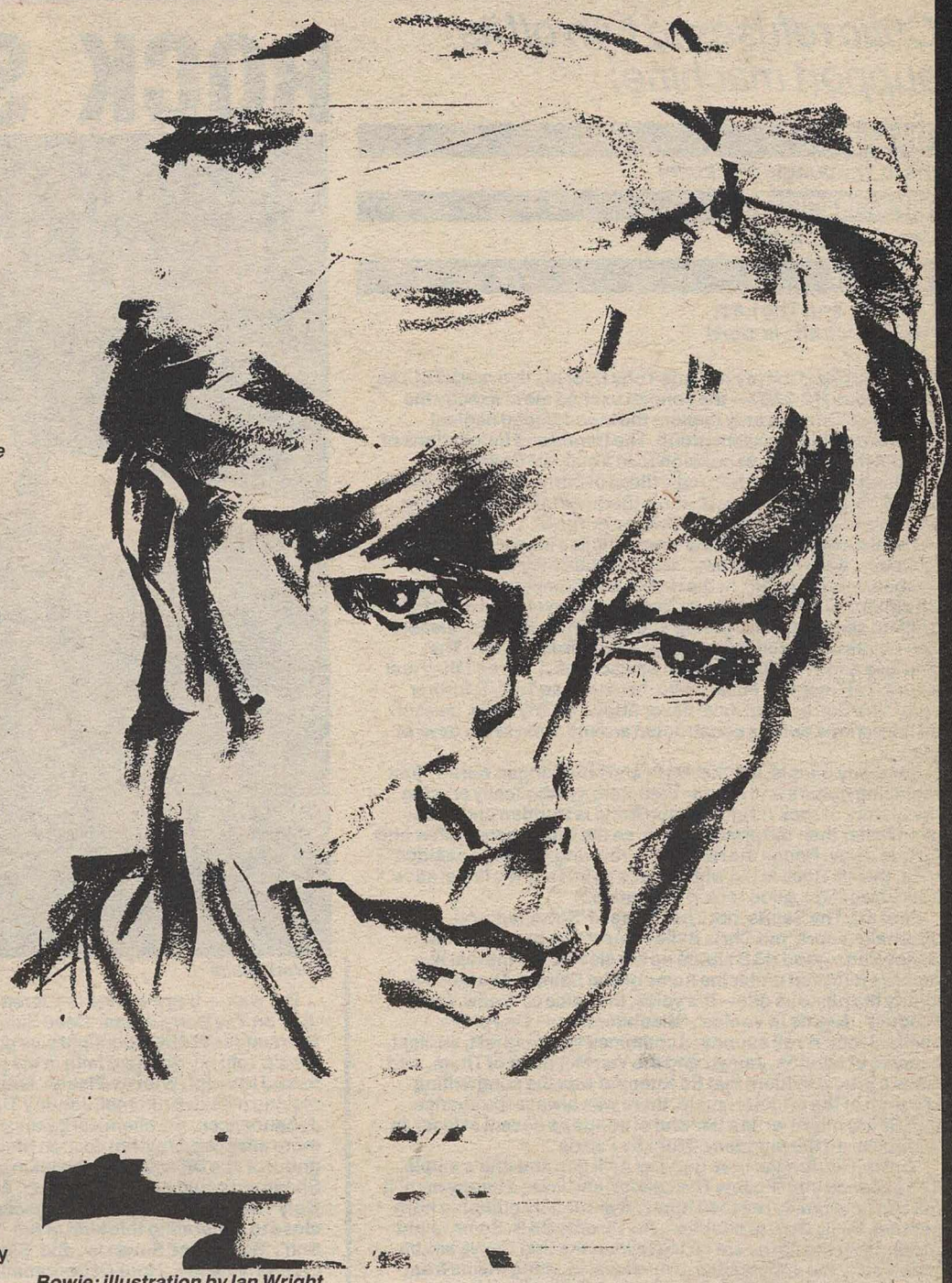
THE SECOND side's 'Ricochet' *("These are the prisons, these are the crimes"* breaks a lance against Thatcherism and Reaganomics, ending up with an Afro-jazz whirlpool that recalls Osibisa before it leads into the album's only non-Bowie tune, 'Criminal World', which occupies a turf halfway between jazz-funk and reggae and carries the characteristically Bowie-like line *"the boys are like baby-faced girls"* and — needless to say — its opposite.

That leaves Bowie's update of 'Putting Out Fires', the *Cat People* theme he wrote with Giorgio Moroder, which ageing rockists (or even young ones) may find eerily reminiscent of both the Stones' 'Gimme Shelter' and 'All Along The Watchtower', Hendrix stylee, plus 'Shake It', which my incredibly well-honed instincts tell me will be the followup single to the title cut. It grooves mercilessly, and Bowie is still the man to beat for a good verse to a dance tune: *"Love is the answer/love's talking to me/I'd scream and I'll fight for you/you're better than money."* Didn't you always want to say that to someone you love?

With this album, Bowie seems to have transcended the need to write endlessly about the dramas of being D*A*V*I*D B*O*W*I*E and about all his personal agonies. This album just goes straight to the heart of it: it is warm, strong, inspiring and *useful.* Powerful, positive music that dances like a dream and makes you feel ten feet tall. Who can ask for anything more?

I hope this starts another (snicker) trend. Utterly worth the wait, 'Let's Dance' is irresistable. You should be ashamed to say you do not love it.

Charles Shaar Murray



Bowie: illustration by Ian Wright

that Frame, although he's proved himself as the sort of songwriter that Ben Watt would dearly love to be, is a wee bit limited in the vocal department, the result being that his sharply barbed poetry frequently finds itself drowned in the drabness of a repetitive format. The group seem aware of the problem, but their solution too often lies in orchestral arrangements which only submerge any cutting edge even further; take the horrendously overblown version of 'We Could Send Letters'.

What is required is an abrasive touch to tease out the hardness of the lyrics. If they played it a touch tougher Aztec Camera could draw blood. On this album they've found some feelings they had left behind, and there's an indication they are coming to terms with the sweet pain they are capable of inflicting. The fragile re-awakening of pop continues.

Don Watson

DEUX FILLES

Silence And Wisdom *(Papier Mache)*

ETON CROP

Six Silhouette Romances *(Koesette)*

TWO LPs by separate lots of people who sound like they share a non-too-secret desire to be scoring *rilly avant garde films* instead of wrestling with the dull old medium of vinyl.

Deux Filles are just that: 'Gemini Forque' and 'Claudine Coule'. The copious liner notes on their 'Silence And Wisdom' are almost entirely devoted to the tortuous saga of their meetings, mutual bereavements and sufferings (failing lungs at Lourdes, poverty, accidents in Paris, paralysis miraculously reversed in the Alps, and more).

Their album's coyly divided into 'Boy Side' and 'Girl Side' and most of its doodlings eventually reach the same plane which once enabled George Harrison to declare that having arrived there, he'd "evolved to a plane where physical sex was no longer necessary". From the tuneful dripping tap through the many Sitar-sounding instruments, castanets, tinkling music boxes, and not-unpleasant piano-playing (not to mention industrial-strength moaning and the odd robotic incantation), this resembles mostly bad Claude Lelouch background music.

Eton Crop, in contrast, feature discord by mutual accord but under it all they too *would love* to be John Carpenter. (Amazing, innit? In the '50s we had whoever wrote *Peter Gunn* and now it's *Assault On Precinct 13*). Lyrics like *"one of us, the working class"* occur as if in speech bubbles amid flurries of horn-squawk ('Bell Fruit Tokens') or during the brief emergence of something resembling a rhythm section in 'Collision Course Of Court Jester'.

But the flat, monotonous vocalist sounds desperately demoralised, like he's trudging uphill through heavy snow. Which, with lyrics confined to *"Some people...know that you don't like them before they've said a word"* (aided by what sounds like a xylophone) doesn't quite cut it, despite three tin cans and a spoon banging away with assiduous intensity.

Cynthia Rose

Kirk Brandon retrieves his tonsils *Pic: Bryn Jones*

DESTINY CALLED — BUT YOU WERE OUT

SPEAR OF DESTINY

Grapes Of Wrath *(Burning Rome/Epic)*

LIKE THE other two major rock LPs of recent months — U2's 'War' and the Bunnymen's 'Porcupine' — Spear Of Destiny's debut comes wrapped in images of snowy winter desolation. The inside sleeve pictures, in tastefully expensive style, are sombre and gaunt and very cold.

At the same moment that Bowie's delivering his springtime manifesto of *"put on your red shoes and dance,"* the only stepping-out sound on *this* record is the noise of heavy boots, pounding the ground for warmth. The sad thing with 'Grapes Of Wrath', though, is that nowhere does its music really burn. If Brandon must build himself a gothic Rhineland castle to live in, the least he could have remembered was a stock of fuel for the fire.

If only this LP had been the brave new departure that Kirk had promised, then we might have allowed the ghost of Theatre Of Hate to stroll the battlements unnoticed and forgotten. What we get instead is a sort of bloated Wagnerian conceit of a record; and you're actually *compelled* to remember the old group, just to remind youself why, in 1983, its former leader should merit some serious attention. At the peak moments, TOH offered a blaze of inspiration that lit up the gloomy landscape for miles around. But in the cold light of a new day, the torch that Brandon's carried from there to here only flickers fitfully — and sometimes downright feebly. And it's a pity.

I don't place any blame on the new line-up. Bassist Stan Stammers is still there and pumping away. New drummer Chris Bell can match the power of his predecessors, which is saying something, and sax-player Lascelles James is positively the redemption of some otherwise barren passages.

Part of the problem, I suspect, arises out of Brandon's publicly-stated forsaking of crashing guitars. His intention to ditch one particular rock cliché may read nobly enough; but what's been added to compensate? I listen hard and hear only hollow bluster, swirling around the void in the sound — a chill wind that blows and tosses some scraps of ideas like so much litter in a tunnel, and one with precious little light at the other end.

Unfortunate, too, that he saw fit to print the lyrics. Where his TOH songs were often obscure or indistinct, the sheer rush and spirit of the music told you all you needed to know. Too much of 'Grapes Of Wrath', however, retreats into a smug, gnomic mysticism that asks too much of the listener's intuition. If you've got anything to say, then say it and have done. If you fancy yourself as enough of a poet to work on more subliminal levels, then at least skip the leaden sub-operatic thud and blunder of 'Area': *"The victor became the looser* (sic)*/No triumph of the will".*

Certain pieces, like the opening 'The Wheel' and the single 'Flying Scotsman' display the basis of fine songs, although they're ponderously slow, and again you're driven to playing guessing games with the lyric sheet in a search for some spiritual sustenance from the whole affair. But for me, the album's sole affecting moment comes at the end of the final number, the title track, where Kirk suddenly drops the facade of Old Testament outlaw-prophet, softly to intone *"Ah! Child it's not a rave or a game".* Sincerity in music, I think, is often a function of intimacy — it rarely transmits well down a megaphone.

'Grapes Of Wrath' is unsatisfactory *not* because it's a rock album, although for many now that's grounds enough for dismissal. It fails because it's not a very good rock album. It neither makes straightforward 'sense', nor will it feed your dreams. It's certainly a poor imitation of the music Kirk Brandon is presumably still capable of making.

Paul Du Noyer

Critic refuses to turn off its support machine:

ROCK STILL ALIVE DRAMA

THE SAINTS

Out In The Jungle *(Flicknife)*

THE BARRACUDAS

Mean Time *(Closer)*

NEW RACE

The First And The Last
(WEA Australia import)

Patron Saints — *Pic: Bleddyn Butcher*

I MUST applaud the mysterious Tony D for his live review of The Barracudas *(12/2/83)*— the concert excited me in exactly the same way. One can only deplore the high-handed neglect suffered by this excellent group. The trends and innovations of the last five years have consigned to a cultural Coventry anything deemed old-hat, regardless of intrinsic quality. As Mr D said, "it's damn crucial to know there are still bands willing and able to dredge 'em up and churn 'em out."

The Saints, who put nearly every English punk group of 1977 to shame, were ignored precisely because they didn't see themselves as "punk" in the first place. Compatriots Radio Birdman (here in new form as New Race) never even saw their brilliant second album 'Living Eyes' given an English release. The Saints stemmed from garage R&B, Birdman from The Stooges and The MC5, and The Barracudas... Weren't they just a bunch of Regency collars? No, because, as Tony D further said, "the Barracudas have never fitted into anything, least of all the various coffins constructed around them in the days of old".

For many people, synthesizers and long fringes weren't just replacing guitars and drums, they were symbolically erasing the history of rock'n'roll. As each trend is trodden underfoot even faster than the previous one, so the future gets further and further away. Hence the revivals — reviving anything besides rock, that is. Rock is the white man's guilt. I say it's imperative not to forget the good rock'n'roll bands..

First off, The Saints, not The Saints of 'Stranded' and 'Eternally Yours' but Chris Bailey's new trio. I always knew Bailey had a good R&B album up his sleeve, but the last two records released under the name of The Saints have failed to justify the obvious gift — his voice, the voice of 'Know Your Product', 'Nights In Venice', 'Misunderstood'. One of the seminal rock'n'roll sounds, it combines the roughest, surliest aspects of Lennon, Jagger and the Van Morrison of Them. And while it is now evident that Ed Kuepper was the songwriting strength of the original lineup, there was always the chance that Bailey might write a handful of songs as decent at least as 'Paradise' on the mundane 'Monkey Puzzle'.

'Out In The Jungle' is as good as he'll get, and that's ample. Ten seconds into 'Follow The Leader' and I was a happy man: it felt like he'd finally reached home. A gloriously pumping horn section, thick, hard production, full throttle R&B. Some might protest that the horns are on leave from the first Dexys album — I can't deny the appearance of medieval jousting theme from 'Burn It Down' — but then they wouldn't have heard the horns on 'Prehistoric Sounds', a Saints album which predated 'Dance Stance' by two years.

The first side continues in this formidable vein, particularly the bitter folk blues of 'Casablanca', with only acoustic guitar and Hugh McDowell's superb cello accompanying Bailey's lonely voice. 'Curtains' is sort of pub-rock Van Morrison, a boisterous blast splendidly augmented by Roger Cawkwell's horn arrangement.

The second side doesn't quite match the first, but the title song is a great retake of 'All Times Through Paradise' from 'Prehistoric Sounds', 'Come On' spells out the meaning of raunch as powerfully as the Stones' 'Rocks Off', and 'Tomato Party' (featuring Brian James on guitar) is possibly the best psychedelic blues stomp since Beefheart's 'Electricity'.

But wait — there's more (as Jeremy Gluck quotes the Cult's 'ETI' on The Barracudas' 'Dead Skin'.) The performance of The Barracudas at The Moonlight was practically a resurrection of rock'n'roll: my dormant faith in the power of live rock'n'roll was forced to erupt. With ex-Flamin' Groovies Chris Wilson now playing a Beau Brummell Johnny Thunders to Gluck's Canuck Johannessen, the chemical balance in charisma was perfect. A more mispaired rhythm section than the Lurch-like garage ghoul of Jim Dickson and teenskin sticks wizard Mark Sheppard could not be dreamt up. And did those feet let loose! Only The Fleshtones or the Groovies themselves have come close to generating this kind of fun. Versions of 'Fortunate Son', 'Seven And Seven Is', and 'Slow Death' were pure hard-driving joy. 'Hour Of Degradation' and 'Violent Times' burned my eye.

Had the energy and abandon of that night been translated to the studio, 'Mean Time' would be a sacred testament. As it stands, it's quite sufficient. Live was raw'n'more, studio is dry'n'crisp, like Dave Edmunds' production of the Groovies.

This is great American underground rock: the Barracudas should on no account be associated with that dismal psychedelic "revival"; they were no ex-mod dopes leaping clumsily from one wardrobe to another. If Gluck knows about psychedelia, it is drug rock of an altogether more arcane character (The Hombres, Beacon Street Union, for instance). Here, only the rather tame 'Shades Of Today' qualifies for the "I-wish-it-could-be-1966-again" stakes. The rest is a sure advance on the elements of faddist reproduction in 'Drop Out', mainly because this is a collection of good songs, felt and played well. And if 'Middle Class Blues' is a tame lament for an ancient neurosis, 'Dead Skin' is The Barracudas' 'Dirt', a magnificent going down slow but hard last cry in the wind and more than adequate proof that playing old-fashioned needn't mean playing dead. This skin still crawls.

Finally, the token metal monster. All I can really say about 'The First And The Last' is that it should be called The First *Of* The Last. The best heavy metal album since 'Tyranny And Mutation', this is taken from a one-off tour of Australia by a group composed of Deniz Tek, Rob Younger, and Warwick Gilbert (Radio Birdman), Dennis Thompson (MC5) and Ron Ashton (Stooges).

Where today's metal is as streamlined and abstract as a video game, this is as bloody and charged as the best punk. The playing is unrivalled by anything save bits of MC5, BOC, AC/DC, Led Zeppelin. Only the sinister Ron Asheton, squeezing in twirling arpeggios when and wherever possible, periodically detracts from the kinetic splendour of the whole. This is searing, high-energy rock of the first new order. Tek is really one of rock's very great guitar players. His punctuation of the Gilbert/Thompson powerhouse boggle the mind. It seems this pioneering fanatic has abandoned rock for a superior technology: he is currently an employee of NASA in Houston.

Also featured are the beautiful 'Love Kills' (from the Australian 'Radios Appear'), 'Crying Sun', and 'Breaks My Heart' (from 'Living Eyes'), 'Gotta Keep Movin' (from the MC5's 'High Time') and the frenzied epic of Kennedy's assassination 'November 22, 1963'.

This record storms the empire of sound.

Barney Hoskyns

THE YA-HO CONNECTION

THE VICEROYS

Brethren and Sistren *(CSA)*

YELLOWMAN

The Yellow, The Purple And The Nancy *(Greensleeves)*

SISTER NANCY

One Two *(Techniques)*

THE VICEROYS are a Jamaican vocal trio in the classic style: they've been around since the ska era, though I wouldn't know that much about them if it wasn't for the press release. 'Brethren And Sistren' is, however, an exceptional reggae album, and one highly reminiscent of the great vocal trio albums of the mid-'70s. Lead vocalist and composer Wesley Tinglin leads his colleagues, backup singers Norris Reid and Neville Ingram, through a series of strong, simple, melodic astonishingly soulful tunes, and the alarmingly inconsistent Roots Radics Band present themselves at their rare best.

Style Scott, Flabba Holt, Bingy Bunny and the rest must have been inspired either by the quality of Tinglin's tunes or by some alchemy of producer Linval Thompson, because their work here is light years ahead of the tedious, samey rhythms that they churn out at the drop of a Greensleeves album. Topped of with some devastatingly evocative horn lines, tunes like 'Girl It's Over', 'United Nations' (with some Pointed passages concerning the Falklands escapade), the title tune, 'Ain't Nobody Love Nobody' and 'My Love' are among the most potent reggae tunes I've heard for months.

However, the killer is 'Ya Ho', a remake of the band's '60s hit and a stirring pirate epic based on the old *"16 men on a dead man's chest,"* rhyme.I can't wait to hear the discomix — or, for that matter, the next Viceroys album.

'The Yellow, The Purple And The Nancy' brings together three tracks each by the legendary 'Only Woman DJ With Degree' and the reggae answer to Simon Le Bon, plus four tracks by another albino gent named Purpleman, who distinguishes himself from his mentor by beginning each epic with the invocation *"Do it, Jah!"* whereas Yellowman doesn't.

Yellow & proud — *Pic: Charlotte Zlotnik*

What he *does* do is have another crack at the 'Johnny Dollar' rhythm (the first crack was the excellent 'Soldier Take Over') now entitled 'Mash It Up Now' and support the nuclear family with 'Baby Father', in which he scolds women who might consider leaving the father of their child. He has not, as yet, recorded any tunes insisting that men should stay with the mothers of *their* children, but then good ol' boys are the same from reggae to rockabilly.

The star of the album is unquestionably Sister Nancy, she of 'Transport Connection' fame, and on *her* tunes she puts the old 'Don't Stay Out Late' through some slightly lewd twists in 'Bang Belly, delivers a moving and memorable 'Dance Pon The Corner' and repels unwanted admirers with 'A No Any Man Can Test Sister Nancy'. This woman is a star, you no see't!

It would be nice to be able to report that Sister Nancy can be heard to best advantage on her own solo album, not that there's anything wrong with the music or the performances (though 'Coward Of The Country' features a thoroughly mediocre mix of — you guessed — 'Johnny Dollar'), but the vagaries of JA pressing plants have rendered the entire first side of this album utterly unlistenable, presenting more snap, crackle and pop than a year's supply of Babylonian breakfast serial.

I am currently on my third copy of this album, and it's as bad as the other two, but — devoted as I am to Sister Nancy's approach to rhythm, rhyme and reason — I and I will not retire from the search. *'Whether you a driver or a walk-foot man/the whole a we a live in a dis ya island..."*

Charles Shaar Murray

FOLK ME!

CLANNAD

Magical Ring *(RCA)*

THOSE FAMILIAR with 'Theme From Harry's Game', the hit single's evocative air, will know what to anticipate! Wistful Gaelic folk melodies, ethereal harmonies and chori, acoustic guitar and mandolin accompaniment, some plaintive flute, lilting harp. Quite unlike the reels and jigs and rebel drinking songs tinged with Tennessee normally associated with Hibernia's muse.

Clannad comprise a quintet from Gweedore, a small community in the mountainous northwest country of Co Donegal in Eire. Formed by brothers Ciaran and Pol O Braonain, with their sister Maire providing lead vocals, the line up is completed by Padraig and Noel O Dugain, twin uncles of the others, though of the same generation. All five grow up together in two adjoining houses. They make music together for more than a decade and a half to growing acclaim, and are very ardent about their art.

This reaches its apex here on the Gaelic traditional songs, with Maire's fragile vocal poised aloft on the soft 'Ta Me Mo Shui', the entrancing, intensely melodic 'Seachran Charn tSiail' and solemn 'Coinleach Glas an Fhomhair, barely accompanied save for the meandering picking of some stringed instrument at times, to some very restful effect. There's a spirit working here.

Interspersed with these is reflection on 'Tower Hill', though its lyric of *"silence sweet"* seems barely compatible with my own experience of the forum *pace* Derrick the Pilgrim and Horseracing Harry and Lord Soper's methodical Methodism, to say nothing of any number of gawking Aldgate shipping clerks. 'Passing Time' with its catchy flute phrase and the quirky rhythm of 'I See Red' are more concession to mainstream pop and less distinguished.

My favourite track though is the Anglo Gaelic 'Newgrange' which proceeds with great drama and is the *"place on the East... a magical ring of stones"* of the album's title. We learn of *"secret lines carved on ancient stone"* and *"forgotten is the race that no one knows"*. It's a moving music, muscular and tense, and the flute leads a weaving dance at the conclusion of the chorus: *"rum de rum 'rud a deirim, rum de rum, 'rud a deirim"*.

'The Fairy Queen', which follows, is a traditional air on mandolin and harp, while the final track 'Thios Fa'n Chosta' introduces some profane electric guitar and ends abruptly.

Penny Reel

JAMES T. PURSEY

Revenge Is Not The Password *(Who Knows)*

THE NOOSE of change sits uncomfortably on the neck of Jimmy Pursey; whatever incarnation he chooses for his return, the ghost of Sham 69 will undoubtedly haunt him. It is the strength of the emotional after-play that kissed and clawed Sham that has forced JP to adopt a sedate, respectable guise for his third solo outing.

Take heed though before you step further: this is only a guise, a *Kagemusha.* Through this, 'Revenge . . .' offers an onslaught which ploughs relentlessly through the troubled avenues of war, propoganda and man's inhumanity to man. Fortunately this tirade stops short of full blooded invective, though at times this veritable missal of lament for mankind becomes a garbled echo of *1984.*

Throughout, 'Revenge . . .' is a troubled flow of throbbing drum and tainted synth augmented by Pursey's own melancholic vocals; snippets of sound, of conversion, add some flexibility to this monopaced soundtrack, though for the most part all of the 'songs' are couched in the same downbeat of despair. Once immersed in this desperate void of music you can glimpse the clarity of thought that has left James T. humbled and spent. A purge of this size can only burn the soul of any hope. Tracks such as 'Kamikazi Davey', 'Animals In Carnival' and 'Speechless Like Poverty' tear at oft-mouthed myths, shredding apathy toward the sins propagated by the government.

The burning continues on 'On Bits Of Paper', a macabre, dislocated track where Pursey admits that, *"To have a word or a sentence in one's hand can be the most paranoid affair any one person could possibly live through in one lifetime."* The accompanying photo shows a picture of the Nuremburg trials.

'Revenge . . .' is more than a stab at any one regime or tyrant; it is an ill-timed lunge at the heart of the victim *and* the tormentor. Occasionally there are direct hits, at other times the blows are lost in a cloud of pretence. What punishes most is not the cut of this loosely garbed 'concept' LP but what you perceive through it. 'Revenge Is Not The Password' but the thought of revenge is a powerful solace.

David Dorrell

A-FORD-ABLE SEA CRUISE

FRANKIE FORD

Let's Take A Sea Cruise *(Ace)*

LET'S TAKE a gander at Frankie Ford's hairstyle before anything else. Old Frank would appear to have been a prime sufferer from the scourge of the '50s rocking classes, dyslexic hair, a mop like an old panscrub that tediously refuses to rearrange itself into that well known phrase or saying — Great Greaser Barnet. Frank has obviously laboured manfully with a ton of petroleum jelly and a box of combs before the cover shot session but, it has to be stated, similar results could have been obtained by wiring the old boy to the mains socket.

Happily, like other great rock 'n' roll stars with minor follicle deviances (Jerry Lee Lewis, Bob Dylan etc) Frank is totally unconcerned and perches happily on a ship's rail between a brace of smiling damsels. The record itself is something of a revelation — being familiar only with the title track and one or two others here, I had no idea that Frankie Ford possessed such a great, dark brown voice.

'Sea Cruise' with its wonderful blaring ship's horn, bells and nautical effects is followed by five immaculate slices of low-down rhythm and blues, recorded mostly in 1960, three or more years before The Rolling Stones brought a similar sound to the attention of our nation's youth.

Frankie Ford's voice is darker than the young Jagger's and a touch more fluid and less strident than similar period Eric Burdon — on the last cut, 'What's Going On' Frankie and his superb band remind irresistibly of Van Morrison with Them.

Side two is more of a mish-mash. The opener is the B-side of 'Sea Cruise', 'Roberta' (on both the cuts Frankie's voice was dubbed over original Huey Smith shots, to make a more commercial proposition) and is excellent. Balladry then rears its dreary head and we wander blandly through a couple, separated by the wonderful 'You Talk Too Much', before Frank and the band resolve things in heroic style with a couple more power shots. A lovely record and a fine tribute to another great, lost talent.

Ray Lowry

THE MIGHTY SPARROW

Edith Piaf's little black dress — and her greatest live LP — reassessed.

EDITH PIAF

Olympia 61 *(Monet)*

BEWARE THE woman in a little black dress. These Bijoux items of clothing connote a certain snake-like subtlety, sophistication, passionate determination and a taste for power. Margaret Thatcher wore one when she was Minister of Education ("with the pearls that Dennis gave me"). And look what happened to her.

As befits a French woman, in the middle years of this century, Edith Piaf's career was strewn with various versions of the little black dress. The first one she ever wore on stage had only one sleeve. Edith, and her half-sister Simone, had knitted it just before the performance, and hadn't time to finish it. Edith had no other clothes to wear. She owned nothing, she lived and worked on the streets as a singer — trained by her father, himself a street acrobat.

It was Edith's big break to have been discovered, and given the status of performing in a night club, but the glory was not to last long. The club's owner was murdered, and she was unfairly tainted with involvement in the crime. For a long time afterwards Edith could not work in Paris. In the South, people only came to gape at the so-called whore whose notoriety had the attractive stench of Parisian corruption about it.

But Edith Piaf's fame soon came to be built on her musical talents, despite the 'bad' company she kept. (Although her gutter accent is still sneered at by those who care about such things.) Her tiny frame (Piaf is slang for sparrow) was always clad in a variety of little black dresses, whose consummate simplicity is only matched by the unique ability of her voice to command people's hearts, irrespective of whether they know French.

'Olympia 61' is a case in point: it's one of Piaf's greatest performances, purified by her commitment to the will to truth. In it her gorgeously rich voice opens windows onto another world of love relationships, so different, yet so alike, our own.

Piaf could be joyous, raucous, vulnerable or indestructible as each song demanded. She sings of an insatiable lust for love, betrayals and jokey friendships, with her own style — an inimitable, peasant slinkiness. All the emotional experiences that go into making her songs ring true could be plotted through a history of her more and more expensive little black dresses (she died 45 *million* francs in debt.) But she would't want such retrospective remembrance. The song 'Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien' ('No, I Regret Nothing') ends with the words *"Sa commence avec toi"* (*"I'll begin again with you"*). The little black dress still rules OK?

Mandy Root

Piaf: sobs from the street. *Pic Keystone Press*

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Thursday 28 April	The Warehouse Liverpool
Friday 29 April	Trent Polytechnic, Nottingham
Saturday 30 April	Warwick University
Sunday 1 May	The Metro Cinema, Manchester
Monday 2 May	Flicks, Dartford
Tuesday 3 May	Canterbury College of Art
Wednesday 4 May	Hatfield Polytechnic
Thursday 5 May	The Academy, Bournemouth
Friday 6 May	Essex University
Saturday 7 May	London School of Economics
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don't touch that D·I·A·L

BY TONY BACON

Portable decks, compact discs, electronic speakers and a recording studio you can "hold in the palm of your hand". TONY BACON rounds up the latest hi-tech fab gadgetry

There's A Difference . . .

Marketing people are perceptive, you know. They've obviously noticed everyone walking around with tiny headphones clamped to their ears and plugged into little boxes. They realise, of course, that this is A Trend. These backroom people further calculate that to modify A Trend slightly and be the first on your block with A Variation On A Trend can mean large intakes of cash. All you need is a catchy name.

Thus Audio Technica, previously known for rather good if ordinary-looking headphones and cartridges, start selling this month their new Sound Burger. "Have a Sound Burger — taste the music," they suggest somewhat cryptically. The Sound Burger is apparently a small, brightly coloured unit that plays singles and LPs, and will feed up to two pairs of headphones.

The Sound Burger is portable, in that it's easy to carry around. But that's as far as its portability goes — don't get the idea that you'll be able to listen to records as you stroll around. Portability in the Sound Burger sense is strictly limited to lugging the thing, in mute mode, from A to B.

Once at B you can use the Burger's batteries or plug it in to the mains via an optional adaptor, shove it through your hi-fi if you wish, gaze lovingly at the red, yellow or silver finish of the unit, and play all your scratched-up faves on what Audio Technica rather carefully describe as "any reasonably level surface".

For the recommended £89.95 retail price you get the Burger itself, a dual magnet cartridge fixed on, one pair folding mini-phones, record-stabiliser -cum-seven-inch adaptor, stereo output lead, batteries, but no relish tray.

Digit Toll

Further to my ramblings in this column on the launch of Compact Disc last month, I've since happened upon more details of the Hitachi player which I mentioned very briefly in passing. Hitachi it is who are responsible for the "You are now witnessing the beginning of a new era in audio technology" ads — my initial conclusions on the Compact Disc system would add a cautious "But only if you have the money and the inclination" to that line.

Hitachi's Compact Disc machine should now be blessed with general availability — it's called the DA1000 and will set you back about £550, putting it on a pricing par with the Sony CDP101 machine and a little above the slightly cheaper Philips and Marantz players which weigh in at just under the 500 quid mark.

The Hitachi DA1000's features include programmability of up to 15 tracks in any order from the disc, disc sampling to hear brief snatches of sound when searching for a particular bit (pun) of music, a memory 'marker', replay and repeat functions, elapsed time read-out, and a three-beam laser system.

Hitachi also claim some variance with other Compact Disc player makers in the critical digital-to-analogue conversion stage, when the digital information stored on the disc and read by the laser beam is unravelled into the analogue signal understood by your conventional amplifier.

Illustration: Catherine Denvir

I've seen a picture of an extremely similar looking player to the Hitachi DA1000 with the brand name Denon attached, so it's possible we may see an extension of the Philip / Marantz arrangement where identical machines are marketed by different companies. This practice is already quite common in the video market, but I don't really see the point as the practice has always seemed merely confusing to me.

More information on the Hitachi DA1000 Compact Disc player from Hitachi Sales UK Ltd, Station Road, Hayes, Middx UB3 4DR. Tel(01-848 8787).

Domestic Hiss

Teac launched their Portastudio four-track cassette system in 1980, and since then the creative possibilities of recording with these neat packages has caused a minor revolution among musicians.

it's not hard to see why — the sheer practical advantage of using cassettes rather than big messy reels of rather wide recording tape makes a good start. Couple this with relatively straightforward operation and the fact that most derivative systems copy Teac's original idea of putting everything in one self-contained unit, and the plusses start to mount up.

New four-track cassette systems are poised to compete for your dosh over the coming year. Fostex, the first to copy the Portastudio idea with their successful 250 Multitracker, are soon bringing out an item mysteriously called the X15. It's a small four-track cassette recorder, honed down to the basic facilities, and will sell at about £300. An optional battery pack makes the X15 truly portable though UK distributor Bandive's claim that you can "hold it in the palm of your hand" seems strained.

Yamaha have a home-recording system beginning to take shape bit by bit, module by module, and will introduce a four-track cassette recorder unit to lock in with the rest of their so-called Producer Series later this year. Romantically dubbed the MT44, it is expected to cost between £300 and £400 — somewhat cheaper than the other systems, but remember that this is really just the tape transport unit and a few controls, and doesn't include a mixer or junction box as do the other integrated machines.

Other makers with four-track cassette plans include Cutec and MTR, although details from these two are hazy. Teac themselves (more accurately Tascam now), the originators, are hanging on to their second generation machine, the Portastudio 244, for the time being, with nothing new having been announced yet.

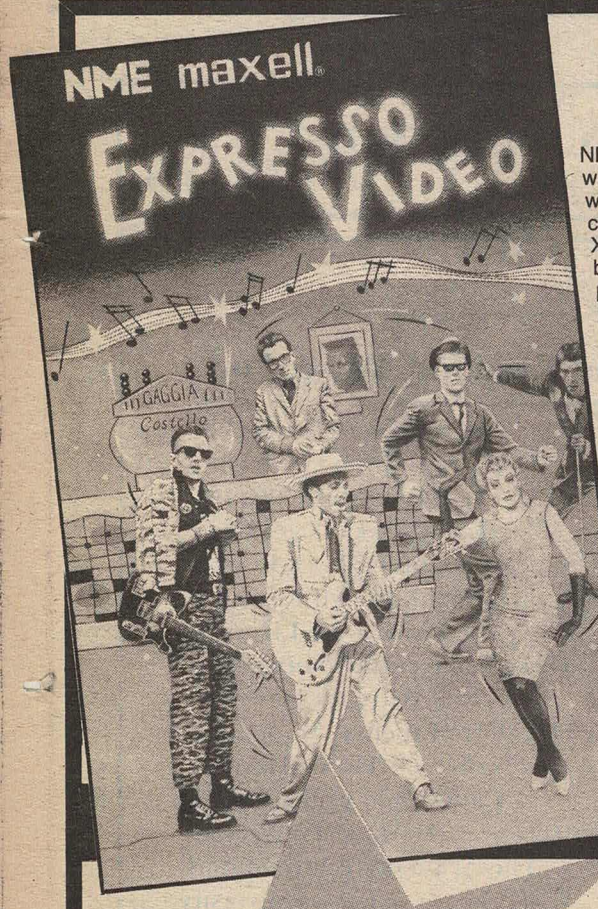
Speakers' Corner

Finally, two pieces of news from a couple of British speaker makers. Questar Electronics have been busily specialising in the rather select area of electronic loudspeakers for some time, and have insisted that this method of driving is far superior to the conventional 'passive' systems that are most commonly used in hi-fi set-ups.

Briefly, electronic loudspeakers employ active circuitry built in to the units' housing which essentially does away with the need for a standard amplifier — the loudspeaker effectively has its own built-in amplifiers, enabling a more precise and accurate sound picture to be created. That's the general theory and claim, anyway.

Usually this type of loudspeaker has been *extremely* expensive, but Questar will shortly be bringing out a new electronic speaker, the QA3, for around £350. More information on this, and electronic speaker techniques in general, from them at 6 The Pleasance, London SW15. Tel: 01-381 0108.

Anyone with speakers made by RAM needing service or spares may like to know that RAM's assets, designs and trademarks (and, helpfully, employees and premises) have been acquired by a new company called RAM Electro-Acoustics Ltd, who've also resumed production of the RAM Compact Design and Domestic Monitor speakers. Service and information enquiries to RAM Electro-Acoustics Ltd, The Granary, Bracondale, Norwich NR1 2EG. tel: (0603) 667232.



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NME tour NEWS

Icelandic outfit's extensive tour

THIRTY BY FORTE!

MEZZOFORTE, the Icelandic jazz-funk band who've been enjoying UK chart success with both their album 'Surprise Surprise' and single 'Garden Party', will be undertaking a lengthy British tour between June 5 and July 17. Dates so far confirmed are at Middlesborough Town Hall (June 5), Croydon Fairfield Hall (12), Margate Winter Gardens (18), Lincoln Theatre Royal (19) and London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion (30).

Concorde Management are currently finalising a further 26 dates, and expect to announce the full schedule in a couple of weeks. Meanwhile, the band are back in London again this month to record their follow-up single and — following their early summer tour — they'll be staying on here to record their next album.

Model Army march on

NEW MODEL ARMY are going out on a 16-date tour, starting as special guests of Gun Club at London Strand Lyceum on April 24. Then, together with Bradford poet Joolz, they play North Ormsby Pavilion (April 30), Leeds Roundhay Park (May 1), Keighley Victoria Hotel (2), London Tottenham Middlesex Polytechnic (4), Preston Warehouse (12), Dudley J.B.'s (13), Colne Francs (14), Newcastle Dingwalls (17), Sheffield Dingwalls (18), Liverpool Dingwalls (19) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (25), with another six still to be confirmed. They've just signed with newly formed label Quiet Records, and the tour ties in with the release of their new EP on which the tracks are 'Bittersweet', 'Betcha' and 'Tension', with initial copies containing a free live flexi-disc — distribution is by Pinnacle and The Cartel.

Wavebands: ICA new rock week

WAVEBANDS is the name of the latest Rock Week to be staged by London's Institute of Contemporary Arts at its theatre in The Mall. The six shows have each been chosen by various disc-jockeys from the independent radio network, who will all be present to host their selections and operate the turntables — these include three from London's Capital Radio, who are again sponsoring the event. Tickets are £3.25 nightly, and the full line-up is:

APRIL 19: Roman Holliday, The Republic, Swimming To France and DJ Charlie Gillett (London). APRIL 20: Carmel, Friends Again, The Marine Girls and DJ Gary Crowley (London). APRIL 21: Arema, Laurel & Hardy, One Blood and DJ David Rodigan (London). APRIL 22: Phil Jones of Afraid Of Mice, Personal Column, Freeze Frame and DJ Phil Easton (Liverpool). APRIL 23: Syncopation, 52nd Street, The D-Notes and DJ Mark Radcliffe (Manchester). APRIL 24: Jank Mamba, Verba Verba, Makaton Chat and DJ Roger Lewis (Teeside).

DRIFTERS DRIFT BACK—

THE DRIFTERS, starring both Ben E. King and Bill Fredericks, return to the UK at the end of this month for an extensive spring tour. Dates confirmed are at London Enfield Starklight Rooms (April 29 and 30), London Lewisham Concert Hall (May 1), Watford Bailey's (9-14), Stockport Davenport (15), Birmingham Night Out (17-21), Kendal Leisure Centre (22), Cardiff St. David's Hall (25), Purfleet Circus Tavern (26-28), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (31), Swindon Brunel Rooms (June 1), Fareham Collingwood Club (2), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (3), Eastbourne Kings Club (4), Hull City Hall (8), Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall (9) and a return to London Enfield Starlight (10 and 11). Promoter is Arthur Howes.

Mizarolli goes provincial

JOHN MIZAROLLI, who recently completed a string of London club dates, is just starting a new one-nighter series — this time taking him into the provinces. Fronting a six piece band (including ex-Maggie Bell keyboards man Chris Parren and ex-Jody Street bassist Henry Thomas), he plays Colchester Woods Club (tonight, Thursday), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (April 26), Newcastle Polytechnic (May 6), Treforest Wales Polytechnic (8), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (13), London Finchley Torrington (19), Brighton Pavilion Theatre (27 and 28) and London Greenwich Mitre (June 3), with more being set. Carrere have just released his new single 'Granny Did It', taken from his latest album 'Message From The 5th Stone'.

Mambas bite back in London

MARC & THE MAMBAS re-emerge into the limelight at the end of this month, now that Marc Almond has evidently completed his short round of 'The Art Of Falling Apart' dates with Soft Cell. They are playing three nights at London Duke of York's Theatre (St. Martin's Lane) on April 27, 28 and 29, under the title of "3 Black Nights Of Little Black Bites".

These will be the Mambas' first British appearances since the new line-up made their debut in Israel last month. They'll be performing material from their upcoming Some Bizzare album 'Torment And Toreadors', as well as other songs from their repertoire — and there'll be various guests, plus flamenco dancers each night. Tickets at £5 and £4.50 are available from the box-office and usual agents, and there's a special reduction for Cellmates (£4).

IAN GILLAN TAKING A SABBATICAL

BLACK SABBATH have acquired as their new singer no less a luminary than Ian Gillan, who broke up his own band in December at the end of a lengthy UK tour, because doctors had advised him to take a year off singing lest he should irreparably damage his voice. Also back in the line-up is original drummer Bill Ward, and these two join the long-standing nucleus of Tony Iommi and Geezer Butler.

They are currently rehearsing in Birmingham, and initial plans are for festival appearances in Europe, followed by a major UK open-air event in August — probably the Reading Festival. There'll be a short British tour in September, then they're off to the States in October. A new single and EP are scheduled for July release, with an album due in late summer.

Gillan says that his throat inflammation has now gone, and he feels perfectly fit to assume his new role, particularly as the band won't be touring until the summer. Virgin say that Gillan is still contracted to them as a solo artist but, although they have some material in the can, there are no release plans in the foreseeable future.

Jimmy Cliff, Prince Charles (eh?) due

JIMMY CLIFF has been lined up for his first British appearances since he performed in last summer's Knebworth Jazz Festival — at London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (April 29 and 30) and Birmingham Odeon (May 1), and tickets are on sale now at the two box-offices and usual agents. Following his 1982 Knebworth spot and the release of his latest CBS album 'Special', Cliff undertook an extensive US co-headlining tour with Peter Tosh. Now he's returning to the UK, as part of a whirlwind European tour.

PRINCE CHARLES — the self-styled King of the Jungle, Lord of the Universe and Defender of the Funk — visits Britain for the first time next month, and he'll be playing three dates with his City Beat Band as part of a European tour. The venues at which homage may be paid are London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (May 12), Manchester Hacienda Club (13) and Birmingham Powerhouse (15). Charles and the band's second album 'Stone Killers', previously only available on imported cassette, is being released on vinyl by Virgin on April 22 — and a single lifted from the LP, titled 'Cash (Cash Money)', is already out.

PRINCE CHARLES

SPRINGSTEEN: JUST AN IDEA!

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN for Britain? Well, rumour is rife within the hallowed precincts of CBS Records that he will be returning here later this year. Unfortunately, neither they nor we have so far been able to confirm it.

ANOTHER ACE HAND

FLAG OF CONVENIENCE and Punilux (the erstwhile Punishment of Luxury) appear in concert at London Brixton The Ace on Friday April 22. This is one of several new bookings by that enterprising venue, and among others not already reported by *NME* are The Adicts, The Newtown Neurotics and Attila The Stockbroker (April 28); Carmel and Laurel & Hardy (30); and The Chi-Lites (May 5). The show on May 7 teams The Enid, Solstice and Pendragon.

Sixteen China-towns on hit list

CRISIS ON CIRCUIT

CHINA CRISIS have finally got around to confirming a major UK tour, their most extensive to date. They originally intended to go on the road two months ago, and even announced their dates and venues, but scrapped them 48 hours later due to heavy recording and rehearsal commitments — though, to their credit, the cancellation was swift enough to prevent that schedule from being printed in the music papers.

The fruits of these recording sessions will emerge in the summer as a new Virgin album, to follow their No. 15 hit 'Difficult Shapes & Passive Rhythms'. And as the successor to their Top Ten success 'Christian', they'll have a new single to coincide with the tour, which comprises:

Glasgow Tiffany's (May 20), Dundee University (21), Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom (22), Edinburgh Coasters (23), Newcastle Mayfair (25), Sheffield Polytechnic (26), Birmingham Polytechnic (27), Bradford University (28), Manchester Ritz (29), Liverpool Royal Court (30), Nottingham Rock City (June 1), Norwich East Anglia University (3), Aylesbury Friars (4), Bristol Locarno (5), Brighton Top Rank (6) and London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (7).

EX-SCORPION ULI ROTH SETS THREE CONCERTS

ULI ROTH is the renowned former Scorpions lead guitarist, though he hasn't played in Britain since he toured here with that band in 1979. But now he's returning to the UK stage with his own group Electric Sun to headline three major concerts — Birmingham Odeon (May 20), Newcastle City Hall (21) and London Hammersmith Odeon (23) — promoted by Phil McIntyre. It's expected that the band will be a five-piece, possibly with two drummers, and personnel so far confirmed are ex-Jethro Tull drummer Clive Bunker, Ule Ritgen (bass) and David Lennox (keyboards). Roth is now based in Britain and plans major outdoor appearances later in the year. A new Electric Sun album is due in late summer, and an announcement regarding a label deal will be made shortly.

SLY STONE RETURNS

SLY & THE FAMILY STONE will be back in the UK next month after a lengthy absence, and dates are being lined up for them from late May to early July. They are being brought in by the Barry Collings Agency (0702 43464), who have also set up visits by The Detroit Emeralds (June), Miami disco band The Extras (June-July) and The Hues Corporation, the original recorders of 'Rock The Boat' (June-July).

Electric Ballroom resumes

LONDON'S Electric Ballroom in Camden, a regular rock centre until a couple of years ago, is to re-open shortly. This follows extensive soundproofing and the fulfilling of other GLC requirements. It's to be operated by a company called Ballroom Blitz, who will initially operate on a low-key basis of about one show per fortnight. First bill to be confirmed is on May 14 with The Higsons, Farmer's Boys and Serious Drinking — though there will probably be an opening show prior to that. Set for June 11 are Shriekback and Jah Wobble. Admission is £3 — live music from 8 to 11.30pm, followed by a disco.

Saxon: last week's left-over

SAXON, as reported last week, headline an all-day event at Leeds Queens Hall on May 28. Advance tickets at £6 are available from the box-office, and here is the list of other outlets: Barkers (Leeds), Bostocks (Bradford), Sound Effects (York), J.A.T.(Wakefield), Virgin (Sheffield and Newcastle), Bradley's (Halifax and Huddersfield), Pride Records (Grimsby), Piccadilly Records (Manchester), The Box Office (Lincoln), Re-Cords (Derby), Penny Lane (Chester and Liverpool), Ames (Blackburn), Mike Lloyd (Hanley), Revolver (Leicester), Selecta Disc (Nottingham), Lotus (Stafford) and Keith Prowse (London). Also available by post (with SAE) from The Box Office, Queens Hall, Sovereign Street, Leeds LS1 4AJ.

THE JACKSONS, as we said in our last issue, are planning UK dates in September. But you may have wondered why last week's news item appeared to have been cut short. Well (would you believe?), the final paragraph fell off the page before it was photographed for printing! Sorry about that, and this is the bit you missed...Michael Jackson also has plans to record this year with both Barbra Streisand and Frank Sinatra, and the group may have to allow for this in setting up their tour plans — though he has said that a Jacksons tour is No.1 priority this year, and certainly their UK promoter is sweating on it for September.

MARQUEE KORNERS TWO STONES

ALEXIS KORNER will have an all-star backing when he plays London Marquee on April 28 and 29, as part of the club's 25th anniversary celebrations — including two of The Rolling Stones, Charlie Watts and Bill Wyman. Keyboards men will be Georgie Fame (28) and Ian Stewart (29). Others include Dick Heckstall-Smith, John Pickard and Ruby Turner, with more star guests still to be announced. Both shows will be recorded by Radio 1 for their *In Concert* series.

HEY! ELASTICA, who are currently rehearsing a new rhythm section, play a short Scottish tour later this month — visiting Bannockburn Tamdhu (April 21), Edinburgh Moray House College (22), Kirkcaldy Abbotshall Hotel (23), Arbroath Smokies (24), Glasgow Henry Afrika's (28) and Livingston Melville's (29). This is the prelude to a longer UK tour, details of which are now being finalised.

RANTERS REVENGE is the title of a special event being staged at London Wapping B2 Gallery on Saturday, April 23 (7pm). It's subtitled "The Alternative Poetry Olympics", and those involved are Little Dave, Benjamin Zephaniah, Joolz, Attila The Stockbroker, Seething Wells and Little Brother, plus surprise ranters. Admission is £3 (or £2 concessions), and the evening is being recorded for an album.

KELVINGROVE Free Music Festival in Glasgow's Kelvingrove Park (sponsored by Radio Clyde) stages its rock event on Sunday, May 22 (1-7.30pm). Confirmed bands include Chasar, China White, Glasgow, H20, The Dolphins, The Kissing Bandits and The Royal Family. There's also a folk event the previous day (2-7pm), and both days are being recorded by Radio Clyde for subsequent broadcast. Admission is free, but there are no overnight camping facilities. Last year, more than 9000 people attended over the two days.

BO DIDDLEY, whose four selected London appearances were announced last week, has now extended his upcoming visit to take in a few provincial dates. The first two confirmed are Derby Blue Note (April 27) and Hull Dingwalls (30).

LOUISIANA RED, the near-legendary veteran blues man, is one of the stars of this year's Lincoln Festival. He appears at the city's Silvergate Ballroom on Thursday, May 5.

LASERUIM at London's Planetarium will be featuring the music of The Beatles on Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings throughout the summer. 'Laserock 2' continues on weekdays with music by Pink Floyd, Gary Numan and Led Zeppelin, among others.

SARACEN have May dates at Guildford Wooden Bridge (5), Bridgwater Arts Centre (7), Reading Target Club (12), Maidenhead Bell (13), Birmingham Golden Eagle (26), Oxford Pennyfarthing (27) and Bristol Granary (28), with more being set.

KOWALSKI, the German four-piece whose album 'Overman Underground' was released here by Virgin in January, have been named as special guests on the Spear Of Destiny tour opening this weekend.

ROCK GODDESS, currently on tour with Fastway, have expanded into a four-piece. They've recruited 20-year-old Kat Burbela as second lead guitarist, to join the nucleus of Jody Turner (lead guitar), Tracey Lamb (bass) and Julie Turner (drums).

KAJAGOOGOO, whose first major tour opens on May 3, have had to switch their May 9 concert from Brighton Dome to Portsmouth Guildhall — this is because of problems at the Dome. Tickets are on sale now.

JOHN MARTYN has added three dates to his spring tour — at Newcastle Dingwalls (April 20), Hull Dingwalls (21) and Chippenham Goldiggers (27). But his previously announced April 30 date in Plymouth has been cancelled.

CROWN OF THORNS, whose current single 'Kingdom Come' has been figuring in the indie charts, are undertaking a short promotional tour. It's highlighted by a gig at London New Merlin's Cave on May 6, when they'll be featuring a revolutionary new 3D light show and accompanying special effects, plus a surprise guest act. Other dates are coventry General Wolfe (April 21), Colne Francs (23) and London Lyceum with the Sex Gang Children (May 15).

DAVE VANIAN's first live venture outside The Damned is in an all-night event called *No Rest For The Wicked* at London Kings Cross Scala Club on April 23 (doors open 11pm). Also featured are Blood And Roses, Brigandage and Carcrash International (including Dave from Sex Gang Children and Lester from Crisis) — plus The Wet Paint Theatre Co, films, juggler, magician and belly dancer. Tickets are £4.50 (advance) and £5 (doors), and refreshments are available all night.

DAMBALA, who recently released their debut album 'Azania' on Dada Music, are playing their first UK gig for some time tomorrow (Friday) at London Paddington Peoples Club — tickets from Blue Bird Records, 155 Church Street, W.2. Further dates are planned.

THE AVANT GARDENERS are playing three London specials this weekend — at the Culture Bunker (tonight, Thursday), Brixton The Garage (Friday) and Wapping B2 Gallery (Saturday). They'll be featuring material from their albums 'Dig It' and 'Church Of The Inner Cosmos', as well as from their upcoming LP 'The Aztec's Revenge'.

QUAZAR are a Devon band who've been building a fair reputation in the South West since last year. Now they're uptight because the respective sons of John Lennon and Lemmy have just formed a band which they, too, are calling Quazar — though maybe those two illustrious sons were totally unaware of their namesake's existence. Anyway, the Devon group are about to release their first single, so maybe they'll make the charts first!

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Sixties acts are sought — to pay them royalties

BAM-CARUSO have previously specialised in working with other companies on back catalogue reissues, but now they've formed their own label, with a view to re-releasing obscure singles from the 1966-69 period — none of them were hits, and all sank without trace, but they've now become much sought after and minor cult classics. First three releases will take the form of compilation albums — but the trouble is that many of the acts concerned have now disappeared, and the company is anxious to trace them, so they can receive the royalties to which they're entitled. So if you were involved in any of the following, make yourself known to Bam-Caruso Records, 4 Liverpool Road, St. Albans, Herts...

Two Much, The Kaleidoscope, The Cymbaline, Cuby & The Blizzards, Jago Simms, Caleb, Tempus Fugit, Unit 4 Plus 2, Family Dogg, Renee & Raj, The Almond Lettuce, Schubert, Rings & Things, The Californians, The Jason Crest, Made In Sheffield, Finders Keepers, The Mirage, Wimple Winch, The Hush, The Mirror, Harsh Reality, Steve Rowland, The Open Mind, Steve Davis, The Dakotas, Jaqueline Taieb, The Eyes, The Jets, The Five Card Stud, The Graded Grains, The Living Daylights, The Craig, The Portobello Explosion, Malcolm Holland, Chicago Line, Little Darlings, The Muleskinners, Gary Walker & The Rain, The Farinas, Martin Cure & The Peeps.

● The multi-talented **Rupert Hine** has his new single 'Living In Sin' released by A&M on April 29, and it features Robert Palmer on additional lead vocals. It's a track from Hine's newly completed album 'The Wildest Wish To Fly', due out in early summer.

● **The Secret Seven** is something of a misnomer in that they are, in fact, a four-piece. The Manchester band have just signed a worldwide deal with Bronze Records, and have their debut single 'Hold On To Love' issued this weekend in both 7" and 12" formats, the latter an extended version. They're currently planning a series of UK dates, details to follow.

record NEWS

MOTOWN'S MANIFESTO

MOTOWN RECORDS go to town this month with a large batch of releases. There's the latest album from *The Commodores* called 'All The Greatest Hits' which, although carrying the same title as the American release, contains six more tracks. *Lionel Richie* has a new single out called 'My Love', the third to be taken from his debut album, and initial copies come in a special wrap-around poster. And new signing *Monalisa Young* — who's previously worked with Joe Cocker, Helen Reddy and Connie Stevens, and originally joined Motown as a backing vocalist — releases her version of The Jacksons' hit 'Dancing Machine'.

Two classic albums are being reissued — 'More Hits' by *Diana Ross & The Supremes* dating from 1965, and 'The Original Motortown Revue — Recorded Live' which stems from 1964 (with *Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye, Kim Weston, Mary Wells* and *Smokey Robinson*, among others). Finally, there's a batch of ten double-play EP cassettes by *Diana Ross, Stevie Wonder, The Four Tops, The Temptations, Jimmy Ruffin, Jr Walker, Smokey Robinson* and *Martha & The Vandellas*, plus two compilations.

●RCA are releasing ten cassette-only EPs on April 22, each containing four tracks and expected to retail at about £2.25. They feature *Bucks Fizz, Kids From Fame, Odyssey, Bow Wow Wow, Eddy Grant, Elvis Presley, Hall & Oates, Bonnie Tyler, Evelyn King* and *Ottawan.*

THE PIRANHAS' follow-up to their 'Zambesi' hit is called 'Easy Come Easy Go', an adaptation of an original Afrikaans song, and released by Dakota Records this week. The group have also filmed a video for the single, which features (among others) Buster Bloodvessel of Bad Manners, Humphrey Lyttelton and The Queen's double Jeannette Charles!

PHILIP JAP releases his first album for A&M Records on April 22, and the self-named set includes his two singles 'Save Us' and 'Total Erasure'. Producers include such renowned names as Trevor Horn (ABC and Malcolm McLaren), Tony Mansfield (Mari Wilson and Captain Sensible) and Colin Thurston (Duran Duran and Kajagoogoo).

ROBERT WYATT's classic single 'Shipbuilding' is being reissued by Rough Trade on April 22, due to consistent demand — it was written for him by Elvis Costello and Clive Langer, and they also produced along with Alan Winstanley. The fold-out sleeve features a section from Stanley Spencer's mural at the Imperial War Museum, *Shipbuilding On The Clyde*. The B-side is another Wyatt classic 'Memories Of You'.

MAZE — who have already sold out their UK concerts next month, including four at Hammersmith Odeon — have their new album 'We Are One' issued by Capitol on April 25, containing eight new songs by lead singer Frankie Beverly. A single 'Love Is The Key'/'Lady Of Magic' precedes it next Monday in both 7" and 12", the latter containing an extended A-side.

BAD MANNERS release their first single of the year on Magnet this week — titled 'That'll Do Nicely', it's a skanking send-up of a TV advertising catch-phrase, and the coupling is 'Monster Love'. The 12-inch format has an express mix of the A-side, plus a bonus track called 'King Scafa'.

DARTS, currently appearing in the West End musical *Yakety Yak*, return to the recording scene this week after a two year absence — and now they're on their own Choice Cuts label, manufactured and distributed by Spartan. Their new single is 'The Mystery Of Ragoula'.

GEOFF DEANE & The Valley Girls release their debut single 'Navy Lark'/'Red Hot Polka' on WEA Records. Deane is the former Modern Romance front man, who absconded from that group last year, while the back-up girls are Andree (16) and Vanessa (19).

XTC are back with a new Virgin single on April 22, 'Great Fire'/'Gold', both tasters from the band's upcoming sixth album. The 12-inch format carries two extra Andy Partridge compositions, 'Frost Circus' and 'Procession Towards Learning Land', which are numbers 5 and 6 in the 'Homo Safari' series.

THE MAISONETTES this weekend release a 12-inch night-club version of their current single 'Where I Stand'. Meanwhile, original pressings of the seven-inch format have become a collectors item, as they have now been withdrawn and replaced by a completely new version — the difference can be spotted from the matrix number, the new cut being RSG2A2.

DAVID VAN DAY, one half of the now-defunct Dollar, has his first solo single released by WEA Records on April 22 — it's called 'Young Americans Talking'.

CAN, the German band who've been going in fits and starts for the past 15 years, release a 12-inch single on the Cherry Red label this weekend. It features 'Moonshake' and 'One More Night' (both previously included on albums), plus the hitherto unissued 'Turtles Have Short Legs'. The company hopes to make a batch of unreleased and classic Can material available in the coming months.

TEARS FOR FEARS follow their 'Change' hit with a new single released by Phonogram this weekend — it is 'Pale Shelter'/'We Are Broken', taken from their chart album 'The Hurting'. There's also a 12-inch format featuring a new extended version of the A-side.

PHIL EVERLY releases his self-named album on Capitol on April 25, and it includes his hit single tracks with Cliff Richard. A new Everly single from the LP features Mark Knopfler on guitar — titled 'Sweet Pretender' and coupled with 'Better Than Now', it's out this week.

RODDY FRAME of Aztec Camera

AZTEC CAMERA release their debut album 'High Land, Hard Rain' on Rough Trade Records this weekend — it contains their current indie hit single 'Oblivious'. Their next single will be a completely re-recorded version of 'Walk Out To Winter' (produced by Tony Mansfield of Mari Wilson fame) coupled with a new track called 'Set The Killing Free', and release date will be announced shortly.

ROBIN GIBB of The Bee Gees has signed a worldwide solo recording deal with Polydor International, and his first single 'Juliet'/'Hearts On Fire' is released this weekend. His debut solo album 'How Old Are You', featuring ten new tracks written and produced by Robin and his brother Maurice, follows in May. Of course, this doesn't signify the end of The Bee Gees, who are currently recording the soundtrack to *Stayin' Alive* — the sequel to *Saturday Night Fever*.

MUSICAL YOUTH have a new single out this week called 'Heartbreaker', just in case you haven't already heard it, and MCA reckon it could be their biggest hit to date. The B-side is 'Rockers', and both songs were on their album 'The Youth Of Today', but here they've been slightly changed. The 12-incher also contains 'Pass The Dutchie'.

TWISTED SISTER, the five-piece New York outfit currently touring Britain, release their debut Atlantic album 'You Can't Stop Rock'n'Roll' on April 22. It features ten new tracks written by vocalist and rap exponent Dee Snider, including their hit single 'I Am (I'm Me)'.

Interdisc outlook

INTERDISC is the latest project of Carol Wilson (who formed Dindisc in 1979 and there signed OMD, The Revillos and Martha & The Muffins) and Paula Adams (who formed Happy Birthday Records in 1980, with a roster including Girls At Our Best and Thomas Dolby). They've just signed a deal for the distribution of their Interdisc label through Island. Their roster includes former Fallout Club member Trevor Herion, who's currently recording his first album with Culture Club producer Steve Levine — and Gardening By Moonlight (namely John Johnson and Duncan Bridgman), whose single 'Strange News' has just been released, with an LP to follow in May.

●Bridge House Records release the final **Wasted Youth** album on April 29, titled 'The Beginning Of The End'. Consisting of previously unissued tracks, it traces their career from their first-ever recording in mid-1979, to the last encore of their farewell gig at London The Venue last December. The first 5000 copies come with a free live single from the same Venue gig, 'Do The Cavemen'.

●**Tronics** — the London based quintet whose members are frequently to be found guesting with the likes of Jimmy Page, Bonnie Tyler, Toyah and The Revillos — release a new single on Red Rhino Records this weekend, 'Wildcat Rock'/'Tonight'.

●**Narada Michael Walden** has produced his own version of The Four Tops' 1966 chart-topper 'Reach Out I'll Be There' for his new Atlantic single, released on April 22.

POP EYES BY DAX

DANIELLE DAX — formerly with the now-defunct Lemon Kittens, with whom she recorded two albums and an EP, as well as making many memorable stage appearances — has signed a solo deal with the Initial Recording Company. Her first album, released on April 22 and distributed by Pinnacle, is called 'Pop Eyes' — and it's performed, composed and produced entirely by the girl herself.

●New York group **The Comateens** release their debut single for Virgin on April 22, titled 'The Late Mistake' and coupled with 'Ice Machine'. The 12-incher has a third song called 'Picture On A String', which is the title track from their upcoming album. They hope to be touring here later in the year.

Radio, disc deal for young bands

THE SEARCH for the Young London Band of the Year is on, in a joint venture between LBC's *Jellybone* programme, Oracle's *Blue Suede Views* and Stiff Records. Any London-based band who haven't yet had a single released are invited to send in their demos, with a view to having them played on *Jellybone* broadcast every Saturday morning (10am-noon). The ten "most airworthy" will be played week by week, and listeners will be invited to phone in their comments — on the strength of which, the most promising band will ultimately be chosen and taken into the studios by Stiff. The address for tapes (all will be returned) is Julian Newby, Oracle ITV, Craven House, 25-32 Marshall Street, London W1V 1LL.

● 'The Whip' album is being released by Kamera Records on April 23. It's a concept or "theme" LP, featuring tracks written and inspired by the attitude and works of French surrealist Lautre Mont. It includes contributions from **Brilliant, Marc Almond, Brigandage, Dave Vanian, Play Dead, Short Commercial Break, Slave Drive** (formerly UK Decay), **Blood And Roses** and **Sex Gang Children** — plus the latter's bassist **Dave Roberts,** who created the whole idea along with Pat Nelson.

THE RICH KIDS released their debut album 'Ghosts Of Princes In Towers' in September 1978 and, since their subsequent split, the LP has become a collectors item — while the group themselves developed into something of an enigma. Now, due to considerable demand and interest, EMI is reissuing the album this week in its mid-price range. Pictured here at the time of recording are (left to right) STEVE NEW, MIDGE URE, RUSTY EGAN and GLEN MATLOCK.

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

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Featuring from the USA
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Saturday 16th April (Adm £2.50)
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With Special Guest Appearances
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Tuesday 19th April (Adm £2.00)
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Anniversary Appearance of
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Featuring Eric Bell, Victor Brox, Dick Heckstall-Smith, Stretch, Dave Moore, Diana Wood, Keith Tillman, John O'Leary
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

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Wednesday 20th April	S.P.K. U.T. THE BIG COMBO	£2.50*
Thursday 21st April	MARCH VIOLETS GENE LOVES JEZEBEL RITUAL	£2.50*
COMING SOON		
26th April	BO DIDDLEY + THE NIGHTINGALES	£4.00
28th April	THE ADICTS + Atila The Stockbroker + The Newtown Neurotics	£2.50
29th April	THE MONOCHROME SET + THE FRANK CHICKENS and Surpise guests	£3.00
30th April	CARMEL + LAUREL & HARDY	£3.00
5th May	THE CHI-LITES	£3.50

All Gigs marked * ½ price to Ace Cardholders.

Tickets on Sale Now — at Red Records + Premier Box Office + London Theatre Bookings + Rough Trade + The Cage in the gear Market (Punk Gigs only) — Kings Road — ALL SHOWS DOORS 7.30 pm

FAC 51 THE HAÇIENDA

Thursday 14th April
DURRUTTI COLUMN
Wednesday 20th April
THE GUN CLUB
Thursday 21st April
KLAUSE SCHULZE
Wednesday 4th May
LITTLE STEVEN AND THE DISCIPLES OF SOUL
Thursday 5th May
VICIOUS PINK PHENOMENA

N.B.Monday-Thursday Admission Free to Members before 11.00p.m. This does not apply to nights Live acts appear.
Monday night is now funk night with HEWAN CLARKE and special guest MIKE SHAFT
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061-236 5051

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TEL: 485 9006 CAMDEN TOWN

TUES 26th APRIL — BIRTHDAY PARTY £3.00 + SPECIMEN
DOORS OPEN 8.00
MAY 14th — HIGSONS + FARMERS BOY'S
MAY 21ST — FALL + SUPPORT.
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DOMINION THEATRE

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS present
ROGER CHAPMAN and **THE SHORTLIST** + SPECIAL GUESTS
Thursday 21st April 8pm
TICKETS £4.00 £3.50
AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE (01 580 9562) & USUAL AGENTS

~ THE LEADMILL ~

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SUNDAY 17TH APRIL
GIL SCOTT-HERON
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PLUS - THE REDSKINS - AND
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SHEFFIELD TOP RANK
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SAT	APRIL 16 - JAB JAB
SUN	APRIL 17 - FREE ALL-DAYER FOR GIL SCOTT-HERON TICKET-HOLDERS
SAT	APRIL 23 - VENDINO PACT
SAT	APRIL 30 - TOM ROBINSON
SUN	MAY 1ST - ROY HARPER
TUE	MAY 3 - COMPASS THEATRE IN REFUGEES
WED	MAY 4 - MAINSQUEEZE
THUR	MAY 5 - WEAPON OF PEACE

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LINDISFARNE
April 14th—18th
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Friday April 15th
DEAD MANS SHADOWS
+Maumas
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TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS
+Support
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Doors Open 8.00 pm Main band on at 9.30 pm

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Thursday 14th April £2.50
THE DANCING DID
+The Thin Men
+The Persian Versions
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THE BAND AKA
The Venue will be closed for re-decorations.
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MCP presents
FRANK MARINO
and
MAHOGONY RUSH
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
FRI 29th APRIL, 8.00pm
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BASIL BALLS UP BAND	
Thursday 14th April	£1.00
VIN ORDINAIRE	
Friday 15th April	£1.00
THE 45'S	
Saturday 16th April	£1.50
SALT	
Sunday 17th April	£1.00
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Monday 18th April	£1.00
THE EXCEPTIONS	
Tuesday 19th April	£1.50
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Free admission for girls
Drinks 50p all night!

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TUES. "NOTHING BUT A PARTY" Sounds of the swinging 60s £5 Boys £4 Girls
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EVERY SAT. is NEW YEAR'S EVE! Drinks 50p with Free Bubbly at midnight! Plus live cabaret! Entrance £5.00
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the belle stars
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SUNDAY 1st MAY 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.50
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+ RUSH RELEASE EP "JOHANNESBURG"
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Saturday 16th April	£1.50
SAD AMONG STRANGERS +It's A Tightrope	
Sunday 17th April	£1.00
THE B'ZUKAS +The Modern Dance Band	
Monday 18th April	£1.00
THE TENDER TRAP +Hoo Ha	
Tuesday 19th April	£1.00
INFACTION +Support	
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Real Ale served 7.30—11.00pm

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SPEAR OF DESTINY
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PAUL WELLER'S RESPOND PACKAGE
staring
TRACIE VAUGHAN TOULOUSE & THE QUESTIONS
Sunday 8th May
SPIDER RAVEN
Plus Special guests
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VILLIERS STREET WC 2
Derek Block presents
PHILIP JAP
PLUS KING
MONDAY 9th MAY 9.30pm
TICKETS 3.00 in advance 3.50 on door
FROM LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, KEITH PROWSE, STAR GREEN ROUGH TRADE AND USUAL AGENTS

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Thursday 21st April — KING
Admission £2.00 before 10.00 p.m.
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BANK HOLIDAY SPECIAL
MAY 2nd
Live On Stage
The Respond Records Package
Featuring
THE QUESTIONS
TRACIE
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Friday 22nd April. Doors open 8.00 p.m.
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A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
Plus Special Guests
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TUESDAY 26th APRIL 7.30 p.m.
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NO REST FOR THE WICKED An All Night Event
On Saturday April 23rd
THE SCALA CLUB 275-277 Pentonville Road
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BRIGANDAGE BLOOD AND ROSES
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(Featuring Dave Sex Gang)
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HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS, presents
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MONDAY 2nd MAY 7.30pm
ADVANCE TICKETS £4.50
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THUR 14 FROM U.S.A. SENSATIONAL DOO-WOP ACCAPELLO FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL THE ULTRAMARINES
FRI 15 LAVERNE BROWN MATAYA
SAT 16 FROM NEWCASTLE EAST SIDE TORPEDOES SALAMANDER
MON 18 SHOUT RECORDS SHOWCASE THE SINES, HACK HACK MASKED ORCHESTRA
TUES 19 THE HEARTBEATS EXPOSURE
WED 20 THE HOST OF TOASTERS REGGAE DISCO. GUEST TOASTERS. DANCE ALL NIGHT LONG
THUR 21 JUMPiN JiVE BAND CHEVALIER BROTHERS
FRI 22 RODDY RADIATION & THE TEARJERKERS +POPSICLE
SAT 23 THE COBRAS +CAMPFABULOUS

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Waterloo St. City Centre, Newcastle Upon Tyne Tel. 0632 324156
FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER
WED 13 THE NEWCASTLE RESIDENCY EAST SIDE TORPEDOES
THUR 14 FROM JAMAICA, PRINCE HAMMER +UNDIVIDED ROOTS
FRI 15 SEAFOOD JIVE
SAT 16 HEAVY METAL NIGHT STARFIGHTERS RECENT SUPPORT ON ACIDC TOUR
MON 18 JENK MEMBA THE JEANS, GO FLAMINGO
TUES 19 SPEAR of DESTINY + KOWALSKI
WED 20 EXCLUSIVE TO DINGWALLS —ONLY CLUB DATE— JOHN MARTYN
THUR 21 REGGAE NIGHT KING SOUNDS & THE ISRAELITES
FRI 22 FROM USA THE GUN CLUB
THUR 28 BO DIDDLEY

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MON 18 RADIO BRISTOL 6 O'CLOCK ROCK SHOW PRESENTS TONY DODD + THE ROCKING ROBERT ALL-STARS CRAZY TRAINS
WED 20 THE ENID
THUR 21 SPEAR of DESTINY + KOWALSKI
FRI 22 R&B NIGHT THE INMATES ☆ DIRECT FROM LONDON!!
SAT 23 SWINGING LAURELS

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THUR 14 SEE LOCAL ADS
FRI 15 THE ROOM
SAT 16 SUZI QUATRO
MON 18 CANDY OPERA, SISTER MOON SNATCH
TUES 19 REGGAE NIGHT KING SOUNDS & THE ISRAELITES
THUR 21 SEE LOCAL ADS
FRI 22 MORRISSEY/ MULLEN BAND
SAT 23 LIMELIGHT
TUES 26 REGGAE NIGHT BLACK SLATE
YES, YOU WANT A... VERY IMPORTANT CROW (CARD) RING OR WRITE FOR DETAILS PRIVILEGE POWER
NOW OPEN TILL 2 am

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THUR 14 ZOOT + THE ROOTS + PLEASE MYSELF
FRI 15 HEAVY METAL NIGHT STARFIGHTERS RECENT SUPPORT ON ACIDC TOUR
SAT 16 BIG COUNTRY
TUES 19 THE NERVE
WED 20 G.B.H.
THUR 21 VISION
FRI 22 LIMELIGHT
SAT 23 FROM USA THE GUN CLUB

HULL
38 46 George St. Hull Tel. 0482 20048
FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER
WED 13 FROM JAMAICA, PRINCE HAMMER +UNDIVIDED ROOTS
THUR 14 HEAVY METAL NIGHT STARFIGHTERS RECENT SUPPORT ON ACIDC TOUR
FRI 15 VISION
SAT 16 BOX OF FROGS
MON 18 ATTIC ART, ENGLISH FILM
TUES 19 ANKH
WED 20 REGGAE NIGHT KING SOUNDS & THE ISRAELITES
THUR 21 EXCLUSIVE TO DINGWALLS —ONLY CLUB DATE— JOHN MARTYN
FRI 22 MOSCOW
SAT 23 MORRISSEY/ MULLEN BAND

MANOEUVRES SETTING OUT TO DAZZLE

Gil, Gun Club, Jerry Lee & Joni on tour

nationwide GIG GUIDE

THE BUSIEST week of the year so far, in terms of new tours opening — no less than a dozen major or relatively important tours, plus several significant events. First and arguably foremost, there's the long-awaited outing by ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES, pictured here showing how to dazzle ships by means of semaphore (well, we assume that's the rather tenuous connection with their new album — but who knows with them?). They start their travels at Bristol (Thursday), Leicester (Friday), Sheffield (Sunday and Monday) and London Hammersmith (Tuesday and Wednesday).

If you saw JERRY LEE LEWIS on the box the weekend before last, you'll realise that The Killer — while not quite so physically active as in the past — is still dispensing his own unique brand of rock'n'roll. And if you want to seize the opportunity of seeing a living legend in action, then Plymouth (Friday), London Hammersmith (Saturday), Cardiff (Sunday), Nottingham (Monday) and Bristol (Tuesday) are the places to find him.

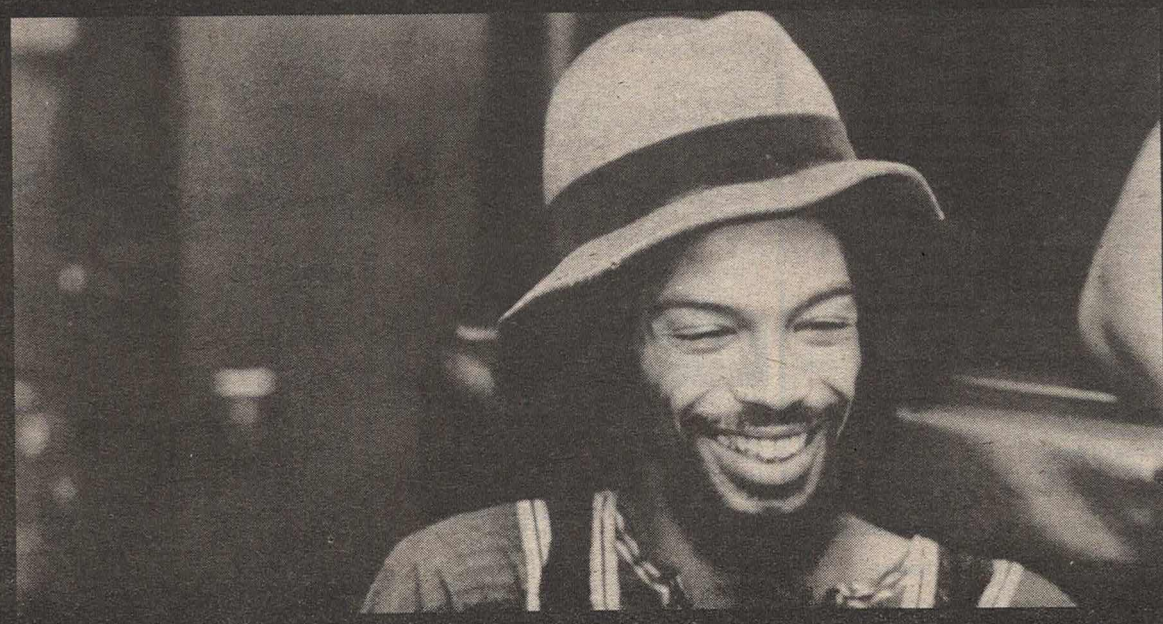
JONI MITCHELL is paying her first visit to this country for several years and, as a build-up to her Wembley concerts, she's on stage in Birmingham (Thursday), Dublin (Saturday and Sunday) and Edinburgh (Tuesday) . . . Also coming in from the States is the outstandingly talented GIL SCOTT-HERON (pictured below), who's playing three nights in London (Thursday to Saturday) and a one-off in Sheffield (Sunday) . . . Completing this week's US invasion are GUN CLUB, currently under the wing of Chris Stein on his Animal Records label, and they open their schedule in Leeds (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday).

STEVE HACKETT has built as loyal a following as his ex-Genesis colleague Peter Gabriel, and his concerts are always guaranteed sell-outs. His latest trek ties in with the release of his sixth solo album 'Highly Strung', and it gets under way at Worthing (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday) . . . Also joining the spring scramble on the circuit are Kirk Brandon and SPEAR OF DESTINY, who begin their most important tour to date at Glasgow (Thursday), Aberdeen (Saturday), Edinburgh (Monday), Newcastle (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday).

NEIL INNES and WEAPON OF PEACE both commence extensive country-wide tours on Thursday, with Carlisle and Kidderminster as their respective starting points. Manchester band SAD CAFE's itinerary is somewhat shorter, and confined mainly to the North, kicking off in Halifax on Friday. ALVIN STARDUST is undertaking what, surprisingly, is his first full-scale UK tour for almost seven years — opening in Grays on Wednesday. And JASPER CARROTT is playing a marathon concert series through until mid-July, setting out from Northampton on Tuesday.

Among the many major tours already on the road, SPANDAU BALLET continue working through their date sheet and this week play the first of three prestige London shows, at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday.

Finally, London's Marquee continues to serve up special 25th anniversary fare, highlighted this week by a visit from DR. JOHN (Thursday and Friday). THE VIBRATORS (Saturday), the briefly re-formed PIRATES (Monday) and MAINSQUEEZE (Wednesday), with plenty more to follow in the coming weeks.



thursday 14th

Aberdeen 62 Club: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The System/The Alternative/Andy T/Annie Anxiety**
Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **The Dolphins/John Boyd**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Joni Mitchell**
Blackpool Gaiety Bar: **The Cheaters**
Bournemouth The Academy: **King**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Dead Man's Shadow/The Mau Maus**
Bridlington Spa Pavilion: **Leo Sayer**
Brighton New Regent: **The Jungle/Where's The W?/Time Begins**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Suzi Quatro**
Carlisle Stanwick Arts Centre: **Neil Innes**
Chesterfield Star Club: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colchester Woods Club: **John Mizarolli**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **The Enid**
Corby Festival Hall: **Incantation**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Courtiers Of Fashion**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Rhythm Method**
Dartford Flicks: **Sexagisma**
Deal The Swan: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **The Invicta Band**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Fastway/Rock Goddess**
Dublin Stadium: **Eric Clapton Band**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Combo Passe**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Twisted Sister**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Barfly**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Joan Armatrading**
Glasgow Kelvin Hall: **James Last Orchestra**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Spear Of Destiny**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **New Order**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Spirit Level**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Limit**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Lazy**
Honnington Suffolk Punch Club: **Trux**
Hull Dingwalls: **Starfighters**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Loudon Wainwright III**
Isle of Skye Edinbane Lodge Hotel: **John Cunningham**
Kidderminster Town Hall: **Weapon Of Peace**
Leeds Brannigans: **Dale Hargreaves & The Flamingos/The Way**
Leeds Warehouse: **Clock DVA**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Polit Bureau/The Falcons**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Reactors**
London Barbican Centre: **Clannad**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **George Nobody**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Dolly Mixture/Short Commercial Break**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Fourteen Karat Soul/The Ultramarines**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Paul Hessian/Akemia Kuhn/Alan Wilkinson**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Family Rico**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Chris Difford & Glenn Tilbrook's musical *Labelled With Love* (finishes on Saturday)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tim Haines Heartwave**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Swimming To France/Eyes**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Vin Ordinaire**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Rare Earth**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **UFO**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Turkey Bone/The Wild Dogs**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: **Gil Scott-Heron**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Keith Nichols & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **Dr. John/Chris Barber Band**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The London Apaches**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The 4 Skins**
London Putney Half Moon: **Lindisfarne (until Monday)**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Spandau Ballet**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **The Newtown Neurotics/Attila The Stockbroker/Five Foot Three/The Cannelloni Brothers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Lou Levy & Warne Marsh (until Saturday)**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **G.T. Moore & The Outsiders**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Manfred Mann's Earth Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Dancing Did/Thin Men**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Creamies/The Reckless Pedestrians**
London Willesden The Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Wimbledon Dog & Fox: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Solstice/Liaison**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dog Dog Dog/Mumbo Jumbo**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Durutti Column**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Bucks Fizz**
Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre: **I.Q.**
Newcastle City Hall: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Prince Hammer/Undivided Roots**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Big Country**
Nottingham Vino's: **If All Else Falls/My Rash Heart**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Stringer**
Paignton Rumours Nightclub: **Chapter Twenty Nine**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Portsmouth Rock Gardens: **Unicorn**
Rayleigh Crocs: **GBH/Seething Wells**
Reading Target Club: **Terraplane**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Tokyo Olympics**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
South Shields Banwells: **Caffrey**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Image Of Norway/Oceans II**
Sutton-in-Ashfield Devonshire Rooms: **Dean Friedman**
Tipton The Black Country Man: **Applicators**
Truro Swan Inn: **Dave Walters**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**
York Oscar's Wine Bar: **Hearts In Rhythm**

friday 15th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Joan Armatrading**
Ayr Orient Cinema: **New Order**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **From Eden/Laissez Faire**
Birmingham The Junction Inn: **Headbolt/Alfie Noakes**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Soldier**
Blackburn YMCA: **Safari**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **The Seychelles**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Raw/Anti-System**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Spandau Ballet**
Bristol Dingwalls: **G.B. Blues Company with Root Jackson**
Cheriton White Lion Hotel: **Scarab**
Chipping Norton Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Tony McPhee Band/Down Fill The Days**
Coventry Polytechnic: **The Dancing Did/Zerra I**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Freehand**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Neil Innes**
Dartford Flicks: **Second Image**
Dorchester Boys Brigade Buildings: **Butcher/Shock To The System/Screaming Disorder**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Wipeout**
Dublin Stadium: **Eric Clapton Band**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Terminal**
Dunfermline Glen Pavilion: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The Alternative/Andy T/Annie Anxiety/The System**
Eastbourne King's Country Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Feltham Football Club: **Dead Man's Shadow/The Mau Maus/Chase**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Chasar**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Clock DVA**
Glasgow The Venue: **Blaze**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Glenelg Village Hall: **John Cunningham**
Halifax Civic Centre: **Sad Cafe**
Halifax Hoopers Club: **The Enid**
Harrogate The Tunnel: **Le Lulu's**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Rumours Club: **King**
Herne Bay Pier Hotel: **Stax**
Hitchin The Regal: **Forrest**
Hull Dingwalls: **Vision**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Leeds Central Station Hotel: **Let's Eat!**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Weapon Of Peace**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **The Room**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Big Country**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **The Newtown Neurotics/Attila The Stockbroker/Five Foot Three/The Cannelloni Brothers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Laverne Brown Band/Mataya**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Swamp Creatures**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **Framed/Still Life**
London Covent Garden Community Centre: **Biting Tongues/Match Me Sidney/Peking Opera/The Big Combo**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Biting Tongues**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **George Kelly/Brian Lemon Trio**
London Farringdon The Metropolitan: **Alvaro/Graham Hart Hill/The Legendary Champions**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The London Cowboys/The Two Bob Lemons**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Derek Carr & Friends/Peanut Brittle**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Gymslips/Agent Orange**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **UFO**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cheaters**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: **Gil Scott-Heron**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Marquee Club: **Dr. John/Chris Barber Band**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Frank Ifield/Barbary Coast**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Root Jackson/The Tucker Finlayson Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Cayenne**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Paddington Peoples Club: **Dambala**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ken Sims Dixie Kings**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Don Williams**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tower Bridge Rd. The Copper: **European Intropic/Monomix**
London Victoria The Venue: **Band AKA**
London Waterloo The Tower: **Sonny King & The Sons Of Swing**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Gaz's Rebel Blue Rockers/The Shakers**
London W.1 (Conway St) Adams Arms: **Patrik Fitzgerald/Anne Clark**
London W.C.1 New Merlins Cave: **Jess Cox & Friends/Cafffrey**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**

CONTINUES OVER

Killer on the rampage

JERRY LEE HITS THE ROAD

MORE GIG GUIDE

Manchester Band On The Wall: **Jah Warrior**
Margate First & Last: **Enquiries**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Leo Sayer**
Newcastle City Hall: **James Last Orchestra**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Twisted Sister**
Nottingham Asylum: **Tokyo Olympics**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Plymouth Theatre Royal: **Jerry Lee Lewis**
Redditch White Hart: **The Photos**
Rushcliffe The Manor: **Dean Friedman**
Salisbury St. Edmund's Art Centre: **Doris & The Dots/Un Deux Twang**
Sandwich Lock's: **Ian Shawcross Band**
Sheffield City Hall: **Tears For Fears**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Starfighters**
Southampton (Shirley) The Crown: **Unicorn**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Kids From Fame**
Sudbury Key Theatre: **Tom Robinson Band**
Tipton The Black Country Man: **Applicators**
Torquay 400 Club: **Chapter Twenty Nine/The Walking Wounded**
Uxbridge Unit One: **Committee/Malice**
Yateley Centre: **Twilight Capers/Catch 22**

saturday 16th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Aberdeen The Venue: **Spear Of Destiny**
Aylesbury New Zealand: **Gothique**
Bath Moles Club: **Howard Jones**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Senator/Scarecrows**
Birmingham Kiss Club: **King**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Soldier**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Graham Mirt**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Twisted Sister**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Dr. John & Chris Barber Band**
Bristol Granary: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Don Williams**
Cheriton White Lion Hotel: **Snap On Tools**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Weapon Of Peace**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Carol Grimes Band**
Dublin RDS Stadium: **Joni Mitchell**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Tokyo Olympics**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Joan Armtrading**
Folkestone Black Bull: **Dokey Hill**
Gateshead The Ravenshill: **Cohesion Collision/E.N.H. 16**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Guernsey Beau Sejour Leisure Centre: **Incantation**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Larry Miller Band**
Hanley The Vane: **The Mosquitos**
Harrogate The Centre: **Tears For Fears**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Tony McPhee Band**
Hayes Beck Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Hereford The Bull: **The D.T.'s**
Herne Bay Pier Hotel: **Backfire**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Travelling Shoes**
Hull City Hall: **Nine 'Play Hendrix'**
Hull Dingwalls: **Box Of Frogs**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Enid**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Suzi Quatro**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Spandau Ballet**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Precinct 22/Oceans Eleven**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Nashville Teens**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Electric Guitars**
London Brixton The Fridge: **14 Karat Soul/The Rhythm Men**
London Camden Carnarvon Castle: **Limehouse**
London Camden Dingwalls: **East Side Torpedoes/Salamander**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Mickey Jupp Band/Gary Richard**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Maggie Nicols/Norman Watt-Roy/Ted Milton**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **English Rogues**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Apollinaires**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **George Kelly/Brian Lemon Trio**
London East Ham Burnell Arms: **Sonny King & The Sons Of Swing**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & The New Cool**
London Fulham Greyhound: **24 Hours/Aritzia Blaze**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Salt**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Jess Cox**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Sad Among Strangers/It's A Tightrope**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Jerry Lee Lewis**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: **Gil Scott-Heron**
London Kings Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Spirit Level**
London Marquee Club: **The Vibrators**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Breakfast Band**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **The Newtown Neurotics/Attila The Stockbroker/Five Foot Three/The Cannelloni Brothers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Sims' Dixie Kings**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Rory MacLeod**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Roy Williams/New Era Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Don Rendell**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Wild Girls/Jenny Lecoat/Michele Roberts/Alison Fell/Stef Pixner**
London Victoria The Venue: **Band AKA**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Screaming Lobsters**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dave Kelly Band**
Lowestoft Seagull Theatre: **Tom Robinson Band**
Luton Technical College: **I.Q.**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **James Last Orchestra**
Manchester (Ashton) Thameside Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Free Parking**
Manchester The Gallery: **Tower Struck Down/Junk**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Starfighters**
Northampton Black Lion: **Crosstalk A/V**
Northampton Derngate Centre: **Dave Brubeck Quartet**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **The 4 Skins/One Way System**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **The West City 5**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Truffle**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Frank Fish & His Fins**
Retford Porterhouse: **Saracen**
Sandwich Lock's: **Flexi**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Big Country**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Haze, Geneva, Thief (lunchtime)/Jab Jab (evening)**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Kids From Fame**
Staines Town Hall: **Fugitive**
Sunderland The Bunker: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The System/The Alternative/Andy T/Annie Anxiety**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **Second Image**
Totnes Dartmouth Inn: **Chapter Twenty Nine**
Ullapool Ceilidth Place: **John Cunningham**
Wallasey Shepherds Rest: **Hybrid**
Wavendon The Stables: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton The Bush: **Applicators**
York University: **Black Slate**

sunday 17th

Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Pete Turner Band with Roy Williams**
Balloch Griffin Hotel: **John Cunningham**
Birmingham Odeon: **James Last Orchestra**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **John Martyn**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Spandau Ballet**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Camberley Frenchies: **I.C.Q.**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Jerry Lee Lewis**
Croydon Greyhound: **Tokyo Olympics**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Hollywood (lunchtime)/Pete Thomas Jivin' Jump Band (evening)**
Cwmbran Congress Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Darlington Civic Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Dublin RDS Stadium: **Joni Mitchell**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel (lunchtime): **Whirligig**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Forrest**
Guernsey Beau Sejour Leisure Centre: **Incantation**
Herne Bay Pier Hotel: **Borraska**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime)/John Otway (evening)**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Dana Gillespie Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Deptford The Duke: **Sonny King & The Sons Of Swing**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Finsbury Park Six George Robey: **The Directors**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **D'Rango Slang/Step By Step**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Snatcher**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Jazz Sviners**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The B'Zukas/The Modern Dance Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Marquee Club: **Mendes Prey/Bronz**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Wendy & The Whippets**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band (lunchtime)/Ken Barton Band (evening)**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Animal Nightlife**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Kim Lesley Band (lunchtime)/Dennis Fields Hot Jazz (evening)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Le Sage**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Big Country/The Alarm**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **Radio Radio/Crime Of Passion/Tax Dodge**
London Stratford Theatre Royal: **Tom Robinson Band**
London Twickenham Cabbage Patch: **Graham Larkbey**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Serious Drinking**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **The Newtown Neurotics/Attila The Stockbroker/Five Foot Three/The Cannelloni Brothers**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Rhythm And Reeds**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dance Hall Style**
Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre: **G.B. Blues Co. with Root Jackson**
Manchester The Gallery: **One Way System**
Margate First & Last: **Dave Corsby Band**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **The D.T.'s**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Fastway/Rock Goddess**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Scherade**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Sam Kantz**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Roaring Jelly**
Sandwich Lock's: **Ian Shawcross Band (lunchtime)/City Blues Band (evening)**
Sheffield City Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Sheffield Top Tank: **Gil Scott-Heron/Redskins**
Sheffield University: **Twisted Sister**
Southampton Concorde Club: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Don Williams**
Thatcham Silks: **The Enid**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Nashville Teens**

monday 18th

Aberdeen Folk Song Club: **John Cunningham**
Bath Moles Club: **Tom Robinson Band**
Birmingham Odeon: **Twisted Sister**
Blackpool Opera House: **Spandau Ballet**
Bournemouth The Academy: **Forrest**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Joan Armatrading**
Bristol Yesterdays Club: **Dave Walters**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **John Martyn**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Large Portion**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Spear Of Destiny**
Gateshead Dixielanders: **The Playboys**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Jersey Opera House: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Fastway/Rock Goddess**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Paz**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The 303's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Simes/Hack Hack/The Masked Orchestra**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **T.H. Moore**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Juice On The Loose**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Menage A Trois**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Vitale Voice/Beat Of Dreams**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Exceptions**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Tender Trap/Hoo Ha**
London Hammersmith Odeon; **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Tears For Fears**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Fred Hunt & Stan Greig (for a week)**
London Marquee Club: **The Pirates/The Flying Doctors**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Denny Wright Trio**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Don Weller-Bryan Spring Quartet**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Keith Nichols Paramount Theatre Orchestra**
London Royal Albert Hall: **James Last Orchestra (until Friday)**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Limehouse**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Varukers/The Nuclear Socketts**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The 48 Chairs**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R & B All Stars**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Jerry Lee Lewis**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Stage/XWF**
Sheffield City Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres in The Dark**
Southampton Guildhall: **The Enid**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Big Country**
Southend Zero Six: **Agent Orange**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Suzi Quatro (for a week)**
West Bromwich Stork Hotel: **Applicators**

tuesday 19th

Birmingham Odeon: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Bradford University: **John Martyn**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Jerry Lee Lewis**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Joan Armatrading**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Incantation**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Answers On A Postcard**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Dr. John & Chris Barber Band**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Joni Mitchell**
Kidderminster The Bell: **Applicators**
Kingsdown Rising Sun: **The City Slickers**
Kingston Flippers: **Liaison**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Gun Club**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Jamie Rowan**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Heartbeats/Bundles Of Fun**
London Camden The Palace: **King**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Pete Thomas Quintet**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Zodiacs**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Objet D'Art/G.I. Orange**
London Fulham King's Head: **Johnny G**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Infaction/1926 (Downstairs); Our Pleasure/Bravura/UT/Alan Dogend/Bret & Albert (Upstairs)**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main AVenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Leicester-Square Tribe Club: **UK Subs/Red Terror And Green**
London Marquee Club: **Here & Now/The Eternal Triangle**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Grip**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Breakfast Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Pete Neighbour Quartet**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Twisted Sister**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Boys Keep Swinging/English Accents**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Aquila/Satans Empire**
London W.1 (Jermyn St.) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Pocket Rocket**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Fastway/Rock Goddess**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Les Bolger Guitar Ensemble**
Newcastle City Hall: **Spandau Ballet**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne Quintet**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Spear Of Destiny**
Northampton Derngate Centre: **Jasper Carrott**
Plymouth Castaways: **Forrest**
Pontypridd Treforest Estate Club: **Samurai**
Richard (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **Transic**
Scunthorpe Berkeley Hotel: **Nine 'Play Hendrix'**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilspin's Inheritance**
Southend Talk Of The South: **Second Image**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Tom Robinson Band**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**
Worthing Pavilion: **Steve Hackett**

wednesday 20th

Aberdeen Valhalla: **22 Beaches**
Arundel Cricket Club: **Dave Walters**
Birmingham Kings Arms: **Applicators**
Birmingham Odeon: **Steve Hackett**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bristol Dingwalls: **The Enid**
Bury St. Edmunds Theatre Royal: **Incantation**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Juvessance**
Darlington Arts Centre: **East Side Torpedoes**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Leo Sayer**
Gateshead Talk Of The Tyne: **Damian**
Grays Civic Hall: **Alvin Stardust**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Nashville Teens**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Nine 'Play Hendrix'**
Kingston The Grove: **Fugitive**
Leeds Brannigans: **Urban Dogs/The Negative**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Dave Kelly Band**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Here & Now**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Host Of Toasters**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Domino Bros with Geraint Watkins**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Tropical Fish**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dagaband**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Starfighters/Double Agent**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Any Anxious Colour**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
London Kilburn Phoenix Club: **Limehouse**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Mainsqueeze**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Reactors**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Salamander**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Acker Bilk Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Alan Elsdon Quartet**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Vic Ash Quartet**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Southern Comfort**
London Tooting The Castle: **English Rogues**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **1900 Mexicans/The Pocket Spiders**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Ptah Sokar/The Dead Celebrities/Temporary Dance/His Create He**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Ferguson, Barry & Green/Phil Lee-Phil Miller Duo**
Manchester (Ashton) Metro Theatre: **Spear Of Destiny**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Gun Club**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Fixx/The Daze**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Second Image**
Newcastle City Hall: **Fastway/Rock Goddess**
New Romney The Seahorse: **The Torpedoes**
Northampton Derngate Centre: **Jasper Carrott**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Big Country**
Runcorn Cherry Tree: **Saracen**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Juke**
Southampton Concorde Club: **Keith Nichols Ragtime Orchestra**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
St. Albans The Crystal Palace: **Chaos/Disease/Manic Jabs**
Tolworth Leisure Centre: **Forrest**
Winchester John Stripe Theatre: **Tom Robinson Band**

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15 U.F.O.
15, 16 Gil Scott-Heron
16 Jerry Lee Lewis
17, 18 Marillion
17 Big Country
18 Tears For Fears
19 Twisted Sister
19, 20 OMD
21 Roger Chapman
22,23 Modern Jazz Quartet
23 Fastway
23,24 Joni Mitchell
24 The Gun Club
26 Flock of Seagulls
27, 28 Miles Davies
29,30 Jimmy Cliff
29 Mahogany Rush
30, 31 Steve Hackett

MAY
1 Bo Diddley
1 Belle Stars
2, 3, 4 Santana
5 Spear Of Destiny
5, 6, Maze
9 Philip Jap
9 OMD
11 Thompson Twins
15 Sex Gang Children
11, 12, 13, 14, 15 Johnny Mathis
13,14 Dionne Warwick
16-29 Liza Minelli
17, 18 and 20 Rush
21, 22 London Blues Festival
26, 27, 28 Iron Maiden
28 Aswad
29 Little River Band
30, 31 Kajagoogoo

JUNE
2,3 Weather Report
4,5 Motorhead

JULY
18 Echo & The Bunnymen

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Sun 17th: The Misfits + Blackheart

Mon 18th: Kid & The Beam + Tek-Morek

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SATURDAY 23 APRIL : SYNCOPATION 52nd STREET IN NOTES DJ : Piccadilly Radio's Mark Radcliffe (Manchester)
SUNDAY 24 APRIL : JANK MAMBA VERBA VERBA MAKATON CHAT DJ : Radio Tee's Roger Lewis (Teesside)

LIVE!

MISSION BAND
MARCUS NOLAN AND BLACK STARLINER
MIGHTY INVASION
East London St Luke's Hall

THE 277 bus trundles out of the City gates by the Order of St Bartholomew at Smithfield and climbs due west up to Isledon fields where it stops at The Angel Inn, travels north about a mile or so along the Essex road as far as the pond on farmer Ball's estate and east for the juncture at Dalston, describes a route through the verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways of Victoria's parkland in the south Hackney marsh, traverses the Roman road near Greenways behind Bethnal, proceeds south via Mile End for West Indies dock down in old Chinatown at Limehouse and follows the river bend to the transportine wharves for Woolwich at Cubitt Town behind the high bricked west ferry road, where we depart and step it to bleak Millwall's St Luke's Hall on the Isle of Dogs at Poplar.

Inside, a small crowd congregates. A sound system called City Dred entertains half a dozen or so groups of people, huddled forlornly in the natural recesses of its speaker stacks, with dub morecut. Few more arrive before Mighty Invasion strut all-conqueringly onstage.

Fronted by a pair of guitarists attired in rock steady style waistcoats and hats, who exchange lead vocals with a percussion player wearing the longest locks I remember seeing, Mighty Invasion are a sturdy Chelmsford quintet who prove the night's pleasurable surprise with delivery of 'Mighty Invasion', 'I Dont't Wanna Lose You', 'We've Been Away Far Too Long', 'The People Are Changing' and 'African Princess' finely exacted.

Isle of Dogs locals Black Starliner follow their predecessor's example with an opening title 'Black Starliner', but the seven pieces rarely drive with any cohesion as they interpret 'I Need One Thing More', 'Don't Cry' and 'Mr Tax Man', when the guitarist dons a briefcase and bowler to match his black waistcoat and slacks, though now the audience is drifting away in certain number.

Mission Band blow dutifully, dispiritedly to the few remaining diehards. A couple of confident saxophone instrumentals concede to lead singer Tony Mahoney showcasing his fine full voice as the Stokie septet determine 'A Dance In A Broad Daylight', 'Keep On Keeping On' and 'Just A Little More Time', but there no longer is.

Penny Reel

HACKNEY FIVE-O

IT'S 1983 AD AND PUB ROCK IS EXTINCT . . . WELL, ALMOST. IN ONE NORTH WEST LONDON PUB A SMALL GROUP OF EAST LONDON HAWAIIANS ARE HOLDING OUT. NOW READ ON . . .

BONSAI FOREST
THE FLIPS
West Hampstead Moonlight

LONG GONE are the days when the London pub circuit provided *the* buzz for the capital's live music lovers and a Friday night showcase at the Moonlight would see a queue stretching around the block and out into West End Lane.

These days the packed houses are fewer and further between — a sign of the times — but there are still one or two bands generating interest, creating an atmosphere and pulling a crowd for their pains. The Flips and Bonsai Forest are a case in point, two North London bands who regularly pool their passion on a double bill to reaffirm that live music is still breathing back at the grass roots.

The Flips are a Camden quartet, two girls who sing and play guitar and two boys who punch out a lumpy pop rhythm behind them. Their music is a direct marriage of the raunch of the early Buzzcocks and the deceptively fragile lyrical melancholy of The Marine Girls. Their main assets are their songs, tough and intuitive insights into the affairs of the heart like 'American Housewives' and 'Jack And Jill', all boasting distinctive hooks and harmonies built around jangling, jarring guitar chords.

Lack of live experience means they often seem to be holding back, too shy to totally bare themselves to an audience, although that would surely change were they given the chance to play more regularly. Beneath their nerves, The Flips do not lack confidence, just the ability to project themselves.

Hackney's answer to the Marx Brothers, Bonsai Forest have been around a bit longer but are only now beginning to make the sort of noise that their awful name first threatened. Five disaffected punks from the same Norwich camp(us) that gave birth to The Higsons, they re-located in London a couple of years ago hoping to inflict a particularly gaudy line in Hawaiian shirts on the consciousness of the capital.

Their music rolls and coasts where The Flips cut and thrusted, but the pleasing intrusions of a saxophone prevent Bonsai from lapsing into too routine an R&B groove. In spirit — not to mention their tendancy towards downbeat, descriptive songs — the combo are distant cousins of Madness and it seems fitting that they should rope in Mark Bedford as prospective producer.

The fruits of the collaboration could soon be available on a record which should at least show better form than that of their Nottingham namesakes over the past couple of seasons. Other than that, a change of name might enhance their chances of being taken more seriously — if that is what they are after.

But they'll have to do something about those shirts.

Adrian Thrills

SPANDAU BALLET
Bournemouth Pavillion

PLEASE EXCUSE me if I danced but at times like this (though I don't want to be a freak) I just can't help myself. Nor could anybody else.

The sea, the sun, Bournemouth, Bank holidays; it's more than just a break, it's a ritual and if you don't dance (and laugh) then it does seem pointless, even flatulent.

It's *de rigeur* to dance at Easter and Spandau Ballet aren't the first to capitalise on that fact (so don't blame them — embrace them). That they're the best of their ilk, that they've monopolized the South coast parades for the last two years is blatantly obvious. Their name seems synonomous with this weekend's festivities; for many it has become almost holy.

With this pilgrim's progress though, things must be tried first hand. Not surprisingly there are bitter contradictions (harder times, though softer Ballet) and sweet surprises (they are definitely raunchier than you'd expect); foretastes (the LP) are eroded by lingering sensations (the ravishing backing vocals and the exuberance of their performance). Spandau Ballet presents.... nothing as it seems.

The audience remained the same; it was no turn up that Romance had been superceded by The Loveless or that Diamonds had been replaced by rhinestones. Yet still they came.

Sitting amongst the jaded towers of London, Spandau do seem yellow, bilious and tired but by the sea a gritty, red strength takes precedence. Spandau-On-Sea have a certain alacrity that takes the prole art pretension that they've long borne and tosses it to the gale force wind. At Bournemouth they come clean.

The char-a-bancs flowed into this spa town on a wave of water pistols and shaving foam; the crowd seeking nothing more than health and efficiency. Thankfully that, if nothing else, was laid on in plenty.

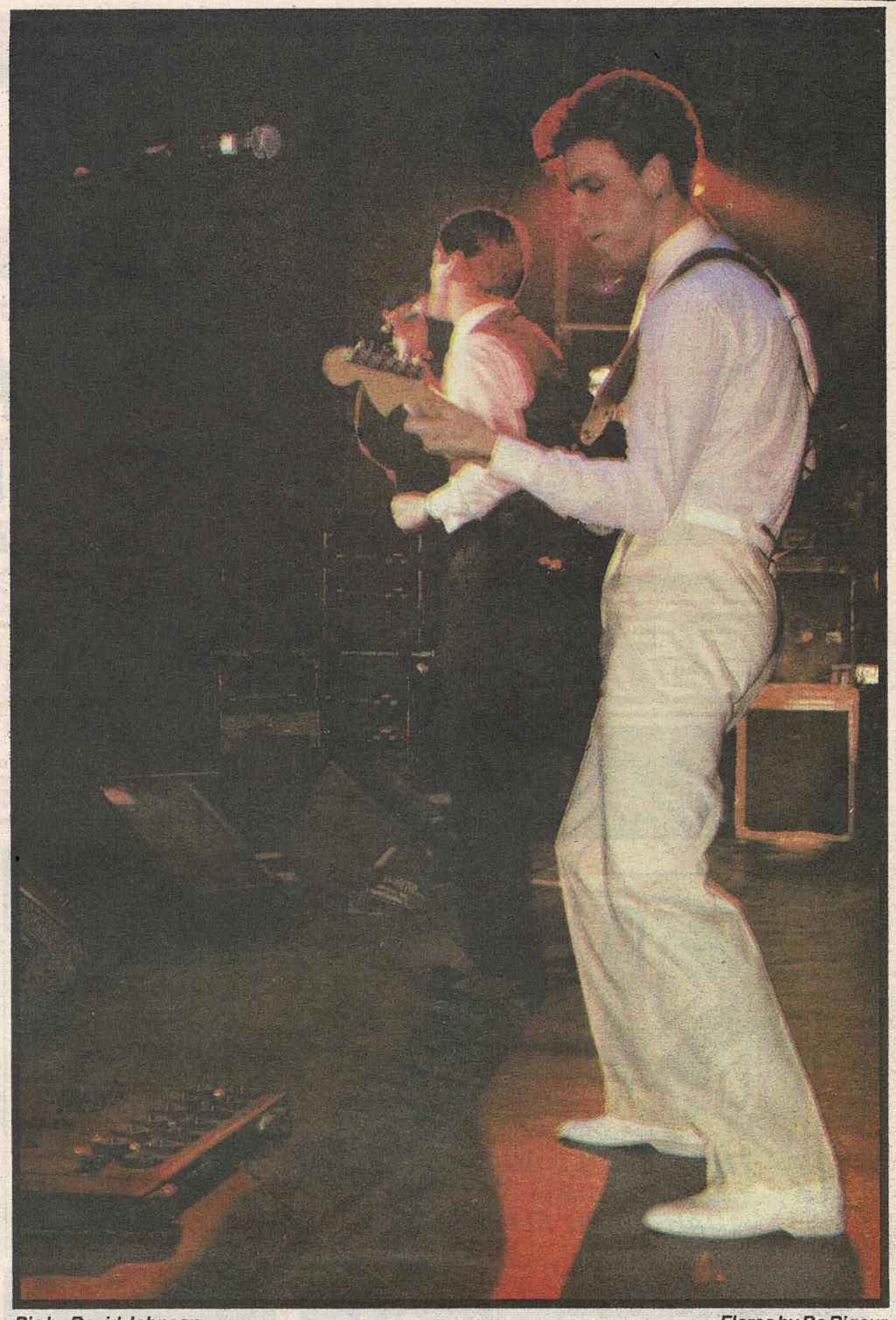
The set spanned the wealth of their singles and their albums, 'Paint Me Down', 'Instinction' (I had a feeling that it was a strong arm job when it opened with a burst of tablas and a roll of backing vocals), 'Glow' and 'Chant Number One' were all reworked and revamped.

The stage moves themselves are well rehearsed and the lush hall resounds with echoes of past success; the Kemps Chuck (Berry?) themselves across the stage like ideal beginners, Tony eschews his pained lyrics with a longing look and a pointed finger, Steve Norman smiles to the wailing girls who cry through 'True'. They love and accept. We know the conceit and still love it.

The faded grandeur of Burgess and 'Glory' has long since disappeared; even the echoes of such inordinate fantasies are warped. 'The Freeze' is cracked open by the charged dialectic of Steve Norman's percussive genius whilst the pomp and ceremony that crowned 'To Cut A Long Story Short' is usurped by Gary Kemp's biting funk run and Jess Bailey's impromptu keyboard breaks.

On this performance it is obvious that Jolly and Swain only consolidated weakness and left strength strangled and impotent. True, there are no great songs ('True' and 'Foundation' are sole exceptions) but there are some vicious hooks and cool lines whether gold, borrowed, old or blue. Maybe it's only on this stage, during this weekend that the marriage of performance and repertoire really works. Maybe only here they forge ahead and put some steel into their soul furnace.

David Dorrell



Pic by David Johnson — *Flares by De Rigeur*

LINGERING SENSATIONS
SUN, SEA & FLARES

EDWIN STARR
London Embassy Club.

UNLIKE SO many of his contemporaries, Edwin Starr still retains a dogged, fanatical interest for the stomp and passion that is Northern Soul. Publicly he has stated his intention of opening a soul club in England, which will concentrate on the revival of this glorious music, whilst the main core of his hour-long set still revolves around the triumphs he had in the '60s.

Like James Brown, Starr realises the lasting relevance of his past music, the quality of such tunes as 'Headline News', 'SOS' and 'Backstreets', and thus delivers them with fine aplomb, his voice, a little rough around the edges, but still firm and committed to the music's passionate demands. His backing band, mainly young dudes still paying them, treated the music with the respect it deserves and Edwin gained a helping hand from Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes, who stepped up for an impromptu appearance.

The only jarring moments came when Edwin went slightly showbiz, slowing down classics like 'War' for messy audience participation, although encouragingly enough his crowd were mainly young cats devoted to the cause. Thus his set veered awkwardly from the ragged to the sublime, but mainly staying at excellent, fuelled by the fierce power of his convictions. Undoubtedly it's Edwin's love of the music, his staunch position as a fan of soul (with a capital S) which lends his performance the grit and determination, the strength and poignancy which was so enthralling.

If you see Edwin, stop him on sight. he's worth it.

Paolo Hewitt

The test we quote in the headline also described the XJS-H.E. as "travelling so quickly and silently between two points that some other means than internal combustion seems to have been employed." Which you may think says it all.

However, we would like to add a fact or two.

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LIVE!

BITING TONGUES

Manchester Band On The Wall

SEEMS WE hadn't seen the last of Crispy Ambulence after all. The band that glimmered briefly in the wake of the Amazing Dangling Curtis Group have re-appeared as part of this assembly of un-named musicians who cluttered up the first half of the programme. Wanna name, boys? How about 'Love-In'? Slang, says the *Oxford English Dictionary*, for a gathering of hippies. Their act boasted a large set of bells on a frame, bells which should have taken their rightful place around their ankles. If you've always wanted to know what it's like to take a manned voyage into an upset stomach, don't miss them next time.

This is a question for VIth formers only. Do you sit next to the type of insufferable teenage experimentalist who writes essays this way: "i am a pretentious little git i am a camera" etc? Then meet Kenneth. Kenneth is lead voice with Biting Tongues and he is a studiously sick-making experience. Ditto guitarist Graham, nincompoop. Remember that funky little jig, The Honky Elbow, popularised by Mark Pop Group and Simon Certain Ratio? Ya flap your left wing out, ya flap your left wing in, ya makes like a turkey and ya gangle all about. Used to denote the idea that the action is like, *physical.* Let us wishfully think that we do not really people the same planet as our first two heroes.

Biting Tongues are heartily adept at the sport of kitchen-sink tribalism. Lots of intrepid multi-instrumentalism in a percussive strain, a strong showing for the motif of the eighties . . . the hammering of an unlikely object. Never has a cowbell meant so much to so many. There were Tongues swarming all over the place, A+ for use of space and for the martial artiness of their stick-banging routine.

Wuz I rilly the only one willing Ken's partner to (whoops-a-daisy!) brain him in the name of culture? At their best, BTs are saxophonist Howard Walmsley and drummer Eddie Sherwood, whose work is free enough of the dread shackles of self-consciousness for them to legally adventure into a state of improvisation.

The Gareth Sager Wet Patch award for being an onstage prat goes to Graham who actually *mounted* his instrument and writhed to and fro without playing a note for at least a minute. Snip!

Kenneth still comes on as Peter O'Sullivan reading from 'The Atrocity Exhibition'. In a tinny Apollo XIII voice-over, our protagonist narrates snatches of distant monochrome fantasies, staged in either an ill-lit warehouse (bare boards, of course) or a railway station. Boring old *Boys' Own* world of car crash fetishism. This man was a cliché two years ago. But Biting Tongues . . . great!

Cath Carrol

TAMMY WYNETTE

Wembley Conference Centre

THERE WAS a 'Nashville' tone alright at the Wembley Country Music Festival, but it was more in tune with Robert Altman's celluloid view of semi-surreal bilious confusion than the idyllic version that our indigenous redneck Americanophiles hold so dear.

Cowboys with ten gallon hats and 20 pint beer bellies bumbled along dragging gaggles of hillbilly kids, strangling in their bootlace ties. From homes on the wild frontiers of Willesden and Warrington, vibed high on Virginian dreams and vain Wayne fascinations, clad in ready rubbed denim, they came to smoke Marlboro, lick salt, suck lemons and sink Tequillas from plastic glasses. Suburban men and women living out a tailor-made fantasy.

In the midst of all this menopausal subculture a human struggle goes on, the search of one man for the magical ticket to happiness, the ever illusory press pass. Had it not been for the whiskey sour bar that lay conveniently on the route from one blissfully ignorant official to another and the enduring amusement provided by the "Support your local Harlesden Fiddler" stall, I don' kno' what wudda happen' to this poor bwoy...

If we saw sartorial disasters outside (and believe me, brother, it was bristling with bomber jackets), entry into the hallowed arena opened a chasm of tastelessnesss hitherto uncontemplated. It all began with the wondrous strange red suit out of which bulged one T.R. Dallas, his amazing bouncing stomach in its fluorescent waistcoat looming over his red-draped legs and extending way beyond the barely visible points of his flare-obscured cowboy boots.

Mr Dallas comes from Ireland where, so the compere informs us, "all the best pickers come from nowadays". What would our Kevin say if he knew the land he turns to for his spiritual inspiration was peopled with would-be rednecks? I found this thought highly amusing in my rapidly deteriorating state, but only managed to get half way through plotting a rhinestone-paved career for a cowboy-hatted Dexys (tempting providence, no doubt) when more laffs came in the satin-clad, overstuffed sausage shape of Terry McMillan and the ever more ludicrous sight of mouldering revivalists Matchbox.

"Be a real cool cat, be a rockabilly rebel like me," sang the bearded, satin and white drills lead singer, ending the rabble rouser for the blue rinse brigade with an obsequious "Thank you, god bless y'all, We Love Ya!". Hmmmm, pretty rebellious boys.

So we came to the climax of the gross out, and there I was, George Jones-less in the jean clad masses, suffering a soured softness of the brain and scribbling a needless level of analysis as Tammy Wynette seeped her earnestly impassioned suburban middle class sleaze all over the already gooey proceedings.

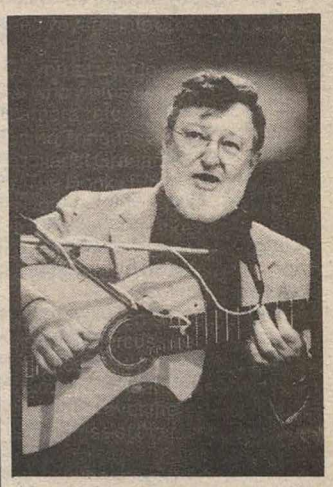
Wynette wallows in the shame of domination, but closes her eyes, finds her faith, shrugs her shoulders, says "Shucks!" and decides to stand by her man. This is pain stripped of desire, endured simply for the sake of *appearances* — Tammy exposes the fears of middle class America with a tortured alacrity, the shame of temptation and the glorious sordidness of the final breakdown.

The lights go on, the crowd file out and the parody comes to an end. Erm, show me the way to the next whiskey bar?

Don Watson

DANG MA POONS!*

**** Lit: Make mine a whiskey sour and a marriage on the rocks.***



Veterans of a life spent propping up bars and shaky relationships, Tammy and Ol' John'D Loudermilk/Pics: BLEDDYN BUTCHER.

SEX BEAT

PRINCE

New York

THE STAGE set is impressive. Its use is imaginative. The showmanship is exquisite.

Prince is fun and thrills. He's cut the more outrageous borders of his act — guitar masturbation and the other more "gross" moves. He doesn't need them. Prince's ability to play a crowd has grown, right along with the size of the crowd. His sense of staging is incredible — not a minute or a move goes to waste, and he can be broadly theatrical *and* dramatically effective.

It's the sexual tease that first gets the audience going. Sex is also the important lyrical text — when Prince has tried politics he hasn't fared half as well.

But it's another kind of tease, the play of Prince's racial bridge-building, that clinches his importance and makes him exciting to watch. He can go from soulman (that falsetto, the dramatics of his ballad singing) to rockstar. This stylistic shake-up has brought together whites listening to soul music and blacks listening to rock, and (sad comment on the state of our union) in America in 1983 that's miracle work.

As to where that sexual text is going, well, the second verse of 'Little Red Corvette' is the best bit of romantic poetry I've heard in a long time.

Richard Grabel

THE FACTION

Liverpool Lincoln's Inn

MENTION THE Faction in Liverpooland you'll hear "Oh...The Jam!", and although I've never been a sucker for the easy analysis, it's a comparison that holds water.

An unapproachable suedehead, with prominet hooter and an angry wrist that twitches explosively at the strings of his guitar, cuts the *so* vital songs with chainsaw mastery. Swinging basslines and hod-bashing drums thrash around beyond the inhibition of pose or poise or any of those other pretentious p-words, as Saturday's suedehead slaps the politics of *people* — hot with urgency — across your face.

It's fast, furious and nutty enough for a Madness support spot earlier this year, so if you haven't done so already, order Paolo's book and get nostalgic about The Jam because The Faction are coming with a new swipe.

Billy Mann

SUBLIMENESS

FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL

Brixton Fridge

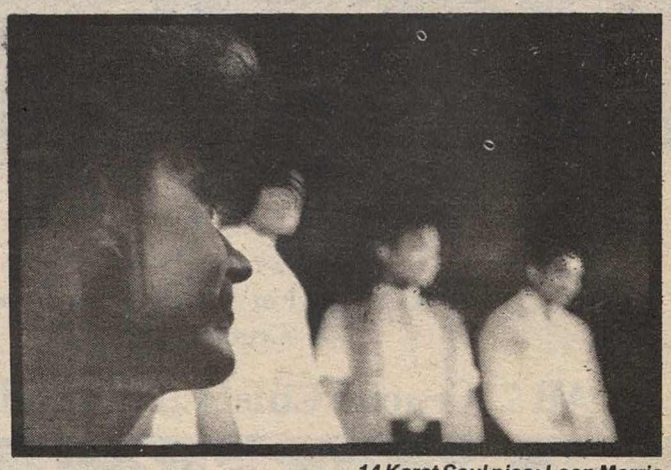
MOST OF tonight's audience were no more than a twinkling in the eye when The Marcels sang 'Blue Moon'. So perhaps it was some subconscious ante-natal exposure to the ridiculous sublimeness of doo-wop that made their reaction (and mine) the most rapturous imaginable.

Even though Fourteen Karat Soul had sung their hearts out earlier in the evening at a GLC benefit, the wee small hours found them a few miles down the road, preparing to do it all over again for the revellers packed into Andy Czekowski's rapidly reviving nite-spot. In the upstairs bar a whoosh of anticipation cut conversation mid-sentence, Pils were hurriedly slurped down and the throng immediately fell into line behind the band as they conga-d from their dressing-room down to the stage.

Fourteen Karat Soul are the perfect cartoon doo-wop combo. Clothes are natty and footwork is fancy. The lead singer has all the chirpy sweetness of a grown-up Frankie Lymon, and the bass doobie-doos from the bottom of his boots, grinning away with goofy charm. The two tenors and baritone fill in the gaps with rich and liquid larynxes.

Voices are pure, warm and full of humour, and the arrangements are faultless. Throughout their set (almost entirely non-originals), The Fridge's cool confines glowed with empathy and ecstasy. And, needless to say, Fourteen Karat Soul posed the eternal question: Why do fools fall in love?

Mat Snow



14 Karat Soul pics: Leon Morris

LIVE!

THE COPY

Birmingham Arts Triangle

IF THERE'S an art to dabbling, I'd say The Copy are close to mastering it. Whilst the likes of Weekend delve into their variety of styles with a purely curt, cursory curiosity, The Copy — perverse and decidedly peculiar — dip and dive, making the thing their own, picking and choosing, and often underlining the flavour of a mood with the sense of something sinister, as if there was a certain sly satisfaction, an evil delight, in what they were doing.

Coming on to a suitably disconcerting setting of video screens that flickered through footage of Flake ads, Bugner fights, *Stingray* and troops in Ulster and so on, The Copy were quick to continue the displacement and confusion.

Like six cardboard cut-outs from different bands, all perverse pigtails and quirky mannerism, their set draws on light, lilting cocktail-bar jazz, slight, bright ska, dub, funk, swing and anything else they fancy. Their showy, eclectic heritage cites the likes of Kurt Weill, Stan Kenton, Lee Wiley, Henry Cow and '20s singer Connie Boswell, amongst others, as influences and their lid back lounge bar music's splattered with Beefheart temper, DVA spirit and an outlandish obtuse impertinence as well as a considerable craft and expertise.

This abstractive, awkward approach is personified by their lead singer. A distorted amalgam of Terry Hall, Jilted John and Mark Smith with a dry, sly sneer in his voice and a gawky, devious look on his face, he takes particular pleasure in riddling loose, lively zylophone solos in dub and dropping a Smith-type snap — "FASTER!!" — into the laziest, most innocuous of bossanovas.

With this innate tendency to play about and definite dark humour ("*Holding hands with strangers/Even cowgirls get the blues*"), they avoid any of the Rhondo-like elitist exploitation of the styles, and instead they come across as purists with a need to pick, prod and probe at the refined classicism of the forms they play in.

They may need some discipline or direction one day (they're an elusive, acquired, peculiar taste) but, as odd as this, The Copy are hard to resist.

Seek them out: you'll see nothing like them.

Jim Shelley

ABACUSH WEAPON OF PEACE

Brixton Ace

REGGAE WAS temporarily shaken out of its apathy the other night, much to the disgust of the Ace's resident bar leeches.

The cause of this strange phenomenon was little known Abacush, a female-dominated band that smashed the chauvinist barrier with a singular performance. These women were not submissive crooners.

Turbanned heads and lively prints swamped the bleak stage in a profusion of colour. In the initial blur of movement and sound it was easy to overlook the unassuming presence of two male band members.

An unabashed trio of vocalists lured the most reticent mole out of the dark corners of the hall like a bunch of motherly sirens. Clear, soaring harmonies were complimented by a tough, instrumental backing and vocalgymnastics were only matched by physical agility of the type that reduced the most ambitious dancers in the crowd to self-conscious toe-tapping.

Most importantly, Abacush showed quite effortlessly that women can play raunchy, hard-hitting reggae as well as, if not better than, their most successful male contemporaries.

Headliners Weapon of Peace performed an efficient, enjoyable set. They look young, hard and menacing enough, but some of their material lacks an original approach.

The simple truth is that Abacush spoilt me for further performances.

Jas Bancil

YIP YIP COYOTE

Brixton Fridge

HERE IN The Fridge there are no perimeters, everybody is cold (and) immaculate.

You numbly take in the sparse, austere, wide-open layout of the place. A harsh white, the atmosphere deadening; the decor leaves nothing to the imagination, no hidden corners around seems especially designed for discomfort. Does some strange, night-clubbing sect actually find this school-disco ambience 'comfortable'?

Yip Yip Coyote appear, in neat (too neat) World's End cowboy garb, hiding behind statutory stetsons. They wend their way through an opening instrumental, veering from weak Bow Wow Wow to gutsy Orange Juice, and we all seem to be wondering why we're here.

But hold hard, here comes one o' them thar Buffalo Gals a-bouncing onstage to sing. The scene shifts to Morricone/Eastwood territory with 'One Lucky Man', then drifts happily into almost Sunday afternoon family entertainment with the cloyish 'Red Bandana'.

They've learned to play — now they must learn to loosen up, to recreate the charismatic individuality and, above all, *feeling*. At the moment they are just re-running slick, superficial slideshow images of rhinestone cowboys.

After the Annabella-type whooping of lead singer Fiona switches back once again to a coy Doris Day lilt, the guitarist repeats the Marco twang he began with and there's nothing left to sustain your attention.

Even if you have more than a passing fascination with, and love of, old cowboy themes and associated fashions, this lot linger unwisely, unremittingly and far too long on a wagon-train full of worn out images.

Tony D

Yip Yip pic: Kerstin Rodgers

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CRUCIAL CUTS

BOWIE

FROM PAGE 30

Exactly! Right, that's got imperialism done. Ha ha. It does start to get like that, but well OK, that's alright, I work in pop songs, and that's what it'll have to be. . .

WHEN YOU purged yourself of the Victoria incident (you'll recall the time Bowie arrived back in Britain at Victoria Station in a Mercedes limo with a theatrical flourish of outriders, salutes and loaded statements), you were saying it was some people of Berlin's far left that swayed you. How did they approach you on the incident?

The most illuminating conversation about that was with a couple of guys who really took me to task about the things I said about fascism in 1976, and they made me very aware of how much thought one should put into what one does and says. Because what one does has a lot to do with what one says.

They weren't responsible for making me finish with that whole drug period or anything, but they set me up and caught me on a very bad day, you know, ha ha. *(In a heavy teutonic tone)* So you still a Nazi, David? Oh dear! Crumbs! They gave me a real ticking off and that really put me straight, I think.

It really sorted that out in my mind about not being quite so flippant or fragmented or stupid or stoned out of my gourd to let myself get involved with those kinds of just hideous reflections. . .

The way fascism entwines itself with aspects of nationality makes it very difficult to refer back to nationality without appearing nationalistic.

Yes, that's a very hard balancing trick, it really is. At the time that whole thing was very much in the air. I just felt it happening and I wasn't even in England. In 1976, the time when I was spouting all that stuff, the National Front still hadn't been publically acclaimed to any great extent, as far as I can remember, because when I came to England I got all these pamphlets and things *(loud laugh)* from Mosleyites, asking me when I was joining up! Oh fuck, ha ha.

And it was that hideous thing where, as an artist you kind of feel that there's something in the air, I can't ever put it any other way, but you can just feel it, you just sense a situation or an atmosphere and that can go into your writing.

My problem is that after I've written something, or when I've started writing something, I then try to intellectualise what I'm doing. And that's when the problems usually begin! Especially when you try and intellectualise when you've just done a gram of cocaine, ha ha, and the offcoming statement is usually something that one doesn't want to refer back to a few years later.

Are drugs completely out now?

Oh absolutely! Drugs are no part of my writing or recording or anything. It's impossible to consider your life worthwhile, or the life of those around you worthwhile, if you're just fractured like that. I mean, God knows what would have happened to my son if I was continually stoned over the last ten years. I probably wouldn't have him. He certainly wouldn't have wanted me. Quite sure about that.

He seems quite a sober character, from what you were saying at the press conference about his love for maths.

Yeah, but he likes Madness, though. Loves them. I thought he was going to start liking Flock Of Seagulls, which worried me a lot. Ha ha. But he saw them on television on *In Concert* and fortunately decided they weren't for him. Ha ha.

SECONDS TO go: panic!!! David Bowie is modifying his reappraisal of his legacy, rightly claiming his past work can be played as photo journalist snaps of the mood and atmosphere of the time they were written, when his publicist arrives to bring the interview to a close.

. . . If you want to conjure up the atmosphere of any particular period, well, for me I can do it quite easily by putting on one of those albums. If you put on 'Station To Station' it couldn't be from any other period than when it was written.

So 'Diamond Dogs' is still a vision of 1984 from 1975, not from one year off. . .

Exactly, oh yeah. It doesn't carry through. I don't know how the songs feel onstage, not being an audience for my own work in that way. I don't know if people take them as reflections or if they can still treat them as contemporary pieces. . .

ON THE BOX

FROM PAGE 14

City On Fire (Alvin Rakoff 1979). Stellar cast — Henry Fonda, Ava Gardner, Shelley Winters — wasted in this poor man's *Towering Inferno* — and as that wasn't exactly rewarding, expect to stay hungry. **(BBC1)**
Three Brothers (Francesco Rosi 1980). Film International gets off to a strong start with Rosi's beautifully drawn parable of the dichotomy between North and South Italy. Three brothers who've long grown apart return home for their mother's funeral and their lives kaleidoscope into a personal view of a strangely radiant country. Flawed by a slight uncertainty but redolent with images that hypnotise the eyes, this is deeply moving cinema which Charles Varnel's performance (as the ancient father) is perfectly attuned to. Film of the week. **(BBC2)**
The Late Clive James. First of James' new gabfests. If he's rude enough to the right people and it isn't just a gang of old mates congratulating themselves it should be a tonic to this tired old medium. **(C4)**
A Fashion Extravaganza By Antony Price. From the Camden Palace. If you want to know about what the very rich are doing, tune in and see Duran Duran, Robert Palmer, Steve Strange and Jeremy Hayzi looking lovely. **(LWT)**
Naked City. But meanwhile, those mean streets keep pulsing . . . more classic cop TV. **(C4)**

SUNDAY APRIL 17

The Iron Maiden (Gerald Thomas 1962). Michael Craig as designer who flips over a steamroller. Each to his own . . . comedy of the Milton Keynes school. **(ITV)**
The Charge Of The Light Brigade (Michael Curtiz 1936). Bring on the empty horses! Sumptuous production values blow this stiff epic up into classic Hollywood adventure — Flynn, Niven, de Havilland and more. **(BBC2)**
Echoes Of A Summer (Don Taylor 1975). Dreary terminal drama with Jodie Foster as the stricken kid — she's OK, but with Richard Harris and Lois Nettleton as parents, I suppose suffering comes naturally. **(ITV)**
Alfred Hitchchock Presents. 'The Diplomatic Corpse' — Peter Lorre and George Peppard in a chase for a missing body. **(C4)**

MONDAY APRIL 18

Loose Talk. Steve Taylor in exciting young talkshow, so they say. **(C4)**
Raising The Wind (Gerald Thomas 1961). *Carry On Blowing* by any other name — the predictable crew in shenanigans at a music academy. **(BBC1)**
Someone's Watching Me (John Carpenter 1978). One of Carpenter's few TV movies is a variant on the script he had intended for the ill-fated *Eyes Of Laura Mars*, with Lauren Hutton as a TV director who decides to catch the peeping tom who's bothering her on her own. Promising. **(BBC1)**
Eleventh Hour. A profile of avant-garde director/animator Jeff Keen, who's made some of the wittiest shorts of the last 20 years. **(C4)**

Naked City, exposed again on Saturday.

TUESDAY APRIL 19

Slaughter Trail (Irving Allen 1951). Hack western tripe with Virginia Grey and Gig Young. **(BBC1)**
The Dick Van Dyke Show. A guaranteed hoot. **(C4)**
The Day The Earth Stood Still (Robert Wise 1951). Let's face it — this series showed how ropey all those old SF films were in this age of the special effect. And even Wise's luminous parable about mystery visitor Michael Rennie and his bodyguard Gort looks more silly than exciting. **(BBC2)**

Big Shot Bogey on Friday.

WEDNESDAY APRIL 20

The Munsters. Herman tries his luck in the movies — or so he thinks. **(C4)**
Pumping Iron (George Butler, Robert Fiore 1976). Engaging, funny, sometimes delirious look at life among the musclemen. Arnold Schwarzenegger and pals train for the Mr Olympia contest, where ego counts as much as muscle, and you can feel every twinge in the voluminous biceps. Sympathetic without being worshipful. If Schwarz's twinkling charm doesn't melt you, you're stone. Watch out for Andy Gill — he comes in twenty-seventh. **(C4)**
Widows. Episode 6 of what seems to be a cult series. **(ITV)**
Voices. Andre Gorz explains why technological change will benefit us all by doing away with the work ethic. Is he aware Thatcher's in power over here? **(C4)**

Richard Cook

NEXT WEEK

LOU REED

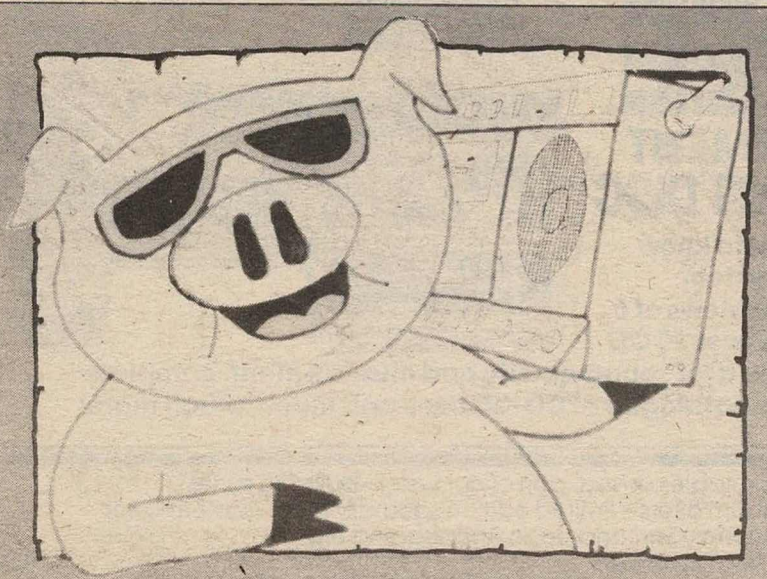
Now 40, Lou Reed has never been allowed to live down his reputation as a satanic rock and roll monster. But with four Velvet Underground LPs and 17 solo albums to his credit, his musical legacy is almost unequalled. Chris Bohn takes Reed through a retrospective on his controversial career.

NME CHART EXPLOSION!

And next week the World-famous New Musical Express chart service — the *first* to be published *ever!* — expands to a Top Fifty and across two pages. Not only will we bring you our own independent National singles and LPs hit parades, but a new, broad selection of specialist lists. So if you want to know what's hot in jazz, funk and disco, place your order now.

STUART CHRISTIE

You thought Johnny Rotten and Crass knew all about Anarchy? Well, think again. Next week we carry an exclusive interview with Stu Christie, the man who attempted to blow up General Franco. He was recently described as "the most dedicated, influential, ingenious anarchist in Britain".



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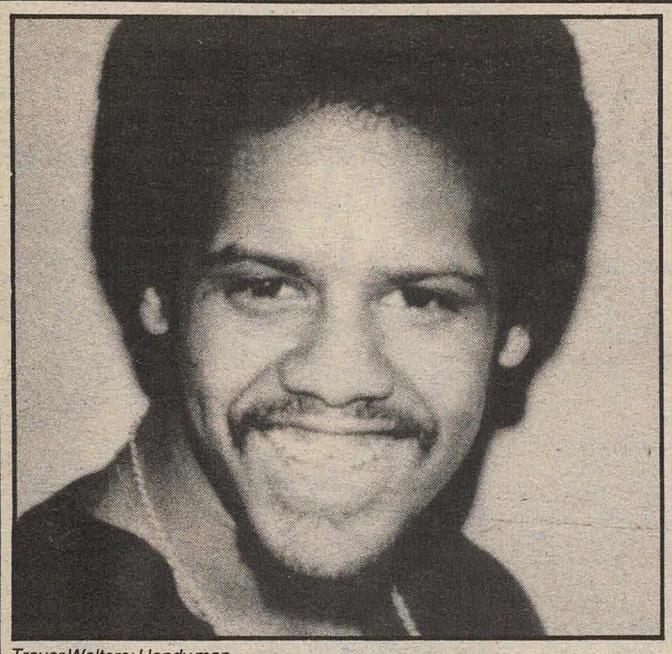

Trevor Walters: Handy man

Ital feast

A DUET featuring **Trevor Walters** and **Jean Adebambo** interpreting Peaches and Herb's 'Reunited' is released this week on Ital.

It is two years since Trevor and Jean exchanged sentiments on 'Back Together Again' — Ms Adebambo's recording debut — since when both singers have gone on to forge successful solo careers in the lovers field, though 'Reunited' (ITD 0018) was actually recorded prior to the other and has lain on the shelves ever since.

Meanwhile, Trevor is set next week to follow his current solo waxing of Jimmy Jones' 'Handy Man' with a self composed effort 'You Make Me Feel'.

Also new this week on Ital is **Donna Rhoden** with 'We Are in Love' (ITD 0019) and she also takes composing credit on **Lorna Pierre's** intensely sentimental 'Just A Memory' (ITD 0020).

7" PRE titles describe how **Third World** meets **The Observer** on Observers as pre Niney and said group mix 'Roots With Quality'; **Wailing Souls,** 'Wha Happen Dey' (Gorgon); **The Mighty Abyjans,** 'Oh No Girl' (Swing Bird); **Meditations,** 'Sit Down And Reason' (Thompson Sound); **Vibes Stone,** 'Mary' (Master Blaster); **Lloyd Hussey & The Volcanos,** 'Mother Get Ready' (Volcano).

Vocalists **Don Carlos,** 'Every Where I Go' (Youth Promotion); **Devon Russell,** 'Come A Me' (High Music); two Black Beard productions with **Ruddy Thomas,** 'Stranger In Love' and **Leroy Smart,** 'Satisfaction' (New Star); **Junior Delgado,** 'Disarm The World' (High Music); **Cornel Campbell,** 'Money' (Volcano); guitarist **Ranchy** on a rare singing side 'Just Cool' (Gorgon); **Ronnie Davis** interpreting Pat Rhoden's 'Want To Be Love' (Spider Man); **Tony Tuff,** 'Come We Come Fe Mash' (Volcano); **Enos McLeod,** 'Cash & Carry' (Bounce); **Roland Burrell,** 'Fattie Fattie' (Top Rank); **George Nooks,** 'Its You' (All Sport); **Hugh Griffiths,** 'Rub A Dub Party' (Master Blaster); **Larry Marshall,** 'Run Babylon' (Coxsone); **Triston Palmer,** 'Woman Don't Make Me Cry' (Thompson Sounds); the return of **Black Skin** for 'Single Woman' (Solomonic); **Richie Mack,** 'It's Not What You Say' (Music Ism); **Pad Anthony,** 'Your Step' (Hitbound); **Cassey Man,** 'True Life Story' (Master Blaster); **Trevor Junior,** 'War And Crime' (Youth Promotion); **Derrick Tam,** 'Corbiere' (Riddle Rebus); **Junior Keating,** 'Africa' (Uhuru); **Errol Dunn,** 'Children Of The Ghetto' (Tides); **Roots Locks,** 'Give I A Chance' (All Star); **Junior Reid,** A1 Lover' (Youth Promotion).

Toasters **Peter Metro,** 'Dedicated To You' (Volcano); **Culture Irie,** 'Ghetto Rock' (Ital International); **Errol Archer,** 'Sharon' (Hit); **Ringo,** 'When You Marry' c/w **Roots Radics,** 'Policeman Rock' (Absissa); **Fathead,** 'Youth Need Promotion' c/w 'Bunny's Rhythm' (Thunder Bolt) and **Nigger Kojak,** 'Big Iron' c/w 'Tribute To Marty Robbins' (Roots Sound).

Wailing Souls: Wha happen dey? Pic: Adrian Boot.

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king . . . compiled by Trinity and Jah Woosh and issued on the September label is a ten track 'Version Xcursion' (SEPT LP 005), which features Johnny Osbourne's current muse on the theme of Thomas Jordan's *Coronemus nos Rosis antequam marcescant* for 'Drink Drink', Roman Stewart's 'Smoke A Spliff' and Rags & Riches' 'If Loving Jah Is Wrong', as well as contributions from Michael Black, Echo Minott, Sammy Dread and Pat Anthony . . . **then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring** . . . out on North London sounds master Fatman's KG Imperial imprint is assorted compilation of a dozen tracks entitled 'Ravers Rock' (KGLP 004) with titles from Mikie Brooks, Dean Stone, Cornel Campbell, Barry Brown, Pat Kelly, Don Carlos, Badoo and Horace Grosset . . . **cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing** . . . gathered on World International by Winston Curtis are eight titles, realising Blackstones' 'Sweet Feelings', Joy White and Ronnie Davis's 'Baby I Love Your Ways' and more from The Techniques, Freddie Clarke, Leroy Brown, I Roy and General Charghand . . . **cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!** . . . while on Puzzle pre is held 'Live At The Piranha', a Paul Yip production with Jah Sid, Bionic Tony, I Ranking Ayatollah, Sister Gina, The Range Rider and Dick West . . .

★ ★ ★

THE PALM AND MAY make country houses gay . . . each and every Friday at the Ebony Hi Club, 463 Leyton High Road, E10 is A Sexual Healing Night with versatile music by the exclusive sound of Tokyo the Monarch . . **lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day** . . . this Friday is a Lovers 'n' Ravers Dancehall Showcase — 7pm to 1am — at the Simba Club, 239 Uxbridge Road, Shepherds Bush, W12 featuring live on the dancefloor Aces Hi-Fi + guest DJs Laurel And Hardy + Sister Cool + Ital Youth. Admission: £1.50 . . . **and we hear aye birds tune this merry lay** — . . . on Saturday Boysie known as Housemaster and Patrick invite you to A Night Of Entertainment from 10pm till late at the Peoples Club (Q), 5a Praed Street, Paddington, W2 featuring the mighty sound of Unity — the cool entertainer plus the hit bound sound of Frontline International . . . **cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!** . . . and also on Saturday is an Evening Of Joy at Club 200, Balham High Road, London. Music is by the Shear Gold Band and Prince Challenger Hi-Fi. Raffle. Admission: £4 . . .

★ ★ ★

THE FIELDS BREATHE SWEET, the daisies kiss our feet . . . starting on Monday (18) is a weekly course on contemporary themes in black writing. It runs until July 4, 6.30–8.30pm at the Extra-Mural Annexe (Univ of London), 28b Torrington Square, London, WC1. Application forms: J Cooper, 26 Russell Square, WC1 . . . **young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit** . . . on Tuesday (19) begins the Lumumba Theatre company's presenttion of *Ritual By Water,* a play by Edgar White. It runs nightly until Sunday (24) at Factory Theatre, Chippenham, Paddington, W9. Info: 01-286 1656 . . . **in every street these tunes our ears do greet** — . . . an exhibition of papercuts and fabric titled *Carribean Flavours,* the work of Margaret Cooper is to be seen until next Friday (22) at West Norwood Library, Norwood High Street, SE27 . . . **cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!** . . . currently on display at the Africa Centre Gallery, 38 King Street, Covent Garden, WC2 until the end of this month (Friday 29) are the paintings and drawings of children's book illustrator Meshack Asare of Ghana. Daily 10am, to 5.30pm. Admission free . . . **Spring, the sweet Spring** . . .

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SINGLES

● *continued from page 21*

I chanced upon a veritable bounty of mid '70s dancefloor gems at pre-war prices in the local second-hand emporium t'other week. Returning home with a feast of Philly, Trammps and Gladys Knight for under a fiver I surmised that it was this sort of bloodless coup — rather than drooling perverts laying out £30 for a white label special issue — that buying records is all about.

Among my stash was a sharp infectious tune from T-Connection called 'Do It Anyway You Wanna', a far cry from the dippy nonsense they're recording these days. 'Love Odysessy' starts with a pleasant keyboard line and a double-jointed bass loop that suggests an unimpeachable allure is round the corner. Instead it lives up to the title — diving into a really wet choral segment and a melody that brings us into areas of blandness; the lead vocal suggests the singer will be floating along on cotton-wool clouds plucking his harp and looking for Tinker Bell when the video is shown. Providing there is such a thing, of course.

THE CREATURES: Miss The Girl *(Polydor).* Tiresome preoccupation with modern horrors contd. How far has Sioux come since she was dolled up like a Luftwaffe groupie and telling Jane Suck in *Sounds* that she enjoyed sitting on the bus and laughing at spastics? Regrettably, not very far. 'Miss The Girl' is the second single made by The Creatures, a sometime aggregation between Siouxsie and Banshee drummer Budgie, and concerns a lover's tiff which ends up with the female wrapped around the male's "burning wheels."

Perhaps there's some grand metaphoric scheme at play but to me it just sounds as hollow and faked as Banshee creations like 'Spellbound' and 'Staircase Mystery'. The music is a bit different, Budgie counterpointing the vocals of herself (sounding very much like Norman Bates' mother in *Psycho*) with various chimes and glockenspeils so the whole thing is a sort of extended intro to 'Hong Kong Garden'.

BEN WATT: Some Things Don't Matter *(Cherry Red).* Everything But The Girl without the girl and it's a typically introspective open book of strumalong fireside melancholy. I enjoy John Martyn as much as Ben evidently does, but his cursory one-dimensional etching hardly makes for a favourable development of Martyn's charred emotions and placid reverberating music. I would suggest Ben Watt's obvious preoccupatiojn with singer/songwriter 'purity' could breed premature exhaustion and prevent rigorous investigation of the paths that lead to that rar gem — an acoustic ballad that cries tough rather than cries wolf.

BAD MANNERS: That'll Do Nicely *(Magnet).* On the downward slide... Bad Manners, no longer content to be merely terrifically silly, and trying to write a clever pop song. All well and good were it not for the fact that dropping their manic, ribald skasoulpop runaround on methedrine, they can only produce a pale well-worn pop routine and none of the massed ingredients — from tinny organ to mawkish strings — can hide that fact.

NANCY BOYS: I Like I Like, I Like *(Rola).* The worst record of the week by a country mile, in which the sharp cynical edge of Roy Hill's original is taken for real by a group of scuzzy old hippies and three unbearably shrill vamps celebrating the rank squalor and decay of the rock industry. Gary Glitter's 'Do You Wanna Touch' is similarly treated on the other side. To be pursued with the enthusiasm usually reserved for dangerous viral infections.

Adrians

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12" COCTEAU TWINS Peppermint pig/Laugh Lines/Hazel (P) 1.99
10" KINKS L.P. Shape of Things (8 Hits) 2.50
12" L. RONDSTADT Mr. Radio/It's So Easy/Tell Him 2.25
12" PRINCE L. Red Corvette(E) + 2 (+ Poster)(P) 2.25
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12" HEAVEN 17 Temptation/Who'll stop/We five so fast (P) 2.25
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12" GARY NUMAN Oh I didn't say/Need the service/B.Eyes/Too Bad/O.D. Receiver/Bombers (P)(+ lyrics) 2.50
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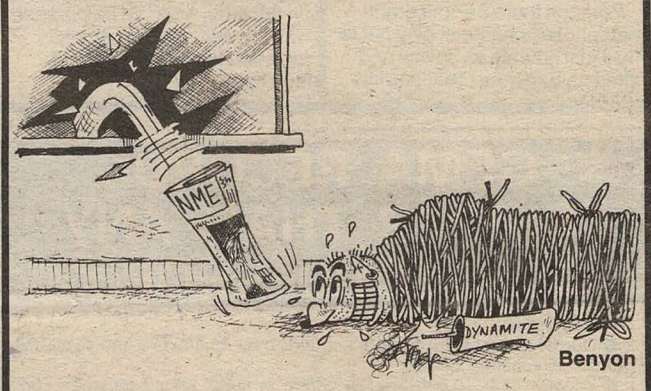

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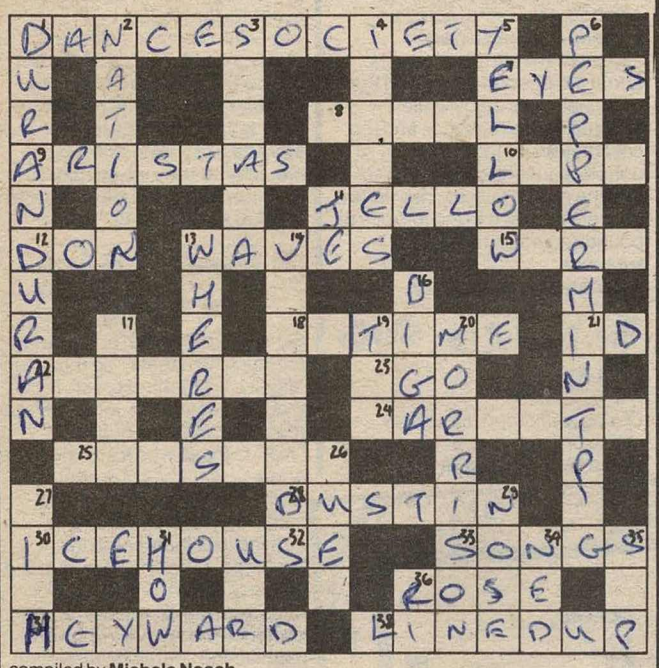

compiled by Michele Noach

CLUES ACROSS

1. To avoid being seduced by this piece of vinyl run and hide somewhere away from this bopping bunch. (5,7)
7. According to The Meteors the hills have them. They're also private and bright. (4)
8. One of the coolest movies ever made, it could affect your eating habits.
9. Plural of label that is a art. (7)
10. "*There's no escape, baby, from your* ----", Cabaret Voltaire/Saxon. (4)
11. Pour Biafra into a mould, he still wobbles. (5)
12. As in Cherry, not as in Red. (3)
13. Low tide for Blancmange, who had their hair permed. (5)
15. Me, I'm crazy about them. Well... (4)
18. Just punctual, Vic Godard covered this song. (2,4)
21. Super hip (yawn) mag that delights in telling you where people laden with street cred get their socks. Crisis time. (1,1)
22 and 4D. Affairs of the old pump not to be mentioned in their company. (7,6)
23. Fifth word of 'American Pie', you remember, the guy who painted his thumb. (3)
24. Prolific and gifted pianist of free-type-jazz-sort-of-thing. (7)
25. Done twice for The Beatles and positively for the Stones. (3,4)
28. Presently posing under a different gender (not genre this time) in the movie house. A stud in women's clothing? (6)
30. Australians for whom love is no transitory thing. (8)
33. For sale, to remember and about buildings and food. (5)
36. No matter where I roam I will return to my English Rolls Royce. (4)
37. Having had his haircut and eaten it this jaundiced banana skips up the charts yet again. (7)
38. Queueing for Shriekback? (5,2)

CLUES DOWN

1. I think there's something they should know. (5,5)
2. Once under a groove, now being ranted at by a new town minstrel. (6)
3. One of the great Neils in life (splutter) by now buried somewhere under the royalties for a song he wrote about Carole King. (6)
4. See 22 Across.
5. Magic river haircut colour. (6)
6. Les Enfants Terrible do pork in all flavours. (10,3)
11. First half of breathy French chanson from another decade. (2)
13. Captain Kirk? Yeah, what did happen to him? (6)
14. To say they could now be called The Smithereenettes is a little oblique, suffice to say fame comes in spurts. (8)
16. ---- Pony', nothing to do with Arthur Daly. (3,1)
17. Seven years with Marilyn. (4)
19. Mahal, who formed a band with Ry Cooder 20 years ago. (3)
20. One of his organs is having difficulties being coherent. (8)
26. Piece for two, except when there was a play for one. (4)
27. If this is the life of love today, forget it. (4)
29. The part of the president Allen abducts in *Sleeper*. (4)
31. Dare you recall this 10cc album. (3)
32. A band seen but not understood by us mere mortals. (1,1,1)
34. The Seagoon's first name. (3)
35. A small political joke. (1,1,1)
36. Initials of the guy with the fullest wardrobe of law suits — *Private Eye* editor. (1,1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 A Flux Of Pink Indians, 10 Tornados, 11 White Riot, 12 Roe, 13 Jimmy Jimmy, 16 History Of The World, 18 Get Happy, 21 Clash, 23 See 30 D, 24 Lee Perry, 25 Hollies, 27 Rare, 28 Dirt, 31 Roy C, 33 Radio, 34 China, 35 HMK (Heavy Metal Kids), 37 Burn, 38 Alf, 39 Listen, 40 Baby, 41 Donna

DOWN: 1 After the Goldrush, 2 Lurkers, 3 X Ray, 4 Floy Joy, 5 New Amsterdam, 6+32D If I Could, 7 Dreams Of Children, 8 Ali, 9 Sutch, 14 Joe Walsh, 15 Voyager, 17 Lean, 19 The Crack, 20 Partisans, 22 House Of Fun, 26 Indiana, 29 Tracey (Thorn/Ullman), 30+23A Billy Idol, 32 See 6D, 36 Mob

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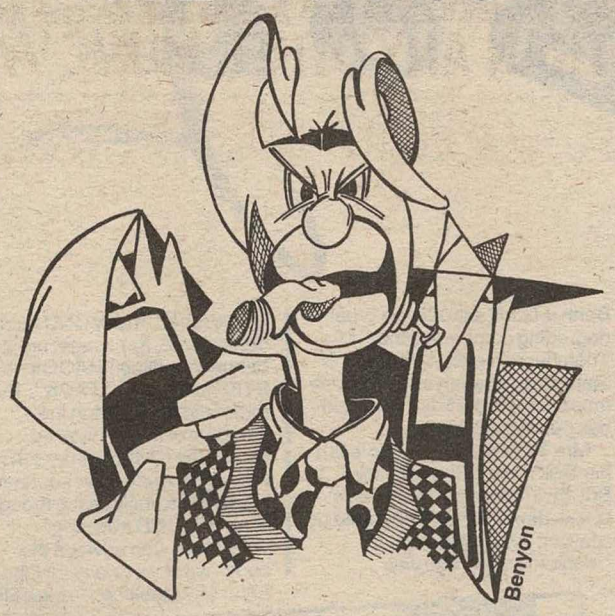

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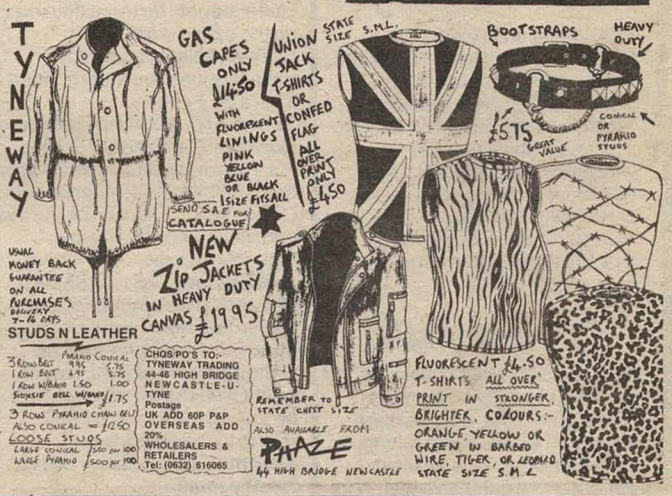
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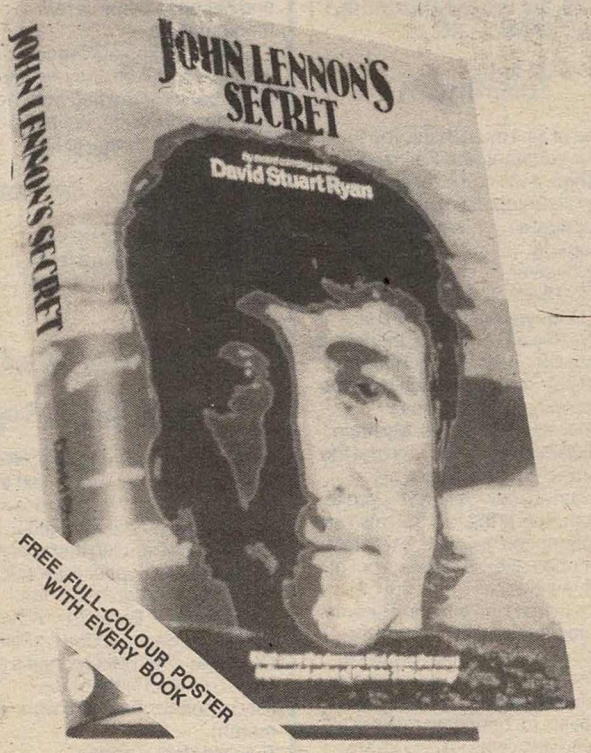

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Stevarse

I do not know whether the stars of "Talk-Talk" are unlucky in love or not as you suggested they might be in your issue of March 12th but I do know that your other suggestion that they may be "disappointed that Norman St John-Stevas has not been reselected to stand as constituency MP for Chelmsford" is not so. I have in fact been re-adopted for the seat and confidently expect to hold it at the next General Election.
Norman St John-Stevas, House Of Commons, London.
Thanks for the letter, Norm. Alway nice to hear from one of the Leaderene Swine. — AG.

a short story

Paul Weller and Respond Records ask you to try Tracie and decide. Half the nation's young stylists converge on Basildon. Tracie's mother is horrorstricken. Tracie is ambivalent: she welcomes the experience and attention, but wonders whether she has the stamina.
Marcus Crash, Stockwell.
But will they all live happily ever after? — AG.

Co-respondent

I like The Jam, Paul Weller and, yes, even The Style Council's single. But if you print one more letter from either mod-bashing New Barnet hipsters, or even outraged and defensive members of the New Breed, then I'll... I'll stamp on my Paul Weller doll (with Accessories). So there.
Love, Tracie.
Is this the end of a beautiful friendship? And what's this about "New Barnet hipsters"? The only New Barnetan we know is John Connolly, and he's more gluteus maximus than hip. — AG.

Captain Sensible

Whilst agreeing with the general tenor of Jon Summers' letter (Gasbag 2nd April) I think it typifies the sense of persecution and pessimism which seems to run right the way through the Left today.

Firstly, to lump big Jim Callaghan and Thatcher together in blame for our industrial demise is bloody shameful. Anyone who seriously studies the record of the last Labour government must come to the conclusion that, all things considered, it didn't really do a bad job at all. Remember it had the tiniest of majorities to operate with and still managed to implement a major part of its manifesto. Public ownership was extended, the NHS expanded, pensions boosted by a good 20%, thousands more students and all this done amidst world oil and banking crises and an eruption of world commodity prices! I'm sure most people now ruefully wish they had stuck with Labour at the '79 election and Callaghan was still at No.10, Healey at No.11, Benn at Energy, etc, considering the rapacious rabble we're now lumbered with.

Now, in the middle of a complete catastrophe, the Labour Left insists on making unilateralism the main issue to fight the next election on! This stance is completely beyond me since opinion poll after opinion poll has shown that a massive majority of the population want nothing to do with unilateralism — no wonder Cecil Parkinson can't keep the grin off his face these days.

It is the absolute moral duty of the Labour party to get itself elected at the next election and attack mass unemployment and rescue our social services; it can only do this by ditching dogma. People aren't THAT stupid, they don't believe everything they read in the papers: to suggest that they do is the type of patronising shite one would expect from a middle class student. If Labour lose the next election it won't be because of the Tory press or the record of past Labour governments, it'll be because the Left have asked for too much too soon. You are in a much stronger position to convince the populace of the necessity of radical policies when in power — gaining that power and the confidence of working people is the major aim now.

So the next ego-maniac Militant or cretinous 'Class Fighter' who accuses me of kowtowing to the leader writer of the Daily Mail is going to receive the severest thrashing with a smoked haddock because if the truth be known the Establishment fear Shore, Hattersley etc far more than they do the extreme left. Benn, Skinner, Militant and fellow travellers just give them comfort. That's all. For now.
Youngest Supporter of Labour Solidarity Campaign in Britain.
PS: I was truly astonished to read that Seething Wells appreciates Dexys 1st LP. He can't be the total and utter pseud I've always thought him to be then, can he?
And I, in turn, agree with the general tenor of your letter; in times like these, pragmatics must take precedence over principles. (That said, I must admit that the main reason I'll be voting Labour next time round is their policy on disarmament). Labour are so fond of making pronouncements about The People's preference for "policies over personalities" that they fail to realise that the obverse is obviously true: Saatchis may have marketed the Tories "like a soap-powder" in '79, but the simple truth is, *THEY WON!* — AG.

Falklandia

First of all, I must thank you for your constant anti-Falklands War stance, a welcome relief from the mindless jingoistic rubbish still propagated in Fleet Street and the allegedly impartial BBC.

However, having read the Tinker book, I begin to wonder whether your opinions are so objective as I originally thought, or more likely that Penny Rimbaud had pre-set ideas which she was determined to get across throughout her article. My main criticism is when you say that the words of Wilfred Owen, his favourite poet, were not taken to heed. Surely the fact that his war experiences brought out his latent war opposition is ample proof of this. As early as April 10th he admits that "the situation seems so absolutely silly", and by the end he attacks vehemently the militaristic attitude of Dr Runcie, while supporting the Liberals and Baptists for opposing the war.

The book was issued as an anti-war publication, and the very fact of Tinker's background being as it was makes the whole argument exceptionally cogent. At least I think so. You do our cause no good at all with your childish ramblings.
Timothy J Mickleburgh, Atherstone, Warwickshire.

I accept (reluctantly) your propaganda for CND, your "Tony Benn is God" attitude, and your degrading comments about Mrs Thatcher and everything right of Marx, in an attempt to read a witty music paper. But Miss Rimbaud has pushed me too far.

Mrs Thatcher did not "unleash her task force". She sent the British armed forces to return a British dependency kidnapped by a fascist junta. She is not a "meglomaniac", she was protecting the Falkland Islands and her people from a real meglomaniac.

Stop criticisng our leader, stop this fighting within, the real enemy fights behind a red flag with the hammer and sickle. We need all our wits and courage to fight communism.
Graeme Mackenzie, Edinburgh.
Mrs Thatcher isn't a "meglomaniac"; she's a megalomaniac. And it isn't "Miss" Rimbaud; it's "Ms". — AG.

The Big Wide World of Important people

Forthcoming partnerships: Nile Rogers is producing the next Van Morrison album. Van Morrison is producing the next ABC album. Dollar are producing themselves again. Mark Knopfler is producing Neil Young. Dylan has written some song for Bow Wow Wow's new LP, to be produced by Mike Chapman. Paul McCartney's next single is s duet with Prince. (Sly'n'Robbie are out of work this month).
Edward Noel, London.
Phew! It's all happening, then? — AG.

Street of Shhh...

Having little to do at a friend's house on Saturday I decided, with thoughts of the Paul Foot and Penny Rimbaud articles, to scan through the columns of the *Daily Mail*. I have summarised the main articles:

1. The Good Friday CND mass demo came, front page, under the banner headline "MAGGIE TO STEP UP CND ATTACK". The report did not mention the thoughts of those involved, except the CND chairperson (who was worth a couple of sentences), but saw fit to include the thoughts of an anti-CND frowning pensioner, who advised the demonstrators to look for jobs. Enter Mr Heseltine — out visiting the lads in West Germany — who said "British troops don't talk about peace — they deliver it! Moscow would be encouraged..."
2. The Falklands Saga: under the headline "We Won More Than Victory" was nothing more than an excuse for more post-war jingoism, with gems like "Happily the Iron Lady was in power...", "we now inspire renewed admiration in our friends, a fascinating interest in neutrals, a healthy regard in our enemy." It closed with a classic: "a newer Britain is emerging, not least in our industry."

Reading on I came to a Pro-Monarchist letter on the Junior Letters page and decided enough was enough.

Is it possible for a weekly such as yours, magazines such as *Sanity*, and fanzines, periodicals, etc, to produce some sort of daily/weekly newspaper which would leave out music altogether?

After the holidays I am going to learn printing at my local adult centre.
Stephen Johnson, Manchester.

The Fleet Street article was disturbing, but there was no mention of the *Sunday Express*, next to *The Sun* the most sycophantic conservative paper I've read. Regular correspondence by MPs of that political party and no other, plus comments in it today by the secretary of state on foreign affairs Francis Pym, make me wonder what kind of country we are living in when this bunch of ill-informed people continue to ignore the feelings of a large part of the population.

No mention was made in this paper of the Easter demos except for a shock report on the subversive activities of several CND leaders, who were named together with their political leanings. Not surprisingly some were communists, but the fact that several others were socialists or labour shows the increasing hysteria of a reactionary conservative party that spouts about the freedom of speech the demonstrators enjoy while insinuating the nuisance and the cost they are to the "majority" of people, conveniently forgetting that the cost of policing demos is a drop in the ocean to the millions of pounds spent on nuclear weapons.
An angry Echo and U2 fan.

The revolution starts here!

During a war there can be no sitting on the fence: a person must take a side, must say if they support imperialism or not, and if not they must side with the country that is fighting against imperialism. The weapons used by imperialists to defend their interests must be opposed, certainly, but this is where the peace groups (CND, END, etc.) make the mistake. Passive resistance does not in any way threaten the state, and can therefore be tolerated.

Peace movements have always been quick to support their own governments in times of war, especially before the last two world wars, when the women's peace movement handed out white feathers to conscientious objectors. During the Falklands War CND organised a demonstration, but because of the war they asked those who were to come on the march to stay at home and attend the smaller meetings in their own towns, so the demonstration would not be so effective.

The only way to stop war is through the overthrow of the capitalist state, because the capitalists need their arsenals and forces to ensure their survival. Non-violent direct action poses no threat to the capitalist system because by its tactics it supports that system.
Joe Daly, Leamington Spa.
"Poses no threat", eh? Go tell that to the Ghosts of Ghandi and Martin Luther King. As for your statement about CND, that sounds not a little dubious to me. Maybe they would like to comment on it. Besides which: are you mad? — AG.

From the reds to the blues

So much for 'refusal of constraint'. So much for 'ideals'. So much for 'dignity' and 'self-respect'. I though the Blues (if only for Wylie) meant saying — shouting — "No!" to those who try to coerce or oppress you. If it's true about the 'Story Of The Blues' US video compromise, then Wylie is nothing less than a posing hypocrite. When pandering to the tastes of bigotry and racism for maximum media exposure becomes more important than maintaining your principles even in the face of power, you've lost your right to be considered a politically/morally admirable person. What's more, you've lost The Blues.
The Godfather of Thornden.

Positive pen-pals

I am a hardcore "Positive Punk" and into such fab bands as "Sex Gang Children" and "Ritual". I make all my own clothes and am interested in corresponding with fellow PPs across the globe. I would also appreciate any needlework tips on how to take in flares. I am 16 years old and really hunky.
Buffalo Bill, Fritton, Norfolk.
PS: My swap is one parka and I would like a studded belt or a Scalextric.
Wouldn't we all! Want a Scalextric, that is. — AG.

Giving Marx his Jew

Finally, one gets too annoyed, just sitting and reading this guff. You toss the name of Marx around like a beret at a gathering of nouveaux beats. I would advise Andy Gill to read *On The Jewish Question* by Karl himself if he wants to know what he thought about Jews. Own up, who's read the man himself in these debates? It's good you know. His *Eighteenth Brumaire* is worth ten thousand eco-tweaks of conscience by Andrew Tyler.
Out To Lunch, Leeds.
And which "Jewish Question" might that be? — AG.

(Cross-head)

I have read *NME* (*New Musical Express* for new readers) and I (that is me) am fed up with the comments (or notes in brackets) (they look like this ( )). Could you do something about this. By the way, I always read the comments under the letters before reading the letters (am I alone?).
Richard Powell, Battersea, London.
That's just as well — I always write the comments before reading the letters. — AG.

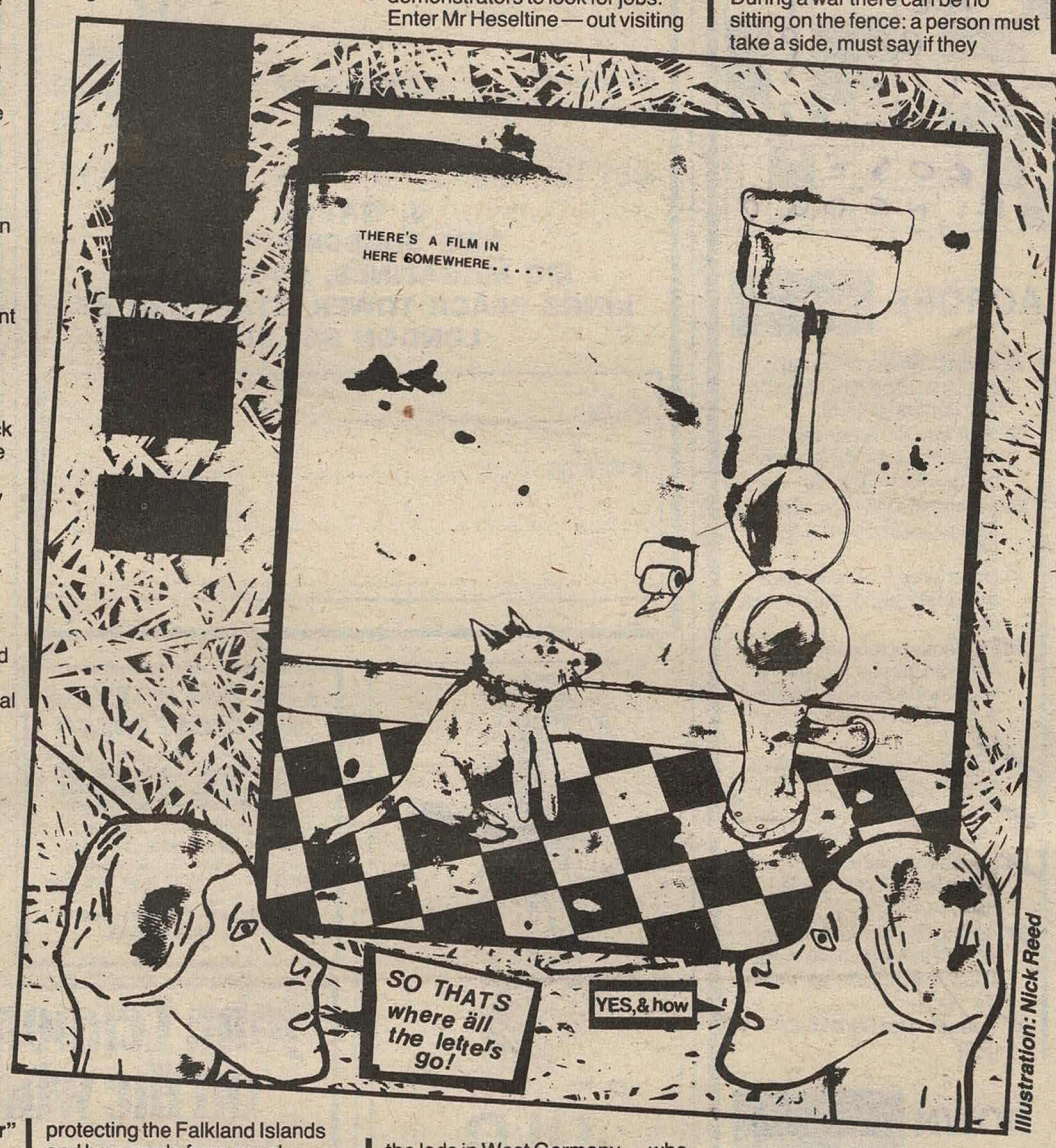

Illustration: Nick Reed

old fart Andy Gill Analyses your letters

Write to: Gasbag, NME, 3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby Street, LONDON W1V 1PG

T-ZERS

AS DARK clouds loom ominously, roars of thunder and flashes of electric lightning hammer against the door of the world-famous *T-Zers* office, our thoughts turn naturally to the Easter Weekend and misty, memories of Bournemouth...

Ah, those sun-kissed beaches, those gentle waves lapping at our feet, those lithe, sun-tanned bodies scattered on the sand as we watch **Gary Kemp** frolic with **Shirley** from **Wham!** and tune in our dials to **Spandau**'s accapella version of 'Lifeline' to be found on their current 12 inch offering of 'True'...

Assorted **Animal Nightlifers, Blue Rondo** merchants and even **Geoff Deane** — about to appear in a new West End musical for which he has written the score — loaf casually around the picturesque English scenery, taking in the sea-air until the sound of squabbling and vicious verbal exchanges shatters the lazy silence and our own **Paolo** 'Hot Head' **Hewitt** and Spandau manager **Steve Dagger** come to blows over a proposed Spandau interview. As talks and interview break down (see *Thrills* for the full jive) ACAS are brought in to patch up the pieces. Some hope...

Wham! in the meantime are busily re-recording their debut LP as it seems the boys and gals to rock your soul didn't get the right key first time round. In between sessions for the LP and preparing to fly to Benidorm for their next video, **Dee** dropped by to see **Style Councillor Paul Weller** and contribute vocals to the next Council single, 'Money Go Round'...

Which neatly brings us to the **Style Council**'s tour of Europe, chronicled in such detail by *T-Zers* over the last two weeks. This tour is in fact a *joke*, a bad *joke* maybe, but a *joke.* The wonderful Stylists have yet to perform live and all the quotes attributed to Paul Weller are sheer, basic lies. Funny lies, but lies all the same...

But hark! Where are the Style Council right now we ask ourselves? Frantic tours of cappuccino clubs and C&A department stores reveal that they are, ironies of ironies, on a promotional TV tour of...wait for it!...Europe no less, doing the rounds of Dutch, Belgian and French stations...

HOAX OF THE year? The appearance of one **Michael Jackson** at the Peppermint Lounge in New York last week was a brilliant spoof, instigated apparently by either headliners **Grandmaster Flash** or their record company Sugarhill. The imposter who lip-synched to two Jackson songs, danced like Jackson (impossible, no-one dances quite like Michael Jackson) and circulated in the crowd signing autographs, accompanied by two bodyguards, managed to fool reporters from the *Daily News* and *Village Voice* as well as the club's management and members of the opening act before being told to beat it...

The real **Michael Jackson** was in fact performing at the latest in the long line of annual Motown reunion celebrations which took place on March 25th at the Pasanda Civic Auditorium. Placing their bums on seats costing between 25 to 500 dollars, bemused punters were treated to a host of old and new Motown acts ranging from **The Temptations, The Four Tops, Junior Walker** and **Stevie Wonder**...

Richard Pryor landed the MC spot and (horror of horrors) **Adam Ant** opened the whole shebang singing 'Where Did Our Love Go'. Following that, **Diana Ross** came onstage to perform with her old sparring partners **The Supremes...**

Other 'surprises' were a duet between **Linda Ronstadt** and **Smokey Robinson** before **Junior Walker** and **Stevie Wonder** gratefully closed the show. Channel Four have bought the highlights and we can catch the whole sickly enterprise sometime in May...

Blue Rondo's **Jimmy Hill** lookalike **Christos** 'I Never Run For The Ball Unless It's At My Feet' **Tolero** has become a regular at Innervisions' South Molton Street offices. What gives, brother? Is the boss goatie hustling himself a solo deal? Is he hankering after bit-parts in a **Wham!** video? Could he be joining zootist rivals **Animal Nightlife** now that **Chrysta** and **Leah** have apparently deserted the ranks citing the Nightlife's boisterous macho behaviour as too much to cope with?

The answer, of course, is none of the above.

Decked out in his best Hard Times gear, Christos 'Don't Ask Me To Pass The Ball' Toleros is redecorating the record company's plush pad. Well, paint me down...

Seen digging into mountains of grub and non-stop cocktails were **Bananarama** celebrating **Karen Woodward**'s birthday at Maxwells in Covent Garden. Fellow revellers included **Bobby Bluebell, Vaughn Toulouse,** whose new single 'Fickle Public Speaking', co-written with Stylist Paul, is out on Respond in May and some balding, 47 year old Italian rumoured to be Miss Woodward's current beau.

Absent without malice was one **Fatchna O'Kelly** who no longer manages the Bananas. As **Mike Smith** asked them on breakfast TV, "if you broke up, would it be a banana split?" And they wonder why the ratings are solo...

Sketch of the late lamented **Linx** has had a Steinberger bass, No. 0052 stolen. Eagle eye watchers can spot it by the chip on the neck pick-up and are asked to ring **Brian Freshwater** on 01-487 5587...

THOSE FAB popsters (**Toto? Kajagoogoo?**) the **Fun Boy Three** are looking for **Terry Hall** lookalikes for their forthcoming video of 'Our Lips Are Sealed'. One particular clone, with not only the turnip-head barnet but also shaved eyebrows made himself known to 'Ted' and the boys during their recent Oxford St. HMV personal appearaance and the Funsters are particularly keen to track him. Don't keep them waiting. Candidates for this oscar winning cameo role can contact the Fun Boys via Chrysalis records...

One notable absence from a recent *Observer* feature on millionaires and their houses was a certain 'superstar' guitarist' who, according to the article, "dared not let us into his magnificent country home because he was worried that the music press would pillory him if they saw the style in which he lived..." Ah, come on **Strummer**...

Culture Club's video for 'Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?' had to be given a severe re-editing job before being shown on American redneck TV pop station MTV. The station objected to a courtroom scene in which the jury were made to look like black and white minstrels. MTV's racist tendencies have already been noted elsewhere, by **Rick James** amongst others...

Question time. Why should North London's punky Cage club be a place where "leathered spiky tops congregate to write fan mail to **Richard Cook**: 'ere, woss positivism mean John?" as claimed in *Time Out*, London's cultural *Exchange & Mart*. All answers to **Richard NORTH** at *NME*...

As **Steve Lillywhite** went on record recently saying that the two acts he most wanted to work with were **Bruce Springsteen** and **Echo And The Bunnymen**, a meeting between the Bunnies and Lillywhite was swiftly arranged. After five minutes in a studio with them, Lillywhite said he was off to get a cup of tea. He never came back...

Cryptic Cretins from the Batcave turned up Friday night for a **Specimen** show in a Hammersmith church. During the Specimen's set (who have just signed to Phonogram) **Oliver**, the 'singer', leapt onto the altar. Immediately the attending vicar pulled him off and sent dozens of candles flying everywhere. Later on Oliver was seen naked being chased by a posse of 'positive' punk chicklettes whilst **Alien Sex Fiend** members staged a talcum powder fight in the crypt below. Anarchy for the UK no doubt...

Sob Story extraordinaire in the *Sunday People* where "penniless pop star **Patrick Hunt** — once a member of the million pound glitter group **Haircut 100** — revealed how **Nick Heyward** walked out and left the others broke". What the *People* failed to point out was that Hunt was booted out well before Haircuts "threatened to rival **The Beatles** in popularity"...

Main Dot, **Jock McDonald** currently in cataTonic coma after hearing the news that the **Bollock Brothers** have been signed by Atlantic Records in the USA and that their single 'Horror Movies' is lurching up the charts threatening to be a (cringe) monster success?...

RUFF-TUFF rockin' combo **JoBoxers,** already depressed by the poor chart placing of their 'Boxerbeat' single (joke), met further disappointment last Friday evening when promoters blew out their jumping jetty jive session dahn by the river in Wapping. The cancellation came too late for punters to be informed and 1500 of them turned up at the South London wharf warehouse anticipating a show. Determined to explain at least why they were unable to Boxerbeat it to the masses, **Dig, Sean** and **Dave Boxer** turned up at the jetty and distributed free cans of bevy and tickets for a forthcomning Boxer bash to the disappointed masses...

Einsturzen Neubohnzo watch out! A gang calling themselves **The London Gun Club** were airing their show this week using stage equipment consisting of an old iron bedstead, some rubbish bins, a piece of fencing and the arms and legs of a shop window mannequin. They were bloody awful but the crowd loved them and **Chris Bohn** is already threatening a four part interview...

Is **Bob Dylan** really going to produce **Little Richard's** next album and why did **Elvis Costello** not land the producer's spot on Bob's forthcoming LP?...

What a difference an A makes! In **CSM**'s scintilating singles column last ish, he used the phrase 'moderately peppy' to sum up the current single from **Jaluka.** Unfortunately between his typewriter and day of publication, the word 'peppy' was changed to 'pappy' therefore ensuring a sack load of vitriolic mail to land on the hapless Murray. That's his story anyway...

Finally our bozo quote of the week to **Tony Handley** who opined in a *Sunday Mirror* article, "I don't want to sound as if I'm a philosopher (!) but we see our music as being working class..."

Ah, Bournemouth! What it can do to a young man's fancy...

BRENDA BLOWS HER OWN TRUMPET and Boring Bob Grover finally discovers someone who plays horn worse than himself.

Right: failing the audition Ms Windsor hops down to Hammersmith DOE for a spot of authentic Hard Times chic and the rent money.

All part of a right royal video by Boring Bob and The Piranhas for their new single 'Easy Come Easy Go' starring Jeannette Charles as a better class of scrounger. Pix: Bill Zygmart

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THE HITCH-HIKER WHO WAS BATS ABOUT STEREO.

ALLOW me to relate to you a most remarkable experience. The telling of it may, in fact, help me to unravel its full consequence, for, at present, I am still bewildered.

The night was as black as an undertaker's eyebrows, and the pine forests on either side of the road creaked and whispered together of the fine coffins they would someday make. Now and then huge bats swooped in front of the car, their little red eyes caught in the headlights like the coals of a distant inquisitor's fire.

Nothing unusual, then, and no reason at all to ignore the black-cloaked figure at the road side. He appeared to be thumbing a lift, and frankly I'd seen no other vehicle for hours, so his chances were slim without my help.

I pulled up beside him.

Unaccountably, the passenger door flew open of its own volition, and the gentleman, for I perceived at once that he was such, slid effortlessly in beside me.

"I'll have to get that door fixed," I said, as a conversational opener. He replied not a word. "Going far?," I tried again.

"Transylvania," came his answer. The voice echoed around the car interior as though spoken in a cold, dark crypt a millennium since. I expect he had a sore throat from the night air.

"I don't think I go that far," I said.

"I believe you do," said the stranger, and turned slowly towards me. Well, you can imagine my pleasure; my own knowledge of those parts was sketchy to say the least, and here in my car I had the good fortune to have an expert. I could not help noticing that he had on a dinner suit of, well, considerable age, and that, to be frank, it was filthy dirty. Just covered in earth. "Head waiter, are you?" I ventured, and could see by his reaction that he was surprised at my perspicacity.

"You're a bit late for dinner, what?" I joked.

He replied that he could eat any time before daylight, which wasn't what I meant, but I let it pass, especially as I noticed he had an unfortunate speech impediment. This was caused by two of his teeth catching on his lower lip as he tried to enunciate. Coupled with what I took for a strong Hungarian accent, it made idle chatter an exhausting task.

I decided to play some music instead, and flicked on the Pioneer, I was feeling rather smug, having only recently fitted the very latest 'pure-multi' component system; three amplifiers, six speakers, and more knobs and dials than Frankenstein's control box; I was still astounded at its ability to bring music to life.

I brushed the touch buttons of the electronic tuner with my fingertips to show him how easy it was to change stations. There were fifteen, all pre-set, to choose from, and

even in this murky forest, overhung with strange, dripping, mould-green trees, the reception was perfect.

My passenger was fascinated by the eerie green glow of the 'pure-multi' control unit. He passed his hand in front of it, and I noticed that his fingernails were in dire need of clipping. *Most* unhygienic, in my opinion, and not at all suitable for a waiter, albeit, rather an odd one.

Still, it was obvious that he appreciated the finer points of music, by his rapt expression as he juggled the myriad combinations of sound on the master control. I couldn't help feeling that Rumanian Folk Music hardly stretched the capabilities of the system, and brought out a cassette, "Bat out of Hell," by Meat Loaf, (which I thought appropriate to his calling in the catering trade!).

He peered reverently at the picture on the cassette cover, and seemed besotted with the magnificent, soaring, sound. He listened to the tape all the way through and back again, letting the Pioneer auto-reverse do all the work; he replayed favourites interminably, his bony fingers flitting like fevered spiders across the feather-touch controls....

I lost count of the number of times I heard it, but some hours later, when we came out of the forest and the first rays of daylight hit the car, I turned to him to ask if he'd like something else, and he'd gone.

I never saw him get out, and yet I'm certain I didn't imagine the whole thing, since there was a pile of dust on the seat next to me, presumably off his appalling suit.

What I want to know is; why a head waiter should get so upset when I asked him if he enjoyed a good steak?

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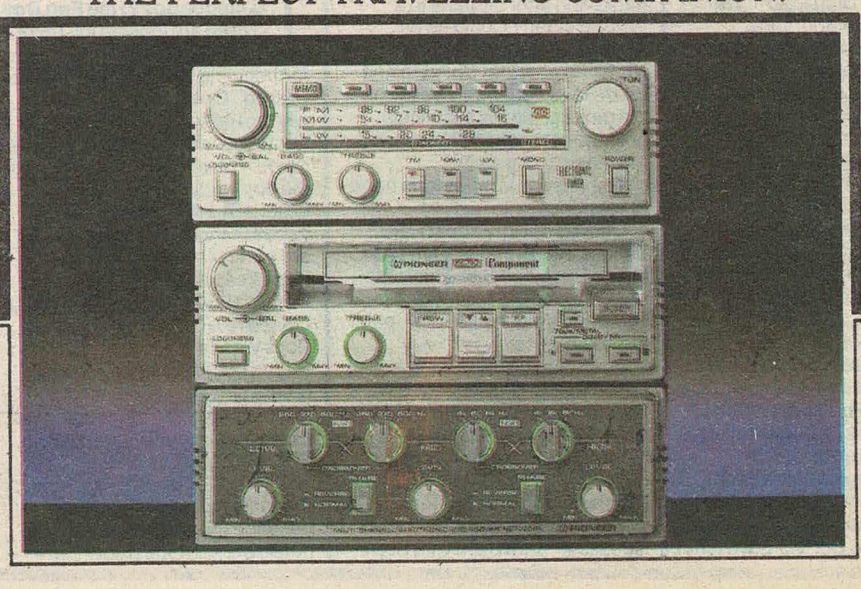

GEX-63 'COMPONENT' LW/MW/FM PULSE SYNTHESIZER TUNER. 15 STATION MEMORY. AUTOMATIC RECEPTION CONTROL (ARC III). PULSE NOISE SUPPRESSOR (PNS). SEPARATE BASS AND TREBLE CONTROLS.

KP-818G 'COMPONENT' AUTO-REVERSE CASSETTE DECK WITH FEATHER TOUCH LOGIC CONTROL. DOLBY B & DOLBY C. RIBBON SENDUST HEAD (FREQUENCY RESPONSE 30-20,000Hz – METAL POSITION) AUTOMATIC TAPE SLACK CANCELLER (ATSC) – WOW & FLUTTER LESS THAN 0.9% WRMS.

CD-646 'PURE MULTI' CHANNEL SYSTEM FOR USE WITH COMPONENT CAR STEREO. DIVIDES THE AUDIO SPECTRUM INTO 3 FREQUENCY RANGES – ULTRA-HIGH, MID-HIGH AND LOW. EACH FREQUENCY RANGE IS SEPARATELY AMPLIFIED AND EACH AMPLIFIER POWERS A SEPARATE PAIR OF SPEAKERS – CHANNEL 1, GM-4 AMP + TS-S7 SUPER TWEETER. CHANNEL 2, GM-4 AMP + TS-T4 TWEETER/MID RANGE. CHANNEL 3, GM-120 AMP + TS-W203 WOOFER. PURE MULTI CAN BE USED AS EITHER A 2 CHANNEL (2 + 3) OR 3 CHANNEL (1 + 2 + 3) SYSTEM.

DOLBY IS THE REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF DOLBY LABORATORIES INC.